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by bobri*

the
GUITAR
REVIEW

volume one • issues 1-6 • 1946-1948

introduction by

VLADIMIR BOBRI

foreword by

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

*the society of the classic guitar
new york*

the
GUITAR
REVIEW
volume one

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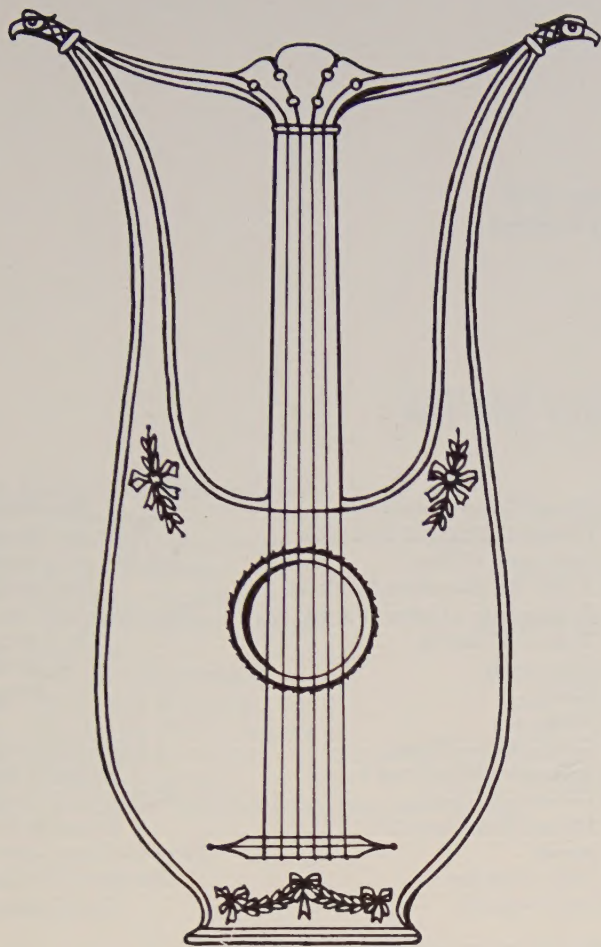
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INTRODUCTION

Vladimir Bobri

Twenty-eight years ago the first issue of *The Guitar Review* made its appearance in the musical world. The subject of its cover was a lyre-guitar, very much in vogue in France during the Greco-Roman revival of 1790–1820. In choosing the lyre-guitar for this first—and therefore historic—cover, my artist's eye was naturally attracted by the graceful lines of the lovely instrument; but more significantly—instinctively, if you will—I saw the lyre as an enduring musical symbol.

During the period 1790–1820 when architects, interior decorators, fashion designers, painters, and furniture makers were producing elegant adaptations of classic Greco-Roman styles, musical instrument makers, too, reflected the fashion to a greater or lesser degree, as structural characteristics of the various instruments permitted. The pianoforte, for instance, became glitteringly encrusted with a profusion of finely chased or-molu mountings often in the lyre shape; and the guitar

by a daring example of mimicry attempted to alter its subtle curves to resemble the Greco-Roman kithara or lyre, as it was often called.

It is difficult to establish just when the lyre was adopted as a graphic symbol of music, but we have enough evidence to conclude that in the 19th century it was already widely used to adorn exteriors and interiors of opera houses, concert halls and music schools, and was frequently displayed on music publications and concert programs. Its use was widespread even to the extent that students in some of the music schools wore uniform caps embellished with the lyre insignia. Today it is universally recognized as a permanent musical symbol.

From the first days, the selection of music and articles for *The Guitar Review* was evaluated in terms of permanency; and so the choice of the lyre symbol for the cover of the first issue, as the contents reflect, confirms itself as fortuitous and appropriate. Music by Narváez, de Visée, Sor, Tárrega, Llobet and Fernandiere, which was included in that first issue, twenty-eight years later is studied and performed with perhaps even more appreciation. Articles in the first six issues presented subject matter of perennial interest, providing impetus for more extensive research by guitar lovers and scholars the world over.

The first of our many monographs, the Andrés Segovia Special Issue (GR 4), was also the first issue to be reprinted by popular demand. This set a precedent followed many times: since then, many of our special issues have become treasured sources of information and research material, going into second, third, and fourth printings.

To our knowledge, no other magazine is constantly reprinting so many of its back issues; and very unlikely four times. In so doing, *The Guitar Review* demonstrates not only the timelessness of its contents but also its attitude of responsibility and service toward new generations of guitarists. This attitude is nowhere more positively manifested than in our decision to respond to the many requests, over the years, for the re-issue of all out-of-print volumes of *The Guitar Review*.

Now Volume One appears. Volume Two and subsequent ones will eventually make all *Guitar Review* back issues available to individual subscribers and to libraries, where they may be consulted by future generations of guitarists and scholars.

Sincere appreciation is expressed to the many people whose extraordinary cooperation over the years so greatly contributed to the initial realization and continued vitality of *The Guitar Review*. In particular, grateful acknowledgement is given to those involved in the first six issues: not only to the writers, composers, artists, and staff members whose names appear on the mastheads or on the editorial and music pages, but also to the faithful many whose names are not listed but who by their cheerful and loyal service in the less glamorous but quite necessary routine work have added to the success of the magazine. And finally, we are most grateful to Andrés Segovia, who has continuously inspired us and has contributed so much to our pages up to the present day. He has been our North Star: constant, steadfast, and guiding.

v Introduction by Vladimir Bobri
viii Foreword by Gregory d'Alessio

GUITAR REVIEW NUMBER ONE: 1946

1 Cover: Lyre-Guitar	Bobri	14 Recent Guitar Recordings	The Editor
2 Contents of Guitar Review N. 1		15 Famous Eulogies of the Guitar	Various Authors
3 To Guitar-Lovers Everywhere	The Editor (Alfred N. Wesler)	15 Letter to the Editor	José Rey de la Torre
4 Is There a School of Tárrega?	Theodor M. Hofmeister, Jr.	15 A Note on <i>Guardame las Vacas</i>	The Editor
6 Then as Now	James Ballard	16 To Jane with a Guitar (Poem)	Percy Bysshe Shelley
7 Fernando Sor— A Biographical Sketch	The Editors	17 Flamenco Playing	The Editors
8 A List of Sor's Works	The Editors	17 Scherzando	Grischa
9 The Guitar Museum: Instruments by Stradivarius & Hauser	The Editors	17 Hints	Perito
10 The Memoirs of Makaroff (Part One)	Nicolai Petrovich Makaroff	18 Guardame las Vacas	Luis de Narváez
12 Antiquity of the Guitar	Philip Hale	19 Andantino from Opus 2	Fernando Sor
13 The Chronicle: 1946	Gregory d'Alessio	20 Allemande (Duet)	Robert de Visée
		22 Minuet from Opus 25	Fernando Sor
		23 Rondo	Fernando Fernandiere
		24 Three Preludes	Francisco Tárrega
		25 Estilo Popular	Miguel Llobet

GUITAR REVIEW NUMBER TWO: 1947

27 Cover	George Giusti	37 The Museum: Guitar-Maker of Two Continents: C. F. Martin	Rose Augustine
28 Contents of Guitar Review N. 2		38 The Chronicle: 1946	Gregory d'Alessio
28 Editorial	Alfred N. Wesler	39 New Music for Guitar	The Editor (Alfred N. Wesler)
29 New Light on Paganini (Part One)	A. W. Alver (Alfred N. Wesler)	Music	
31 The Academy: on Sightreading	H. M. Tyrrell	40 Prelude	Gaspar Sanz
on Tone	F. L. Keates	41 Arietta—O Cessate di Piagarmi	Allesandro Scarlatti
Take a Rest	F. L. Keates	42 Minuet	Haydn—Tárrega
32 The Memoirs of Makaroff (Part Two)	Nicolai Petrovich Makaroff	42 Minuet	Fernando Sor
34 The Guitar and Sentiment	W. Sanders	43 Italiana	Anonymous (16th Century)
35 A Vision (Poem)	Vincent Turecamo	43 Sarabande	Johann Sebastian Bach
35 Letter to the Editor	Miguel Angel	44 Allegretto	Mauro Giuliani
36 The Museum: Shelley and the Guitar	Philip J. Bone	45 Waltz—Sehnsucht	F. Schubert—Napoleón Coste
		46 Prelude—Dolor	Padre J. A. de San Sebastian
		47 Silent Night	F. Gruber

GUITAR REVIEW NUMBER THREE: 1947

49 Cover—illustration from Sor's Method for the Guitar		60 The Museum: Four Guitar Variants	The Editors
50 Contents of Guitar Review N. 3		62 A Guitarist from Holland	Frederic Mulders
50 The Editor's Corner	Rose Augustine, V. Bobri, Paul Carlton	63 The Chronicle: 1947	Gregory d'Alessio
51 New Light on Paganini (Part Two)	A. W. Alver (Alfred N. Wesler)	65 Letters to the Editor,	José Rey de la Torre
53 A Note on Transcriptions	Andrés Segovia	Music	
54 The Academy: Flamenco Songs and Dances	Paul Carlton	67 March	Johann Sebastian Bach
55 Golden Rules (from various sources)	The Editors	68 Minuet	Johann Sebastian Bach
56 The Memoirs of Makaroff (Part Three)	Nicolai Petrovich Makaroff	69 Fugue	J. C. Albrechtsberger
		71 Etude	J. K. Mertz

GUITAR REVIEW NUMBER FOUR: 1947

Special Andrés Segovia Issue

75 Cover: The Right Hand of Segovia (Photograph)	Bobri	92 Concerning the <i>Chaconne</i> of Johann Sebastian Bach	Marc Pincherle
76 Contents of Guitar Review N. 4		93 An Appeal to Concert-Goers (Poem)	J. B. W.
76 The Editor's Corner	Paul Carlton	94 Recordings by Andrés Segovia	Theodorus M. Hofmeister, Jr.
77 The Guitar and Myself (Autobiography—Part One)	Andrés Segovia	94 Greatness and Modesty <i>Music</i>	Dr. Boris A. Perott
83 La Guitarra y Yo (Spanish Supplement)	Andrés Segovia	95 Five Anecdotes:	Andrés Segovia
87 The Artistry of Segovia	Max Nordau	96 No. 1: Allegretto	
88 The Miracle which is Segovia	Carlos Vega	98 No. 2: Allegro moderato—Con grazia	
89 Segovia and the Guitar	Theodorus M. Hofmeister, Jr.	100 No. 3: Lento malinconico	
89 To Andrés Segovia	Gabriele D'Annunzio	101 No. 4: Molto tranquillo	
90 The Museum: Arai Collection, Taos, New Mexico		102 No. 5: Allegretto vivo	

GUITAR REVIEW NUMBER FIVE: 1948

107 Cover	Landry	118 The Museum:	
108 Contents of Guitar Review N. 5		18th & 19th C. Multi-String Guitars	F. Mulders
108 The Editor's Corner	Paul Carlton	119 Academy: The Tremolo	Vladimir Bobri
109 The Memoirs of Makaroff (Conclusion)	Nicolai Petrovich Makaroff	120 The Chronicle: 1947 <i>Music</i>	Gregory d'Alessio
113 Jesús Silva (Biographical sketch)	The Editors	123 Vespertina (from Dos Viñetas)	Manuel M. Ponce
114 The Guitar in Portugal	Emilio Pujol	126 Invocación	Emilio Pujol
115 New Light on Paganini (Part Three)	A. W. Alver (Alfred N. Wesler)	127 La Guitarra en Portugal (Spanish Supplement)	Emilio Pujol
117 Emilio Pujol (Biographical sketch)	Rose L. Augustine	130 Jesús Silva (Spanish Supplement)	The Editors

GUITAR REVIEW NUMBER SIX: 1948

131 Cover: Miguel Llobet	Antonio Petruccelli	147 The Chronicle: 1948	Gregory d'Alessio
132 Contents of Guitar Review N. 6		150 The Guitar and the Gaucho	Segundo Contreras
132 The Editor's Corner	Paul Carlton	150 Adolfo V. Luna	Segundo Contreras
133 The Guitar and Myself (Autobiography—Part Two)	Andrés Segovia	151 Playing Positions of Argentine Guitarists (after Carlos Vega)	Bobri
137 La Guitarra y Yo (Spanish Supplement)	Andrés Segovia	152 Obituary—Manuel M. Ponce	The Editors
141 Falla in "Arabia"	J. B. Trend	152 Notes on the Music Supplement	Emilio Pujol
142 A Letter	Carl Sandburg		
143 New Light on Paganini (Conclusion)	A. W. Alver (Alfred N. Wesler)	<i>Music</i>	
144 The "Sonata in A" of Terry Usher	Emilio Pujol	153 Rondino (from Dos Viñetas)	Manuel M. Ponce
146 The Museum:		156 El Alamo y el Doncel	Emilio Pujol
Three Curious Instruments	Gregory d'Alessio	158 Bailecito (from Tres Estudios)	Adolfo V. Luna
		159 Himno a Tres Voces	Dionisio Aguado
		160 Las Folias de España (Second Variation)	F. de Fossa

FOREWORD

Gregory d'Alessio

new york, september 1974

World War II is barely a year into history. The lights are on again. All the REs are in motion: rejoicing, release, reclamation, renaissance. The arts, so long in black exile, step timidly forward, rubbing their eyes in the sudden glare of peace light, anxious to pick up from where they'd left off.

Nowhere else in the world could the lights have shone more brilliantly than in Times Square, New York, on a night early in 1946. But upon three strollers in the Square, there fell a special shaft of light—the spot-light of history, if you will; historical, however, only to those caught up with the mystique of the classic guitar, as were The Three.

Oblivious to everything about them, The Three moved along slowly, but in an otherwise odd fashion: they strode several yards and stopped short; several more and again stopped short.

So it went for blocks, this strange, staccato-like hike of The Three. And who was its eccentric choreographer? None but the future editor of the as yet figmentary *Guitar Review*, Alfred N. Wesler, age about 50, rumped, sweaty, obese, brilliant. He was also scriptwriter of the evening, giving himself all the lines.

At each of his abrupt brakings, Wesler swung out his arms like railroad-crossing gates, stopping his companions in their tracks. Then, bringing his arms forward again, he crossed them carefully against his ample bosom, rolled his eyes skyward; and, the turned heads of the curious in the crowd deterring him not in the least, he intoned dramatically "... I am not an arrogant man..." This was to be his preface to each impassioned declaration he made at every stop.

Arrogant he was probably not, insofar as making extravagant claims as to his credentials; but modest, retiring, inarticulate he was also not. Nor could he be accused of underacting, as demonstrated by his dramatic "significant pauses" to heighten the impact of each point he made in the cause of his mission that night: to convince the other two, Vladimir Bobri, President of the just revived New York Society of the Classic Guitar, and this writer, Secretary, that now was the psychological moment, after 8 years of wartime limbo, to bring back the classic guitar by a means more effective than merely calling back into the fold the handful of guitar lovers dispersed by the war. It was his dream—his intense desire—to edit a magazine devoted to our instrument, and that the SCG be the publisher; that this project so vital to the guitar get under way without delay.

But our portly, perspiring champion for the preservation of the classic guitar need not have wasted his histrionics on the likes

of Bobri and me; for, on our own minds for some time had been the exploration of ways and means to publish such a magazine as was on Wesler's mind. Our only stumbling blocks were money, and the right man, with time and energy and experience to implement the dream. And on that night in 1946, we had found him; though he thought he had found us.

Finally Wesler made his last stop. The clock in the Paramount tower said 1:30 AM. It was time to go home. Another meeting was arranged—again outdoors, though there was Bobri's studio and also mine whose doors were always open. Handshakes all around; and our future editor, by now resembling an unmade bed, disappeared into the night.

Although Wesler was a recent arrival on the Society scene, he was an old-timer among *aficionados* of the guitar and related instruments. Some of his pedagogical, philosophical and historical pieces on stringed instruments go as far back as 1929. He was made to order for us: erudite, an elegant if sometimes a too fancy writer; moreover, he possessed a store galore of guitar lore, which, if unloaded in its entirety, could provide many an issue of a magazine without his ever having to throw out lines for new material.

With our editor now safely marking time, though eager and straining to forward march, we looked about us for the financing of at least a first issue of our magazine, by now unanimously dubbed *The Guitar Review*. Ironically enough—but far from enough—\$75, the full extent of the Society treasury, had been filched from our cash box by a member of the Society logically entitled to custody of it—our very treasurer. Soon after our first dues were collected, he absconded with those 75 hard, 1946, 100-cent dollars.

Yes, the \$75 would have come in right handy in those uninflated days; but only to cut down by that amount the \$300 budget estimated for issue Number 1 of *The Guitar Review*. We did not pursue or publicly denounce our erstwhile, errant treasurer; he was a pathetic character rather than an evil one. His temptation must have been exceedingly strong, his need for the money great, for he truly loved the guitar.

Where to find \$300? All of our possible sources were exhausted; until finally one day, the money came from the one remaining quarter: out of the blue. And none too soon, for Editor Wesler's marking-time step was beginning to merge into an impatient shuffle—off from the scene—out of the dream.

Paradoxically, our success was one snatched from the jaws of

a failure, coming about this way: crack artist Bobri, up to his ears in work assigned by agencies, magazines, newspapers, and other publications, was commissioned to do an illustration involving caricatures of movie celebrities. To ease the great pressures on him, he farmed out to me, a cartoonist, the job of drawing the caricatures; he to attend to the rest of the elements in the picture. Our joint effort was resoundingly rejected—my caricatures did not elicit enough instant recognition, was among the reasons. The job, if accepted, would have called for a cool \$900; but the agency, a firm noted for its fair labor practices, awarded us a consolatory \$300—an unexpected windfall. But we were somewhat bothered in our consciences: though far from affluent, we reasoned that inasmuch as the work performed would never be put to viable use, and therefore the money received not truly “earned,” we decided to give over the whole sum to a lofty cause. And what cause loftier, more insistent, more urgent, ever before us, could that be? Well, readers, it was not exactly for research into the causes and effects of the circadian rhythm on the acinar cells of the exocrine system.

Artist George Giusti, so far, out of the action, was eager to be part of it. Although he too was to make contributions over the years to come, of many drawings for *The Guitar Review*—worth thousands of dollars at the going rates—he matched the \$150 each of Bobri’s and mine with his own \$150. Now we had even more than enough to launch *The Guitar Review*, Number 1.

Adequately financed at last, Wesler swung into action. In something like 6 months, he produced two issues, thereby bolstering his announced intention that The GR was to be a quarterly. And it might well have continued so, if easy availability of editorial matter has anything to do with getting out a magazine with dispatch; for Wesler had but to reach out into his files for a reprint on most any subject or aspect of the guitar. Happily, his *A New Light on Paganini* was one of these awaiting resurrection, for it is not likely that any American had ever run across the fascinating piece in *The Strad* of London, its original publisher.

We soon learned, of course, that the A. W. Alver, of the *New Light on Paganini*, was Alfred N. Wesler himself. Alver was only one of his several *noms-de-plume*. Another under which he wrote his pedagogical pieces (see *Hints*, GR Number 1) was Perito—Spanish for puppy—to which the rotund Wesler bore no physical resemblance whatsoever. Pengüino—Spanish for penguin—would have been morphologically more descriptive. In his own independent venture, *The Lute World*, whose first and only issue was published in 1949, it appears, from the florid style of writing throughout, that all of the author’s names—including two women—could conceivably have been Wesler.

The name “Grischa,” another *nom-de-plume*—not Wesler’s this time—appears at the foot of the column *Scherzando* in GR Number 1. Only Wesler, Bobri, and your correspondent, to this day, have been privy to the secret of the true identity of the perpetrator of the alleged piece of humor. But, in the spirit of confession, and feeling somewhat safe under the protection of a sort of tacit literary statute of limitations, the writer can now reveal the true name of “Grischa”: “Grischa” was me. I was dubbed so by my New York Russian friends. If your name is Gregory, and if a Russian likes you, he will call you Grischa.

Poor Wesler—what a complex character; gross to the eye, a poet to the ear; at once pathetic and fascinating; his private life a dark mystery, but among his groups of admirers, an expansive Dr. Johnson, fondly plied with food and drink at taverns about town of Wesler’s own choice; always over-eating, always overweight. As you listened, fascinated, to his brilliant monologues, you felt that a slender, sensitive, prototype of the accepted artist image was struggling to break out from that huge, untidy shell. And after several more meetings with him, you could see that his days of night-strolling about the city—dissertating, discoursing, dissenting—were numbered. For now he was beginning to complain of discomforts and dysfunctions, from which no part of his round, quivering frame seemed free. In mid-1949, Wesler, rendered non-ambulatory and non-vocal for some months, died, leaving no progeny, no heir, nor even a bosom friend, for he never allowed anyone to get that close to him.

Thus, like a ship in the night, passed Alfred N. Wesler, laureate of the guitar. Hazy memory notwithstanding, since no diary of those days—notably mine—has as yet surfaced, great though his influence was on the classic guitar in New York, Bobri and I

are agreed that Wesler must have been an illusion, a figment of our imaginations; suddenly appearing, showing us the way, and then disappearing before our eyes, and into his domain—the night. Certainly, nobody ever saw the man in the daylight.

If there remains a monument to Wesler’s achievements for the guitar, there will always be the first two issues of *The Guitar Review*, which he brought into the music world, and *A New Light on Paganini*, perhaps his best known work. The installments ran on until their conclusion, and all of the story is happily in this Volume. So, Alfred N. Wesler, though his life was comparatively short, lived to see his Paganini totally resurrected.

Here, the writer—non-scholar, quondam guitarist, presumes to insinuate an extra light on scholarly, musicianly Wesler’s *New Light on Paganini*. Speculative, unsupported by facts, my proposition certainly is. But basically, it is a defense of any loyal, red-blooded champion of the classic guitar.

Despite Wesler’s propensity for using 3 or 4 words where one would do—and when one does, it is probably a dictionary-defying word like prolusion, subsumed, connateness, quiddity, adjuvant—he more than fulfills the promise of his thesis. With fine restraint, Wesler-Alver mentions only in passing the spicy story of Paganini’s 3-year dalliance with a Tuscan lady of rank when he was only 19; and from whom, it is said—and as Alver puts it—Paganini “imbibed a taste for the fretted instrument.” But Alver sticks to didactics, and shows by concrete example that Paganini’s way with a guitar and not his way with a woman, was the sole means by which he created a whole new violin technique—a matrix for all future playing of the instrument and composing for it; for, though his Tuscan romance ended after three years, the guitar never left his side throughout his life. It might be said that the guitar was the teacher of Paganini’s violin.

How can we believe for one moment Paganini’s declared indifference for the guitar, and his patronizing explanation of its use as merely a “device” to guide his thoughts, as he stated to his biographer Julius Max Schottky? Hector Berlioz, in a biographical sketch of the violinist, tells of the many evenings spent by Paganini with his young student of the violin named Sina, playing together—with the master at the guitar, trying out new and amazing accompaniments? Any guitarist of any time will tell you that this kind of informal, unperformance-conscious duet playing is the greatest pleasure among musicians. Such a joining of two, or even three, musical minds could not conceivably include one who so openly professes a coolness toward the instrument pressed against his bosom. Wethinks the Master protesteth too much; that disdainful, cavalier put-down of the guitar was basically the reluctance of a professional violinist to admit publicly a dissatisfaction with the uniphonic nature of the instrument that made him internationally famous; and that in the innermost depths of his soul there seethed a hunger for the lush and dulcet harmonies of an instrument at once unpretentious and polyphonic; and in his arms, pliant and pulsating.

I daresay that if Paganini were living in these days of Lib movements, with their advocacy of releasing emotions long bottled up in fear of the consequences were they known; and their encouragement of frank admissions of true affinities for different drummers—if Paganini, the purported violinist, were transported into the free and open climate of such a new society, he might confess that he was indeed a closet guitarist.

Admittedly, the time spent with the guitar was not exactly clandestine; yet Paganini took pains by means of his mean and spurnful public utterances that one would never suspect a liaison which was real and swinging—certainly anything but platonic.

The Memoirs of Makaroff, first published in Russia toward the end of the 19th century, came to *The Guitar Review* via Dr. Boris Perott—himself a Russian—President of the then very active Philharmonic Society of Guitarists in London, and a leading guitar teacher; one of his better known students: Julian Bream.

Dr. Perott’s opposite number in the New York Society of the Classic Guitar, Vladimir Bobri—fellow Russian—blocked out the story into passable English, and Nura Ulreich—the late Nura Ulreich (d. 1950)—refined it into parsable English.

These delightful memoirs, so elegantly limned in the language and manners of *la belle époque*; replete as they are too with their rich historical background on the guitar in 19th century Europe

and Russia; their valuable pedagogical content; their entertainingly gossipy ramblings, especially the great guitar talk which this writer fairly devoured; their "full hearted" confessions of frustrations, disappointments, triumphs; their zealous attention to dates and places . . . these and many other sprinklings of minutiae that sparkle throughout like diamond dust, make the reminiscences of an otherwise unknown guitarist more than an exercise in self indulgence on the part of the author.

The Memoirs of Makaroff has become the classic saga with which anyone in any era who is in the thrall of the guitar can in one way or another, or in all ways, identify. The story tells of the adventures and peregrinations of a Candide-like youth, once a violinist, now wooed away by the guitar ". . . the object of my adoration . . ."; who had guilelessly, foolishly begun to play it ". . . not with any serious intentions, and mostly for accompaniment to my own singing . . ." but had not reckoned on the powerful lure of so gentle an instrument; who roamed all of Europe in quest of the best guitar, the best guitarist, the best guitar music, the best guitar composer, the best guitar teacher. In modern parlance, it is the story of a man hooked on the guitar—even as you and I . . . But it is a happy hookdom.

NON-PRO, NON-PROfit . . . when placed together, they bear a physio-visual resemblance, these two words; and as applied to *PROject Guitar Review*—especially its first volume—the spiritual kinship between the two is even more marked. For non-profit is what The Society of the Classic Guitar and *The Guitar Review* certainly are, and as so mandated have been eminently successful: in a recent survey of non-profit ventures, our profit has far and away been more non- than with any of the others.

The policy of non-profit extends also into the matter of payment for contributions to *The Guitar Review*; indeed, the financial arrangement with writers, artists and composers is, to be precise, actually non-pay.

And non-pro too, the staff of *The Guitar Review* has been. Even the presumed "professionalism" of our two-issue editor, Alfred N. Wesler, is doubtful, since it is not known by whom he had ever before been employed as an editor, other than by himself. Even our artists, great professionals in their private practices have always been, as GR staffers, of strictly non-pro utility.

But the contents, the contents of GR! Aye, that is the heart of the matter, the proof of the pudding, the last analysis, etc.! What price professionalism when a group of amateur editors can attract into the pages of an as yet untried tyro publication devoted to the classic guitar, the very prophet of the classic guitar—Andrés Segovia? That accomplishment by itself would have been the envy of any professional editor—of say, a magazine devoted to the violin and bagging Heifetz as a willing and generous contributor-advisor.

Segovia has not been just a catch-as-catch-can associate in our effort to give to the world a fine magazine of the guitar. In all of our years together in the venture, his zeal and application to the fortunes of *The Guitar Review* have come second only to his music. He has been steady, faithful; the true test of his fidelity, being his readiness to start, in this new magazine of very special interest and extremely limited circulation, the very story of his life—*The Guitar and Myself*.

Andrés Segovia: no illustriously non-dimensional name embossed on a chic, rag paper letterhead he. He has always been to us as a fond, avuncular guardian angel. And never before had we needed to press the panic button so hard and cry "Uncle!" than in the year 1950 at issue Number 11, when the GR found itself in one of its graver financial crises. Facing the founding fathers of our foundering magazine was imminent disaster. Never before had our profit been non-er. Bills, bills, bills lay everywhere staring us in the face, shouting "Pay me! Pay me!"; and we could only stare back in despair; and also stare hopefully out into the blue, whence came our help at issue Number 1 in 1946.

And again it came from that same reliable quarter: our Honorary President, advisor, autobiographer of *The Guitar and Myself* happened to be in town for one day—possibly two—and the guitar and himself saved the day. Short of actually opening up his purse and coming up with the \$1000 or so needed to stave off disaster, he opened up instead, his guitar case and played an emergency benefit concert for an ailing magazine which he felt warranted his special help: whose survival was vital to the guitar

in the U.S., and by then, the world. Carleton Sprague Smith, then Chief of the Music Division of the New York Public Library and Fellow of the Society of the Classic Guitar, arranged with philanthropist and music lover S. L. M. Barlow for the use of the latter's mansion in Gramercy Square for the event. An audience limited to 120 paid over \$1000 to hear the Maestro. Our most dangerous financial situation ever was now behind us; and before us, happy days, thanks to a steady upswing in advertising revenue and many new subscribers. Our only problem then, as now, a lack of reliable man-woman power, and the need for time, a classic combination common to efforts dependent upon voluntary help such as the production of a magazine in the nature and purposes of *The Guitar Review*.

Yes, the hand of Segovia has indeed been felt everywhere, in every way, in its effect on the fortunes of the GR. And on the cover of Number 4, it is even seen. Besides the uncontested fact that it is the most photogenically expressive hand in all guitar-dom, it is also a phenomenal work of human mechanism—the instrument's instrument: the right hand in the right place; The Position Perfect; servant of the servant of the instrument, heeding each command of the music; the Power Plant obeying its every nuance of dynamics. Many times you have felt that quiet, tender power of the Maestro's hand through his handshakes, and you know that it could crush every bone in your own hand; yet it is soft, caressing and gentle like a woman's and warm; and despite decades of unrelenting use, without callus or blemish. Note too, the amazing angle of the thumb at the first phalange, as if to please the master, obediently bending over backwards.

One by one, names perhaps not known to the music world in general, but to guitar lovers everywhere, exalted, began to appear in these early pages of *The Guitar Review*: Emilio Pujol, Philip Bone, F. de Fossa, Segundo Contreras, Terry Usher, Adolfo Luna, Carlos Vega, Manuel Ponce, Dr. Boris Perott, T. H. Hofmeester, Jr., Marc Pincherle, Jesús Silva; and at the same time, a bombardment of testimonials and Godspeeds to our magazine from musical giants of persuasions other than the guitar: lutenist Suzanne Bloch; composer-conductor Heitor Villa-Lobos; harpsichordist Ralph Kirkpatrick; musicologist Carleton Sprague Smith; curator of ancient instruments of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y., Emanuel Winternitz; and the mighty Igor Stravinsky himself. Of course, as future readers of *The Guitar Review* found, Villa-Lobos, Smith, Winternitz and Bloch backed up their enthusiasm with original, first-hand contributions on subjects of their particular fields.

I have omitted one name from the list of testimonial writers, inasmuch as proponent cannot be classed as musician, musicologist, guitar historian, or instrumentalist in the strict meanings of these words. He was in a class by himself—an original, this new friend of our magazine; at the year 1948, when we first met him, a septuagenarian; until then, not only assumed dead by those of us who'd known of him, but already passed on into hazy legend. Yes, of all the nationally and internationally known names rallying to the cause of a new magazine, none could match the eagerness to get into the fray of this poet-historian-biographer-folklorist-novelist-troubadour . . . and wistful lingerer at the gates of a Paradise he called the classic guitar, Carl Sandburg.

Sandburg became enraptured of the classic guitar when he first heard, on records, the playing of Segovia, and the playing-singing of Olga Coelho in the mid-30s; and in 1938, his cup runneth over when he actually met the Maestro himself in Chicago at the home of Hazel Buchbinder, one of the contributors to Sandburg's *American Songbag* (1927). In his one-night stands around the country as a folksinger, he used, rather than played the guitar to his husky, homespun, resonant baritone—as natural a combination as bread and butter. However, he nursed no real ambitions to be a player, or even read music. His handful of chords went with any song he sang, and that suited him fine. Unruffled, Un-player, I used to call him, to his great delight. But he was Mr. Listener No. 1. I recall an evening on one of his visits to New York, when I was made to play for him a piece we called "Number 2"—a Ponce arrangement of a traditional Mexican song—at least 18 times, before he would allow me to go to bed.

What Sandburg could not bring to the guitar in the making of music with it, he more than compensated for in a form at which he was an old hand: poetry. In 1951, true to his promise, he sent

us his poem *The Guitar: Some Definitions*. It appeared in Number 12, and it stands today as the most eloquent paean to the guitar by an American poet.

When Sandburg's "labors on a book" (his only novel, *Remembrance Rock*, 673,000 words) were finally completed, he sped to New York, up from his home in Flat Rock, North Carolina, one day in September 1948. Later that night, he was at last in the company of "the New York guitar crowd" that he'd known only as names in the mastheads of *The Guitar Review*.

We gathered at one of our Society meeting places on West 52nd Street, The Russian Yar, whose proprietors were long-time friends of our President Bobri. We were skeptical, all of us, that the owner of the mellow voice over the phone that afternoon was Carl Sandburg; and even more incredulous, was the sight of the tall, ramrod straight, beautiful, pink and white gentleman who appeared at the Yar entrance promptly at nine o'clock as arranged. But if he were not Sandburg, then the real Sandburg would do well to allow this great looking, Norse king in mufti roam the country impersonating him. All doubts were dissipated however when our guest later reeled off, without a stop, the names of the GR staff since issue Number 1—from memory. Especially taken was he with Eithne Golden, an Irish lass who could sing to her own guitar, songs in six or seven languages, including the Armenian; and who could translate for *The Guitar Review* in as many. As our Spanish Editor, she was assigned the Segovia autobiography *The Guitar and Myself* as it arrived from the Maestro's Spanish typewriter. Not only did Miss Golden not permit any loss in the translation, but she fastidiously preserved the elegance of Segovia's beautifully wrought old-world Spanish. And this charmed the old troubadour Sandburg, no mean word-smith himself, no end.

For the rest of his life, Sandburg never lost touch with the SCG or *The Guitar Review*. It was after he had arrived at the age of 55, that he began to measure his life span in an odd fashion, and by an odd number. "I'll die at an age divisible by 11" he stated positively. "It's inevitable, inexorable; it's written in the book of fate. Two of my great-grandfathers and one of my grandmothers died at such ages . . ." He arrived at 66, scarcely out of breath; at 77, still outstripping at stair-climbing this much younger writer; at 88, in somewhat of a decline, but in possession of his faculties. At 89, he died (1967); 99, yet ten years away. And as those years seem to be turning out for the world, it is well for Carl Sandburg that he called off his numbers game on account of darkness.

The Guitar and Myself did not begin to appear in *The Guitar Review* until, appropriately enough, Number 4, the special Segovia issue—1947. Faithfully, the Maestro sent the installments without interruption through Number 8—1949. In Number 9, he explained his inability to meet the deadline for that issue as due to pressure of work. His concert dates were becoming more and more closely spaced, leaving no time for the calm, unhurried, introspection essential to his writing, especially when it was autobiographical. The next installment actually arrived in 1952, at Number 13. Then more silence, and understandably so: the world-wide clamor for Segovia as concert and recording artist absorbed all of his time. Thus, *The Guitar and Myself* cliff-hung for almost 10 years before we could read of the further exploits of our hero. Twelve issues had gone by. At that point in his autobiography, Segovia was at the ripe old age of 22.

And there, as far as we were concerned, he remained—like Dorian Gray, growing no older, for it was the last of *The Guitar and Myself* that would ever appear in *The Guitar Review*. But we were not entirely without Segoviana of some sort in subsequent issues. Though not specifically autobiographical, the Maestro's contributions were on matters drawn upon his own feelings and experiences, and therefore substantially autobiographical¹.

The Guitar and Myself . . . ponder that simple title; and, to employ a show biz expression, note well the order of the billing. Where or when in the annals of music have we ever before heard of the instrument given ascendancy over its player by the player himself—the subservience of the virtuoso to the instrument? Though I call him Maestro, master guitarist, master, etc., throughout this essay—as indeed who does not—the master-slave relationship is made clear by his very arrangement of the words in the title of his autobiography—repeat—*auto-* not *bio-*

for the biographer might himself entitle his work quite naturally, *Segovia and the Guitar*, or something suggesting the player's "mastery" over his instrument, the implement that obediently spins out the music which is in the musician's heart.

I have heard it said—you have heard it said: such is the musicianship of Segovia, that had he so chosen, he would have made a great pianist, violinist, oboist, 'cellist, harpist, etc. Entirely conceivable; but not as *loving* a pianist, violinist, oboist, 'cellist, harpist, etc., as he has been to the guitar, so manifest in his life-long devotion to—nay, obsession—with it, transcending any normal musician-instrument relationship, at least within the purview of this long-time music buff.

In his youth, enamoured of the guitar, he was its idealistic knight-errant, rescuing it from the lowly taverns of Spain, and elevating it to its rightful place in the hierarchy of musical instruments; and although, in the drama of his autobiography, Segovia is always onstage, he is not the star, but a humble supporting player, happy to receive second billing to his heroine—the guitar.

It can only be described as miraculous that in the beginning, *The Guitar Review* had at its instant service four crack professional artists, already old hands at the game: Vladimir Bobri, George Giusti, Antonio Petruccelli, and myself. Let me hasten to add that my part of the art work was an occasional cartoon as a leavening to any possible stuffiness that might creep into a magazine of such exalted ideals and scholarly aims as ours. My three colleagues attended to the production chores: art editing, layout, typography, illustrations, etc. I was kept otherwise busy as a sort of jack-of-all trades: proof reader, letter writer, caption writer . . . and oh, yes—*The Chronicle* writer. The reader will see the fine works of Giusti, Bobri and Petruccelli, all in line, throughout these preserved pages.

Almost routine, was for one of us, deep in the commission of an assignment for *Life* magazine, or *Time*, or *The New Yorker*, or a major agency—meaning big money, four figures being not unusual—to interrupt his work to do a rush job for *The GR* close to deadline, and turn out anything from an elaborate illustration to a spot drawing for an eight dollar ad.

That the four artists are here termed "crack" is no hyperbole. In 1946, a handsome volume entitled *40 American Illustrators* made its appearance. The cream of America's illustrators, as chosen by leading critics and art commentators, were represented in the book. Ten per cent of them were *The Guitar Review* Four.

The phenomenon here is not that they were the same artists who eventually would work gratis for an obscure, virtually privately circulated magazine of unique interest, but that although they were together in an important art book, *they had never met!* Strangers all the years before; known to each other only by name and reputation, if at all . . . finally brought together under one roof, not through channels of a common profession, but through an uncommon love for the guitar.

"Circulation Manager" was the euphemistic title for anyone who could provide space to which *The Guitar Review* could be shipped from the printer's, and from which it could be dispatched to subscribers. All addressing was done by hand from a slim but ever-growing subscription list; stamps moistened by tongue; and the mailing eventually toted by the armful to the Post Office; all of the work cheerily, voluntarily performed by any Society member within hailing distance.

Mailing Bees, we called these periodic frenetic, onerous tasks; but from them, we derived double pleasure: a warm glow of satisfaction that yet another issue of our magazine was a *fait accompli* and launched into the mainstream of literature on the guitar; and that each such gathering provided the opportunity for a group of good friends—a microcosm of The Society of the Classic Guitar itself with backgrounds representing a cross section of professions, ethnicity, sex, age—to be brought together on a common ground: love for the guitar.

At any of these Bees, a not unusual close-up: a prominent surgeon, or lawyer, or archeologist, licking stamps, and affixing them to envelopes already addressed and handed over by a lad of 17, whose clear, open schoolboy handwriting is not only more readable than his elder's, but whose sight-reading of a Sor etude

even more so during the informal playing and refreshments which always followed the work.

Our first "circulation manager" was Nura Ulreich. Her vast studio loft on East 40th Street in Manhattan (another artist!) provided more than enough space to house the comparatively few cartoons of those early issues of *The Guitar Review*. Lovely times we had there—writing, licking, stuffing, sorting, piling, toting . . . and later, our chores discharged, eating, drinking, playing, singing, talking . . .

In 1950, after five memorable Mailing Bees held in her loft, sweet, gentle, dedicated Nura Ulreich died. In one stroke, we'd lost not only a circulation manager, but also our circulation center. But we hadn't reckoned on the presence in the Society, and their eagerness to help, of a couple of recently joined members, Karl Noell and Saul Marantz, commercial artists (and yet more artists!)². Their working space in a midtown office building was immediately offered. The Noell-Marantz "studio" was barely large enough to accommodate the drawing tables of the two artists, but somehow—perhaps with the aid of a room-horn—we not only squeezed in the already fattened Number 6 of *The Guitar Review*, but the 11 following issues over a period of 7 years; during which time, the magazine gained considerably in circulation—amazingly enough, in far-off countries like Lebanon or New Zealand, where we had exerted no effort at all even to apprise people of its existence.

Noell, with co-circulation manager Marantz, kept up the steady flow of *The Guitar Review* to the outside world. An excellent artist, he also contributed several of his fine drawings to the magazine. In 1957 after a sad, protracted illness, he died.

Here, the reader pauses a moment and hmms: "Hmmm—Marantz, Marantz . . . seems to me I've heard that name in connection with hi-fi? audio? stereo? . . ." All three, reader. Saul Marantz's famous pre-amplifier for stereo sound some 15 years ago, revolutionized audio equipment design from a horseless carriage era into the finely engineered automobile as we know it today. Hi-fi was at first a hobby—albeit a glorified hobby—to Marantz. His name, now known world-wide, connotes hi-quality in the field of hi-fidelity.

Marantz's genius is not confined to audio, but extends as effectively to the visual. Always a photographophile, he especially liked to put his skill with the camera at the service of the guitar. For one who likes to take pictures, whose favorite instrument is the guitar, and whose favorite guitarist is Andrés Segovia, the opportunity of a lifetime came to Marantz in 1972: photographing the Maestro himself in a set of amazing portrait studies showing the playing hands of the world's greatest guitarist in every conceivable position, to illustrate Vladimir Bobri's book *The Segovia Technique*.

In GR Number 1, *The Guitar Museum* exhibits two guitars. Though closely juxtaposed on the same page, they are 250 years apart in age. The Stradivarius guitar depicted is silent, lying in state in a real museum in London—a corpse as beautiful as only embalment can make it; but a soul departed, its gentle voice, the vibrations of its slender body, its responses to the touch of fingers forever stilled. Not so the violins of the great luthier. Many of them, if not all, are very much alive to this day. They are not only seen but heard, more mellow in fact, over the centuries; their construction still sturdy, intact; their decibel potential still powerful, even as they came from the atelier of the Cremonan master.

But alas, Stradivarius was not the Stradivarius of the guitar. After only a few known attempts (instruments probably made for ladies of the court), he went back to his violin making. But if anyone could take on the mantle as the modern Stradivarius of the guitar, it could conceivably be Hermann Hauser; if the fact that the Hauser guitar was the favorite of Andrés Segovia, the greatest master of the classic guitar, carries any weight; if it is at all significant that the Segovia sound was never more beautiful or resonant than during the years of the Hauser's life.

I have no actuarial figures at hand, but it is a sad and well known fact that the viable life of a fine, handcrafted guitar is not a long one. As with great singers, the voice box may one day break down. And so it came to pass one night that Segovia's Hauser, subjected to too many years, miles and miles, climes and climes of travel by sea, air, rail—and maybe at times, horse

drawn—gave a long, resigned sigh from within its case in a steam heated hotel room, and quietly ascended to guitar Heaven.

Bobri's Hauser is also among the dear departed, but his was stolen one night, along with other items in his studio. One sees, upon entering the studio of Bobri, an array of guitars numbering at least twenty—elegant instruments of the past, modern concert guitars, and regional variations from many countries, some encased, others hung on the walls or set upon their stands; and it was a stroke of harsh irony that the thieves made off with the most precious one of them all—the Hauser.

For a time, it was hoped that the thieves might recognize the guitar as of noble lineage, and craftily hold it for ransom. But alas, this was not a kidnapping. Brought off swiftly, efficiently, as if by computer, the caper might aptly be called a simple avant-garden variety of robbery, with no overtones of intrigue or mystery. The Philistine villains could not have known of the work of art within the case. No, it was not a hunted Hauser.

We often speculate, Bobri and I, about the fate of the ill-fated instrument. Where is it? Who owns it? Who is attempting to play it? Is it hanging somewhere like a lost soul in some obscure hock shop? Or did the savage thieves—upon opening the case, expecting to see an instrument encrusted with mother-of-pearl, shiny brass fittings, gleaming fake mahogany, jingly-jangly strings, myriad electrical knobs . . . but instead, coming face to face with a plain-Jane, egg box affair—destroy it in their disappointment and rage?

At issue Number 8, *The Chronicle* was discontinued with some regret—not discernably mine, however, since I was its very fatiguable writer-news gatherer. It was discontinued reluctantly, but for a practical reason: to make room in our ever burgeoning pages for material of all-time pedagogical and historical interest, and for special features which were beginning to fatten our files. Another factor in our decision to drop *The Chronicle* was the time lag between issues: by the time the news was printed, it had become stale. Providentially, at about this time, Wilfrid Appleby's *Guitar News* had been launched in England, handling with dispatch all international guitar news coverage. Again providentially, guitar doings in the U.S. and particularly our own New York Society, were now recorded in our new SCG Bulletin, a bi-monthly newsletter.

We are pleased that the reader will find the first five *Chronicles* intact within these covers (the department was omitted from Number 4, the Segovia Issue, due to lack of space) so the new generation of guitar-lover-players may now know of other times, other places, and make their own conclusions as to substantial differences, if any, as compared to the present. They will read of the concert guitarists of yesteryear who were most active, and the music they played; which selections in their repertoires are now passé: which have survived as concert material for the artist of today. And what of the guitar groups so sparsely scattered around the world in those mid-1940s? Present information shows that some are long gone, some moribund; but surprisingly many still in good health. Among them is the venerable American Guitar Society, Hollywood, California, organized in 1926, which makes it by known record, the oldest, most durable group of guitarists in the U.S. Its founder, Vahdah Olcott Bickford, doyenne of the guitar in the West, has without interruption for almost 40 years kept up a steady stream of weekly recitals by her group, with the guitar always the anchor instrument, at least, but also featuring other instruments, including the human voice.

If, in the early issues of *The Guitar Review* we'd any doubts about discontinuing *The Chronicle*, then the inevitable proliferation of guitar societies all over the world would have firmly put the lid on anyway.

These are but a few of the changes over the last 30 years or so, that quickly come to mind. At all events, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*: the guitar spirit still prevails as unflaggingly as in the days of de Visée, Giuliani, Paganini, Sor, Makaroff . . . deliciously elusive as ever.

The Guitar Review Number 1 carried five advertisements. They conveniently fitted on one full page; not the inside or outside back covers, but on the page preceding them. Both sides of the back cover were blank. As to why, we can only speculate. That Editor Wesler—with his ever-ready cache of curiosas, es-

says, theses, theories, critiques and many minutiae on the guitar—had run out of material at the very first issue, is hardly likely. More likely, is that we'd run out of money. Anyway, trying to account for the blank pages continues to fall on blank memory. The total revenue from the ads, incidentally, came to \$80. At today's rates, that sum would buy just a few inches of space. All the ads in GR 1 pertained, as one would expect, to the guitar in some connection: sheet music, guitar shops, repairing.

Our first advertising manager was Mirko Markovich, with as much experience in advertising as in weaving Panama hats under water, blindfolded. Why then was he chosen for so vital and exacting a post? Because he was there. Could he do the work? Perhaps not, but there were no other likely candidates about. We were sure, however, he would do his best, feel his way around, play it by ear. Mirko: our new ad lib ad man.

A recent arrival to the U.S., Markovich was particularly anxious to succeed in this strange new work of virtually American invention in order to gain entry into the inner circles of the Guitar Society. Like many, many of us at first encounter with the classic guitar, he was hopelessly enthralled, and determined to learn as much as he could of and about it, for until now, he knew only of his own guitar, an American made steel-strung plectrum affair, all shiny and knobbed; his bread-and-butter guitar. A good musician, fast learner, Mirko soon made the classic guitar his own, playing with such skill, competence and beauty of tone as to earn him first desk in the Society of the Classic Guitar Trio, which, included V. Bobri and Julio Prol.

By issue Number 2, 1947, when Mirko took up his advertising post, some clients had become more or less steady accounts; already in the bag, as it were. Now it was his task to break new ground, and he found it quickly among his legion of friends. But they were outside the circle of the guitar. At all events, not so much as admirers of *The Guitar Review* than of its new advertising manager, these friends of Mirko, all of them in diverse professions, rallied to the cause—of Mirko, that is. Thus, in due course, ads began to appear in *The Review* with as much relevancy to the guitar as millinery, hosiery, and hairdressing would have to do with it—not to mention furs, feathers, flowers, architecture, and jewelry. To our knowledge, no lady ever journeyed up to Dyckman Street to buy one of Myn's Hats, or down to the Kallinikos Brothers on West 26th Street for a fur piece. (Wholesale yet.)

Relevant to the guitar or not, the ads brought in revenue of great relevancy: to the continued appearance of *The Guitar Review*. Our creditors did not ever question the aesthetic source of the dollars paid them, so long as their original source was the prosaic printing plant in Washington, D.C.

Mirko Markovich—or, in a change of name some years later to Mirko Markoe—was a wizard at the plectrum guitar even before he migrated to the U.S. just after World War II. A refugee from Yugoslavia—or SAIR-bya, as he fiercely, proudly pronounced the old name of his Motherland Serbia in scorn of the regime from which he and his family had fled.

Mirko's fame as a plectrum guitarist and his skill at accompanying singers began to reach the attention of performers such as Peggy Lee and Mae West; and soon, offers of extensive tours with them and others cut short his career as Advertising Manager Number 2 at GR Number 9.

In 1972, at the age of 62, Mirko, sprightly, funny, active and mischievous as ever—still a great attraction in cafes about town—suddenly, tragically lost his life by smoke inhalation whose source was a fire originating in a restaurant below his apartment. Ironically, the restaurant site only a few years earlier, had been his own—Mirko's it was called—what else—a favorite gathering place for all who loved the guitar a lot . . . and perhaps Mirko even more.

Mirko's sometime assistant was Chauncey Lee, who makes his appearance in the last issue of Volume I. Lee possessed even less genius as an advertising man than his partner; yet the time he served with Mirko must have been effective enough, for the GR went merrily on apace. What an enormously pleasing guitarist he was! Few programs of those days did not include Lee, playing his own arrangements of popular songs of vaudeville vintage tastefully and with fastidious application of the classic technique. His *Sentimental Journey*, with its interweaving, fugue-like basses, stands out as the most memorable in his repertoire.

Lee was one of our older members. In 1957, he was 65 years old and in precarious health: and that was the year in which this most endearing little man died.

In *Guitar Review* Number 2, Editor Wesler's editorial addresses itself to the high purposes of our fledgling magazine—one of its loftiest: to open its pages as a forum for "... all points of view ..." cautiously adding the injunction however, "... when appropriately couched. ..." As the reader can see, Wesler's declaration was after the fact, inasmuch as the opening gun (epistol?) of a controversy had already been fired in Number 1 by José Rey de la Torre, a young man of noble bearing, noble thoughts, and great self assurance. But of course his special endowment was his guitaristry, for he had few equals in the U.S. And again as the reader can see, he was also a weaver of elegant prose; not words merely "appropriately couched," but luxuriously four-poster bedded.

You will of course form your own opinions as to the pros and cons of an earnest young guitarist's preoccupations of almost 30 years ago, if indeed they are still of any urgency or even relevancy to the instrument as we know it today.

But pedantic or pertinent, polemical or precious, the stark reality was that the letter ate up too damned much space, and a tremulous Wesler hoped against hope that it would go unanswered, unchallenged; that nobody would demand the right of equal time—a democratic principle more platitudinous than profound to any editor with space problems.

Wesler, however, did not reckon with the omnipresence on the New York guitar scene in the mid 40s of vigilant, doughty Miguel Angel, guitar teacher—the first in the city so listed in the phone book. There was no area, insofar as the guitar was concerned, where Angel feared to tread. And, alas, as Wesler alased, equal time for some, is more equal than for others, as doubly—almost triply-demonstrated by Señor Angel. Ignoring the implication of Angel's closing sentence in praise of the GR's liberal policy: "... There is now no need for any guitarist to retire to a corner and mumble peevishly. . . ." Wesler slammed the door on any more letters, no matter how appropriately couched; and while in a door-slaming mood, slammed it behind himself. His departure as editor of *The Guitar Review* was soon followed by his departure for a place in Heaven, where he was probably quickly appointed editor of the official angels' magazine, *The Harp Review*.

Whether by accident or design, the new editors for Number 3 opened the door a crack, and again Rey de la Torre came out charging from his corner; not to "mumble peevishly," but to answer even more eloquently Angel's answer to his first letter. Mercifully, there was no answering letter to Rey de la Torre's answer to his (Angel's) letter answering Rey de la Torre's . . . and that was the end of the GR policy of "equal time."

At recent concerts, Rey de la Torre has been playing as poetically as ever; he is the kind of performer, who when at last he finds the core of the music, is unsurpassed.

Miguel Angel, in this Anno Domini 1974 is at age 71 still teaching, and remembering well his epistolary duel with young Rey de la Torre, averring that it was never meant to be personal—only "academeek," as he put it.

Upon the disappearance from the masthead of *The Guitar Review* after issue Number 2 of the name Alfred N. Wesler, the editorial troika of Rose Augustine, Vladimir Bobri and Paul Carlton picked up the reins and pushed along vigorously for the next six issues, which encompassed a period of only two years.

By then, *The GR* was already established as a musical publication of importance. But it also possessed a cachet all its own: it was a thing of visual beauty, with the art department surpassing itself with each issue.

So was the thinking in 1950 when the American Institute of Graphic Arts awarded *The Guitar Review* a Certificate of Excellence in their Annual Magazine Show. A curious anomaly of the huge exhibition, was coming upon the modest GR display case, and hard by, those of slick, mammoth, popular magazines. Under *The Ladies Home Journal*, for one, was posted the legend: "Circulation—2,000,000"; and under our *Guitar Review* "Circulation 650." Each staff member was the recipient of a certificate, and not the least of these was Joe Passantino, as lithographer.

Our new trio of editors, well before Women's Lib, was headed by a lady—Rose Augustine; and if the name rings a bell as having to do with strings or guitars, the bell rings true. Mrs. Augustine is indeed the widow of Albert Augustine, developer—with the encouragement of Andrés Segovia—of the nylon string for the guitar, and designer of the Augustine guitar, now produced from his original plans and formulas, by luthier Frank Haselbacher, his former apprentice.

The nylon string may very likely have saved the classic guitar. In the early 40s—war years—years of shortages—Segovia himself was in despair of ever again finding suitable gut strings, and even spoke of closing his guitar case and calling it a day, as far as the classic guitar was concerned. But Augustine saved the day—and the guitar. By 1947, the wastebaskets of guitarists the world over were filled with old, gutless gut strings, and guitars were joyously, gratefully restrung with nylons; meaning that the Augustines were swamped with orders from Akron to Zanzibar, and Mrs. A. was therefore forced to give up her editorial position on the GR. But she has maintained her interest in the Society as Executive Board member, as benefactor, and as consistent advertiser in the GR of the Augustine strings and guitars.

Short though Paul Carlton's tenure as an editor was, his contribution to *The Guitar Review* was considerable, as readers will see, along in these pages. His scholarly stamp is firmly set upon the four issues in which he was involved. Not at all the eccentric that Wesler was, Carlton was at least enigmatic. I do not end this paragraph, as in some others, with an obituary notice of its principal, but rather with a disappearance item: one day, late in 1949, after a silence unusually long even for the retiring, unobtrusive Paul Carlton, it was learned that he had vanished from New York, if not from the face of the earth; gone as if into an enveloping Bette Davis foggy Finis—but unlike La Davis, never to return for another appearance.

Saved for the last but not least, enter now the First Man of the guitar in the U.S.A., Vladimir Bobri.

If Andrés Segovia is the uncle-figure in the story of The Society of the Classic Guitar and *The Guitar Review*, then Bobri is the father-figure, not only as a founding father, but the very father of the founding fathers of SCG and GR.

The name of Vladimir Bobri does not appear on the masthead of *The Guitar Review* as an editorial director until Number 3; and over the next 14 years, he shared the duties with others, including this writer. It was at Number 25 when he was made sole editor; actually a confirmation, for tacitly, he had always been the chief, not only as editor, but over all departments down to adding missing serifs to flawed type or opening up with a No. 00 brush and Chinese white, a clogged letter. From the very issue of Number 1, there was no line of copy or drawing that escaped the critical eye of Bobri, to be either okeyed or nokayed. He was our First Man with the last word.

Of course, Bobri the artist is everywhere in the pages of the GR, clear through Number 39, and marking time for Number 40.

Which is to be expected, for after all, is not art his profession? Like Segovia who can still rip off ad lib speed notes on the guitar in his 80s, so can Bobri, in his upper-70s make a line with brush or pen with the verve and speed of a bird on the wing, and the sharpness and precision of copperplate.

And thus, it is all the more remarkable that Bobri has been our most successful editor—*terra incognita* when *The Guitar Review* came along. With no experience at all, an unerring instinct was all he possessed; and it was more than enough. His policy is actually a philosophy, based on a simple precept: what does he want to see in a magazine like *The Guitar Review*? And discovering resoundingly that everybody wants what he wants.

Beyond question, the editorial coup of all time in the history of *The Guitar Review*, is of Bobri's sole making: it was Bobri who not only suggested to Segovia that he write—or at least start—the story of his life, also persuaded him to run it exclusively in the pages of a fledgling, untried, untrumpeted—but untrammelled—magazine whose subscription list at the time would not comprise even 1/4th of a Segovia audience at Town Hall, N.Y.

But the Maestro trusted Bobri down the line—with his life, so to speak. Between these two men over the years, had been built up a fellowship as between apostle and disciple, and I venture to conjecture that what Segovia did for *The Guitar Review* might conceivably have been done for Bobri first—our First Man.

When such confidence is beamed down from so eminent a height, it quickly breeds confidence among others. When the news of Segovia's support of *The Guitar Review* project became known throughout the guitar world, in short order, Emilio Pujol, Segundo Contreras, Manuel Ponce, Carlos Vega, and Carl Sandburg were heard from as contributors, willing—nay, eager—to participate.

Thus so auspiciously started, *The Guitar Review* went on to justify that simple faith of Segovia and to add its considerable contribution not only to the image of the guitar in music, but to Music itself.

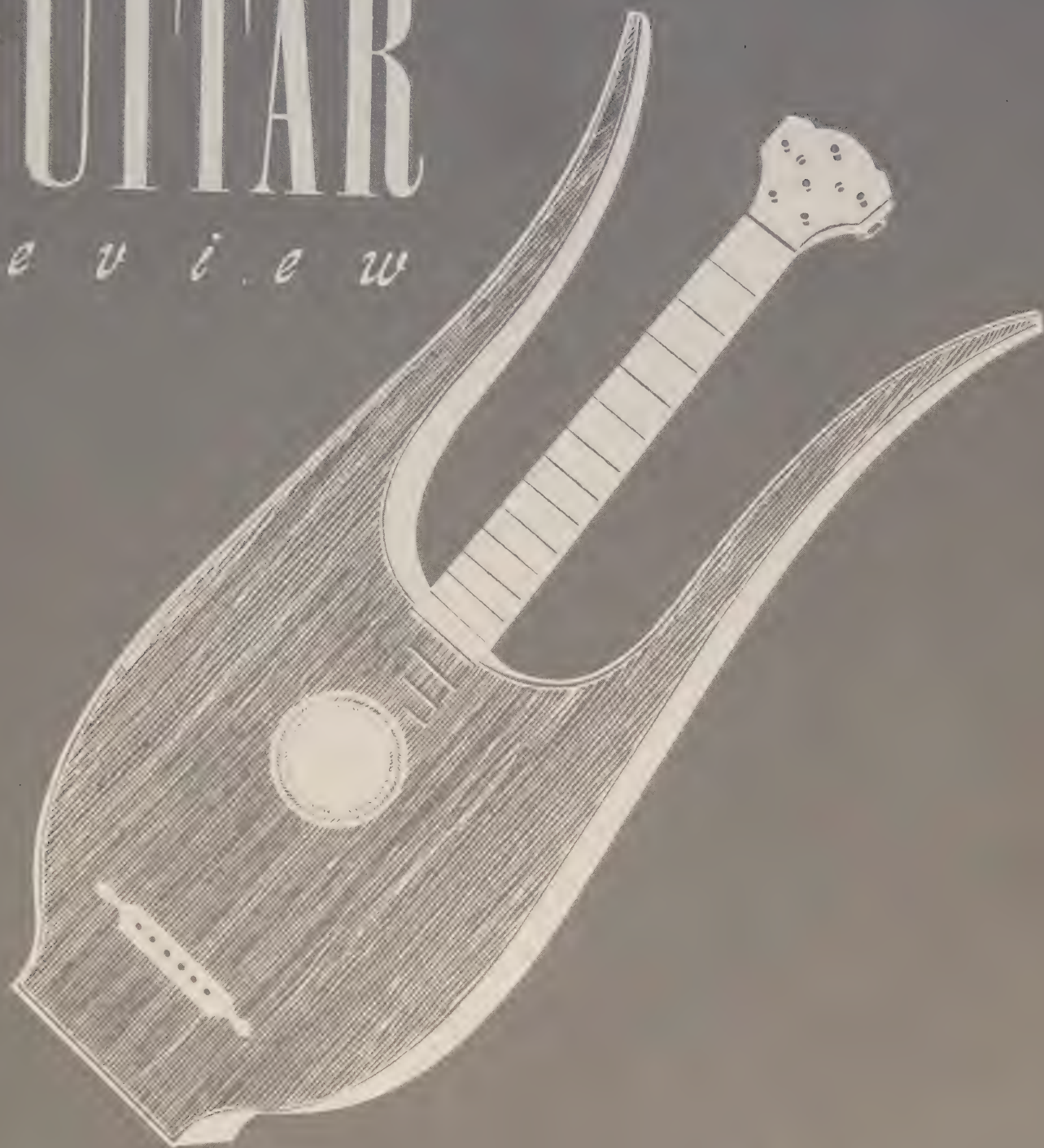
READER, we know who you are! You are of the precious breed of music lover, caught up with the mystique of a precious instrument. Wherever you are, be it hearth or hinterland; Brooklyn or Bangkok; Cripple Creek or Crimea; Twickenham or Tanganika . . . we know that a guitar must be near you or not far away.

1 See Segovia's letter to Vladimir Bobri headed More Strings? in *Guitar Review* Number 39.

2 This fascination for the guitar among artists was dramatically manifested one night at The Society of Illustrators of New York, organization of top U.S. artists, both fine and commercial, when at the termination of a recital by composer-teacher-guitarist Alexander Bellow, whom I'd introduced to the club, no fewer than a dozen members of the audience besieged him with demands for lessons.



the
GUITAR
review



october-november 1946

an international bi-monthly devoted to the classic guitar

T h e G U I T A R R E V I E W

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C O N T E N T S

Vol. I, No. 1

Oct. - Nov. 1946

ARTICLES

Greeting

Is There a School of Tárrega? *T. M. Hofmeester, Jr.*

Then As Now *James Ballard*

Fernando Sor

The Memoirs of Makaroff

Translated by V. Bobri and N. Ulreich

Antiquity of the Guitar *Philip Hale*

To Jane—With a Guitar (Poem) *P. B. Shelley*

Flamenco Playing

DEPARTMENTS

The GUITAR MUSEUM

The CHRONICLE

LETTER

HINTS

SCHERZANDO

MUSIC

Guárdame las Vacas

L. de Narvaez

Minuet

F. Sor

Andantino

F. Sor

Allemande (Duet)

R. de Visée

Rondo

F. Ferandiere

Three Preludes

F. Tárrega

Estilo Popular

Harm. by *M. Llobet*

TO GUITAR-LOVERS EVERYWHERE:—

More than a century ago, *The Giulianiad* appeared in London in the cause of the classic guitar. After one hundred and thirteen years, *The GUITAR REVIEW* now makes its bow to the international fraternity of guitar-lovers, in a belated assumption of the predecessor's role.

Through this initial issue, we extend heartiest greetings to all those who may hail its appearance as an event of importance: We address ourselves to music-lovers who, moved by the persuasive power with which the classic guitar commends itself to their musical affections, have long deplored the absence of a periodical in English devoted *exclusively* to their cherished instrument.

On the eve of sending our first issue to press, we of the *Society of the Classic Guitar* may well indulge in momentary elation, before we submit with good grace to the hazards of launching a magazine which must unavoidably partake of the nature of an experiment. We may rejoice that at last we have succeeded in establishing an organ we devoutly hope may endure in the highest service of the guitar, before sobering to the realization that the verdict on our venture remains as yet unspoken from the lips of our readers.

As for the Editor, may he not — in boundless confidence — point to the far-reaching influence this organ may eventually wield in reclaiming the classic guitar from obscurity and disparagement, so that it may regain its full measure of dignity in the musical world? This is the goal envisaged by those contending against triviality on the one hand, and disregard on the other. In striving for this goal, we must all pledge steadfast allegiance to the ideal of world-wide fellowship, for as long as our ranks are as sparse and unserried as at present, naught can be accomplished.

The precious spirit of solidarity would be betrayed were we to permit the slightest intrusion of partisanship or self-seeking. To the contrary, the impartial columns of *The GUITAR REVIEW* will zealously guard

In essentials, unity;
In doubtful matters, freedom.

In his selection of material, the Editor will seek variety and abundance; in the treatment of all aspects of the classic guitar, intellectual integrity will be linked with clarity and attractiveness of presentation. Sustained by his colleagues in the endeavor, he will ensure therein the growth of a veritable treasury of guitar-lore. Supplementing this, there will evolve an anthology of music judiciously chosen and otherwise rather inaccessible.

With the constant interchange of views, as well as the indispensable support of readers everywhere who, as we hope, will find *The GUITAR REVIEW* more and more acceptable, we may before long become proud of our share in the task of rescuing the classic guitar from the undeserved neglect into which it has fallen for more than a century.

In the meanwhile, may this publication prove an adequate tribute to our labors!

The EDITOR

IS THERE A SCHOOL OF TARREGA ?



By THEODORUS M. HOFMEESTER, JR.

Through the Courtesy of the Chicago Guitar Society

THE present writer realizes his temerity in approaching a subject on which more capable and better informed persons than himself have written so much and so inconclusively. These comprise two categories: the master's pupils and pupils of his pupils (who naturally claim their information at the source), and those who have based their opinions on hearsay evidence or on study of contemporary and later documents. He who now enters the controversy definitely falls into the second of these classes.

In order to establish a firm basis on which to proceed we must first of all refute the hypothesis of Domingo Prat¹ that since Tárrega left no written method of rules for study, there can be no "School of Tárrega." History shows us that the greatest teachers left no written record of their theories or methods, but that these were promulgated by word of mouth sometimes for centuries before being put into permanent form. No one will dispute that Christ, Buddha, Confucius and Socrates were founders of far-reaching schools, although their sayings were recorded by others. We must, however, guard ourselves against the dangers of exaggerated loyalty to the memory of the dead master,

misinterpretations of his doctrines and unjustifiable, fictitious merits which are ascribed to him by his followers so that they may bask in the reflected glory of the heightened greatness. By careful elimination of irresponsible statements of both sides, we may avoid the faulty reasoning which has led so many astray.

On this basis, we must admit at once that Tárrega as a composer has been elevated out of all proportion to his real stature. Compositions he did not compose are declared from his pen, arrangements absolutely beyond the capabilities of the guitar, and consequently challenging it as a serious musical instrument, are declared masterpieces by his overzealous and enthusiastic pupils. However, it is not with Tárrega, the composer, but the founder of a method that we are here concerned.

It must be obvious to the discerning by this time that none of the participants in this controversy has paused to qualify the term "method." A method may be an entirely original concept created from personal experiences, or a compendium of, improvement on, or addition to a tradition which may be augmented through the centuries by many

persons, all of whom have contributed something to its development. We may say that the Socratic method of argument represents the first and the Analects of Confucius the second. To include Tárrega among the first group would automatically cancel the claims of his supporters, but even his most rabid detractors will have to concede him a place in the second group. Hence we must discount Pascual Roch's² claim of a *tecnismo nuevo y único* ["a new and unique technique"], as well as Domingo Prat's³ supposition that since the master's pupils variously played with nails, without nails, or a combination, a lack of method is evinced. Emilio Pujol⁴ has very ably shown that these modes of sound production are purely a matter of temperament and not the property or result of one school. The difference between the school of Aguado and the school of Sor is not one of playing with or without nails, but one of approach, the former through technical means, the latter through musical means.

Now that we have eliminated some of the stumbling blocks to a clearer understanding of the case, we must ask: What contribution did Tárrega make to the technique of guitar playing that can merit the name of "method"? Perhaps Julio S. Sagreras comes closest when he proposes that the distinguishing features of this school are (1) the method of attacking the strings by the fingers of the right hand (*apoyando*), (2) the position of the right hand, (3) the position of the guitar (we cannot accept this because the position of the guitar depends on the position of the body, which he himself rejects as a factor on the grounds of physical differences), (4) the stressed or wider use of the right ring finger. Note especially the fourth proposition, "El estudio particular del dedo anular de ambas manos, que, aunque ya fué preconizado por Aguado, Tárrega lo ha intensificado."⁵ ["The special study of the ring finger of both hands which, although endorsed by Aguado was intensified by Tárrega."] (The italics are mine.) Here we see then, not necessarily revolutionary conceptions, but rather personal development and "intensification" of known techniques, which we previously suggested as coming under the second category of "method."

Let us examine and compare these statements with corresponding ones in other methods. The theorem that the normal way of striking the strings with the right-hand fingers is *apoyando*, with exceptions as stated and explained at great length in the methods of Roch⁶ and Pujol⁷, is to our knowledge to be found in no previous method. Neither do we find in other methods a counterpart to the theorem that the normal position of the right hand is at right angles to, and in a plane with the strings. Matteo Carcassi⁸ recommends that the right hand be held at an angle to the strings (which consequently

throws it out of plane with the strings), that the little finger rest on the soundboard and that the normal procedure for the thumb is to play *apoyando*. The stressed and increased use of the right ring finger is obvious to anyone comparing the methods of Roch⁹ and Pujol¹⁰ with those of Sor¹¹ and Aguado¹². Sor positively proscribes its use except in cases of chords of four notes and Aguado makes little more use of it. Prat's¹³ facetious remark that since Aguado at one point of his method uses the little finger, this gives him more combinations than Tárrega, must be classed with other irresponsible statements so frequently encountered on the subject in question. The method of striking the strings with the right-hand thumb by flexing the extreme joint seems to have been in use by Spanish players and is found in Aguado's Method, although as we have seen, Carcassi, representing the Italian school, prescribes a different mode. As an illustration of the complete use of the right hand fingers as exemplified by the "School of Tárrega," one has but to compare the Llobet fingering of the *Twenty-four Studies* of Carcassi, op. 60, with the original fingering. A further examination of other well known methods would be mere tedium, since it throws no new light on the subject.

Whether or not some or all of these precepts now identified with the "School of Tárrega" were previously employed by other guitarists, is immaterial. The fact remains that they were formed into a rational system by Tárrega, as attested to by the evidence, oral and written, of his pupils and all who came under his influence, directly or indirectly. Surely, this is no mean contribution.

The only question remaining is: What are the advantages of this system of playing? The tone produced by striking the strings at right angles, not only as to intensity and carrying power, but especially as to quality, together with the ease with which melodies or important passages are brought out by the use of *apoyando* playing, is so obvious even to a novice that we may consider the question purely rhetorical. The greater freedom and speed gained by the systematized articulation of the right-hand fingers is also so self-evident as not to merit elucidation.

From the above it becomes immediately patent that, in spite of the technical contribution of the "School of Tárrega," its immediate concern is with tone production. From various sources we have a picture of the master seated in his living room, trying out a note or a group of notes first on one, then on another string, to see which sounded better. Whether this research into the tone quality of the upper reaches of the guitar was a natural result of the improvement of the instrument by Torres must remain unanswered, but the fact remains that whereas the older composers were content to play notes in their natural

position or positions dictated by technical problems, with Tárrega and his followers the position is primarily dictated by quality of sound.

We have examined the case of the "School of Tárrega" dispassionately and objectively, we have shown the errors and prejudices of both sides and have established a rational basis on which to form our opinion. We have found that the school is based upon definite principles which distinguish it from all others. The added technical agility, together with a more robust and rounded tone, is a profound contribution to the art of guitar playing, and consequently we must unequivocally admit that there is a "School of Tárrega."

NOTES

1. Domingo Prat: *Diccionario de Guitarristas . . .* Buenos Aires, Casa Romero y Fernandez, 1934; p. 317.
2. Pascual Roch: *A Modern Method for the Guitar*. School of Tárrega. 3 v. New York: G. Schirmer, Inc., [copyright 1924]; v. I, chapter 13.
3. *Op. cit.*, p. 317.
4. Emilio Pujol: *El Dilema del Sonido en la Guitarra*. Buenos Aires, Casa Romero y Fernandez, 1934.
5. Julio S. Sagreras: *Técnica Superior de Guitarra . . .* Buenos Aires, Casa Romero y Fernandez [1922]; *Preface*.
6. *Op. cit.*, v. I, pp. 16-17.
7. Emilio Pujol: *Escuela Razonada de la Guitarra*. 2 v. Buenos Aires, Casa Romero y Fernandez, 1934-35; v. I, pp. 80 seq.
8. Matteo Carcassi: *New and Improved Method for the Guitar*. Boston, Oliver Ditson Co., 1853; p. 11.
9. *Op. cit.*
10. *Op. cit.*
11. Ferdinand Sor: *Méthode pour la Guitare*. Bonn, N. Simrock, n. d.
12. Dionisio Aguado: *Método Completo de Guitarra*. Buenos Aires, G. Ricordi & Co., 1932.
13. *Op. cit.*, p. 317.

From SOR'S MAXIMS FOR GUITARISTS

Strive for the effect of the music rather than praise of virtuosity.

Require more from dexterity than from strength.

Never make an ostentation of difficulties overcome.

THEN AS NOW

By JAMES BALLARD

The guitar, although now a very fashionable instrument, has labored for some time under a slight difference of sentiment with regard to its use and merits. Those who contend that it is *only* fit for an accompaniment to the voice, generally form such an opinion in consequence of hearing it used only in that capacity. But it does not follow that because it performs this office so well, it must therefore be unqualified for any other. There is such an intimate connection between the combinations used for accompaniments and melodies in general, that there can be no reason why the instrument capable of executing the former should not be used for the latter.

In estimating the character of the guitar with regard to its fitness for the performance of instrumental pieces, those unfriendly to it often charge upon it as a fault that it is not equal to the pianoforte in its volume of sound, and that consequently its music must be deficient in effect. But it has been well observed that "magnitude is relative, not absolute, and music is not in noise, but concord of sweet sounds"; and allowing the justness of this remark, scarcely any person can fail to be convinced that the guitar, even in the hands of a moderate performer, is worthy of a higher use than that of merely striking a few arpeggios in a simple accompaniment. It should also not be forgotten that the powers of the guitar are too often estimated by the effects either originally bad or temporarily out of repair. Many of those in use are little better than toys . . . It is as unjust to class together the sounds produced from such instruments with the rich and mellow harp tone of a good guitar, as it would be to confound the different effects obtained by an accomplished performer from a Dutch toy fiddle and a Cremona.

In this country, however, where vocal music has gained such a decided preference, the guitar, considered merely as an instrument of accompaniment, must eventually become even more extensively used than at present.—From "Introductory Observations" in *Elements of Guitar-Playing*, New York, 1838.

The guitar is an instrument not even now comprehended in this country. People cannot find out that it is an orchestra in little—a miniature painting of *le donne, i cavalieri, l'arme e gli amori*. Its forte is the picturesque; meaning thereby the presenting of pictures—*des tableaux*. It wants force, as a miniature wants acres of canvass; but it is not the less a painting for that . . . The great countervailing power is in the intimate connection between the performer and the instrument, giving a command over the strength and quality of tone which can scarcely be equalled but on the violin, and then there must be at least a trinity of performers to approach to the same effects.—The *Westminster Review*, 1838.

The time was, and that many years since, when we regarded the guitar as an instrument of about as much importance as a good corn-stalk fiddle, a pumpkin trumpet, or a two-penny jews-harp; and in about the same company, we are aware, it is still ranked by thousands who estimate its merits by the tones produced on the wretched catch-penny instruments so common in this country.

To fix a just estimate of the guitar one should listen to the tones produced on a *good* instrument, by a competent guitarist, and to a performance of the beautiful compositions of a Sor, a Huerta or an Aguado. After listening to such music, it is affectation to sneer at the guitar; or merely to admit that it is "very well for an accompaniment!" (*Family Magazine*, [?], 1838).

FERNANDO SOR



A biographical sketch read at the Second Recital of the Society of the Classic Guitar, New York, June 17th, 1946.

José Fernando Macario Sor was born on February 17, 1778 (or 1780, according to some authorities) in Barcelona. The date of his birth is buried in obscurity, even though Fernando Sor—to call him by his best-known name—ascended as the major luminary in the constellation that during his epoch shone brightest for our beloved instrument.

His initiation to the art of music dates back to fundamental studies at the Monastery of Montserrat, near Barcelona, under the inspiring guidance of Father Anselmo Viola. In the confinement of monastery walls, his early studies bore fruit in vocal works of religious character. His precocity may be gauged by the fact that his first opera, *Telémaco*, was composed at the age of seventeen, and that it possessed sufficient merit to win a public performance (May 17, 1799), as well as his first public acclaim.

But for us the paramount question is, of course: When did Sor actually commence the study of the guitar? The answer to this, unfortunately, is not definitely known, nor is there any record of his guitar teacher or teachers. We must therefore assume that he embraced this instrument

soon after leaving the sacred precincts of Montserrat, and rest content in the supposition that Don Fernando's original indebtedness as a guitarist was to the contemporary Method of Federico Moretti, which had attained phenomenal popularity in a short time.

The pall of darkness spreads, too, over subsequent years of Sor's youth. We do not hear of him, in fact, until he reached the age of thirty when, under the protection of the Duchess of Alba, he sojourned to Madrid in the role of Court Organist and guitar instructor of the Duchess' daughter. With the commission to write an *opera bouffe*, he embarked there on a career greatly retarded by the early death of his patroness. Thereafter he devoted himself to the composition of some orchestral works (which we have no means of characterizing), string quartets and songs with guitar accompaniment. He did all these things, it must be remembered, at the same time that he was constantly appearing publicly as a guitar soloist.

Not long afterwards he was drawn into the contemporary political upheaval, with the result that he joined the ranks of Napoleon Bonaparte's followers as captain. The climax of this adventure spelled the second reverse of fortune when he had to flee Spain upon the restoration

of Fernando VII. This brought about his establishment in Paris in 1812. There, his many-faceted endowment attracted the attention and encouragement of artistic circles. Yet he soon left for London for unknown reasons, to begin the frequent movement between the two capitals that marked the greater part of his life. In England his labors were climaxed in 1882 by the presentation of an opera and three grand ballets. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that he had been neglecting the instrument of his predilection during all this time, inasmuch as he achieved the distinction of being the first guitar soloist to appear at the symphonic concerts of the Philharmonic Society of London. Back in Paris, he witnessed the premiere (March 3, 1823) of one of his ballets at the Royal Academy of Music.

He was forty-five years old when he sought a new field for his talent in Russia. Not only did Sor triumph there as a guitarist, but he was signally honored as a composer as well. In addition to being commissioned to compose a funeral march for the interment of Alexander I, he won laurels as the author of a new ballet, *Hercule et Omphale*, performed at the coronation of Nicholas I. In Paris once more in 1828, he continued ballet composition with *The Sicilian*, inspired by a motive in one of Molière's comedies. This time his work was coldly received. Despondent and in dire straits, he revisited London to engage in the further writing of ballets. Finally, he returned to Paris in sorrow and pain, long stricken by the malady that brought death on July 8 (or 13), 1839.

Thus, typically enough, ended the anguished career of a genius manifesting itself in three directions. As an instrumentalist, Sor was great enough in humbleness to acknowledge the surpassing guitar virtuosity of Dionisio Aguado, and versatile enough to have mastered also the violin, violoncello and double-bass. In a second and little known role, he strove incessantly to improve the construction of his favorite instrument in collaboration with the famous guitar-makers, Lacote of Paris and Panormo of London.

But it is as a composer for the guitar — his third role — that he reached towering heights. In his bequest of full-bodied works, the Iberian guitarist followed in a marked degree the classic paths of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. The enduring familiar epithet of "Beethoven of the Guitar" does not fall wide of the mark, and by virtue of Sor's sobriety and chaste refinement of style, it has never been questioned. By this token, we may hail him — more aptly perhaps — the most commanding figure in the annals of guitar classicism, if not the very embodiment of an epoch.

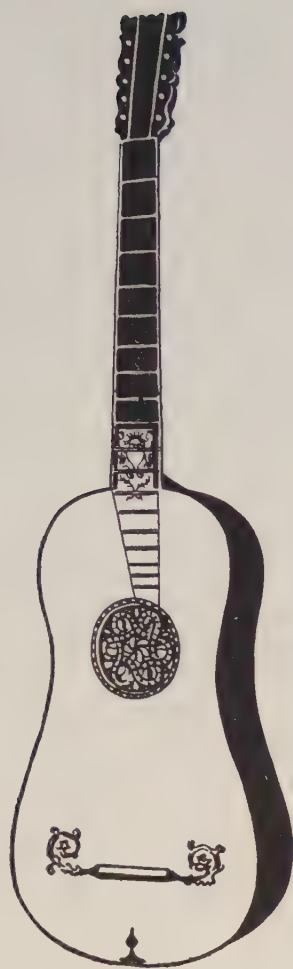
A LIST OF SOR'S WORKS

<i>Opus</i>	1	6 Divertissements
	2	6 Divertissements
	3	Varied Theme and Minuet
	4	Fantasy
	5	6 Short Pieces
	6	12 Studies
	7	Fantasy
	8	6 Divertissements
	9	Introduction and Variations on a Theme from "The Magic Flute"
	10	Fantasy
	11	2 Varied Themes and 12 Minuets
	12	Fantasy
	13	Divertissement
	14	Grand Solo
	15	"La Folia" and Minuet/ Sonata/ March from "Cendrillon"/ Varied Theme
	16	Fantasy and Variations, "Nel Cor Piu"
	17	6 Waltzes
	18	6 Waltzes
	19	6 Airs from "The Magic Flute"
	20	Introduction and Varied Theme
	21	"Les Adieux"
	22	Grand Sonata
	23	Divertissement
	24	8 Short Pieces
	25	Grand Sonata
	26	Introduction and Variations, "Que Ne Suis-je la Guerre"
	27	Introduction and Variations, "Gentil Houssard"
	28	Introduction and Variations, "Marlborough S'en-va-t-en Fougere"
	29	12 Studies (Continuation of op. 6)
	30	Fantasy and Brilliant Variations
	31	24 Progressive Lessons for Beginners
	32	6 Short Pieces
	33	3 "Society" Pieces
	34	3 "Society" Pieces [See <i>Note</i> below]
	35	24 Exercises
	36	[See <i>Note</i> below]
	37	Serenade
	38	Divertissement (Duet)
	39	Six Waltzes (Duet)
	*40	Fantasy and Variations on a Scotch Air
	41	"The Two Friends" (Duet)
	*42	Six Short Pieces
	43	"Mes Ennuis"—6 Bagatelles
	*44	24 Studies/ 6 Easy Waltzes (Duet)
	45	Six Pieces
	46	"Souvenir of Friendship"
	47	Six Short Pieces
	48	"How Do You Like This?"—Rondo
	*49	Military Divertissement (Duet)
	*50	"The Calm"
	*51	"A la Bonne Heure"
	*52	Rustic Fantasy
	53	"The First Step" (Duet)
	*54	Concert Piece/ Fantasy (Duet)
	55	Three Easy Duets
	*56	"An Evening in Berlin"—Fantasy
	*57	Six Waltzes
	*58	Easy Fantasy
	59	Elegiac Fantasy
	*60	Introduction to Guitar Study
	*61	Three Easy Duets
	*62	Divertissements (Duet)
	63	"Souvenir of Russia" (Duet)

Note: Op. 34 and 36. In the Simrock (Bonn, etc.) edition these two numbers are given to the same composition.

Cf. "Elenco delle opere . . . di . . . Sor," in *La Chitarra* (Bologna), Sept. 1939.

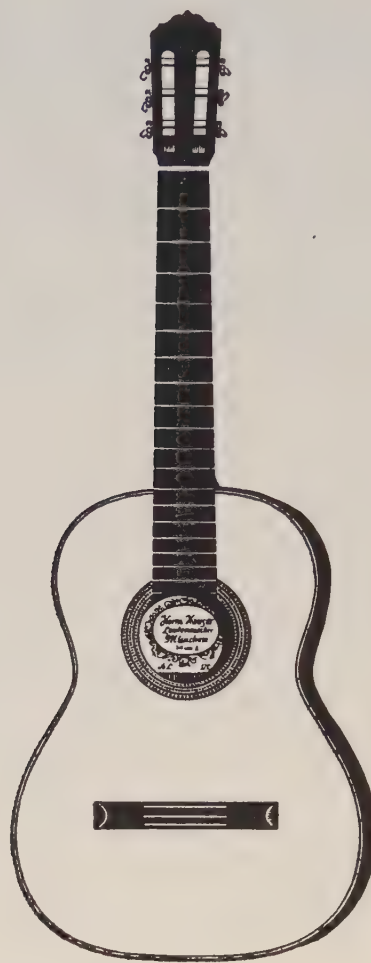
The GUITAR MUSEUM



GUITAR by ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS

This Guitar is inscribed on the back of the peg-box ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS CREMONENSIS. F. 1680. It was brought from Brescia in 1881, and was acquired by Messrs. W. E. Hill and Sons of London. It has been supposed that this might have been the only guitar made by the illustrious violin-maker; but another, in the Museum of the Paris Conservatoire, is also claimed for Stradivarius. The beautiful arabesque rose of this guitar will attract attention. The coat-of-arms upon the finger-board indicates the noble family to which the instrument formerly belonged.

(From *Musical Instruments* by A. J. Hipkins. London and Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black, 1888.)



GUITAR by HERMANN HAUSER

This instrument, constructed in 1929, is from the collection of Mr. Vladimir Bobri, President of the Society of the Classical Guitar of New York. It is fashioned of rosewood along the traditional lines of the modern Spanish type.

The many varieties of guitars — the countless modifications and innovations of the instrument — have proved a source of wonderment and delight to the investigator. This department aims to present an array of types and styles, old and new, traditional and otherwise. No member of the family, nor near of kin will, in fact, be neglected—not even archetypes and derivatives.

THE MEMOIRS OF MAKAROFF

*Translated from the Russian by Vladimir Bobri
and Nura Ulreich.*

These recollections come from the pen of the famous Russian guitar enthusiast, Nicolai Petrovich Makaroff (1810-1890), who embodied them upon retirement from military duties in his "Fullhearted Confession" (*Zadushevnyaya Isповed*). In this work, which attracted much attention and underwent many editions, he gives most interesting reports on his contacts with celebrated guitarists and guitar-makers, his own experiences in mastering the instrument, and much other information that proved an inexhaustible fount for subsequent Russian writers on the subject.

For invaluable assistance in connection with Makaroff, we are indebted to Dr. Boris Perott, President of the Philharmonic Society of Guitarists of London, who met the Russian guitarist at his death-bed.—*Editor's Note.*

I

EVER since I can remember, I passionately loved music. My first musical experience was with a violin, which I started to play by ear when quite young. Later on I studied with the household teacher of my rich aunt. This teaching did not take me far along the path of my earnest endeavor. Lessons were abandoned for some years during my school days, but when I grew up and was sent to the Imperial Guard Academy in Warsaw, I decided to continue my musical education, despite most adverse conditions. Although I succeeded in finding a better instrument, it proved impossible for me to find a teacher for my adored violin. Hence I had to study by myself during intervals between classes. While my comrades rested and played, I would go to the attic and sweat over the Baillot Violin Method. My passion for music was fired still more by the following event:

During the festivities connected with the coronation of Emperor Nicholas I in 1829, the celebrated Paganini, king of all past and future violinists, arrived in Warsaw for a concert. He created a tremendous furore among the public by giving nine concerts in the Public Theater, which was filled from top to bottom every time. This, in spite of the tripling of the price of tickets. I could neither eat nor sleep because of an overwhelming desire to hear the famous musician, but alas, students were forbidden to appear in any public places of diversion, including theaters and concert-halls. What could I do? Fortunately, passion overpowered prudence, and I got myself civilian clothes and a ticket for the topmost row of the mezzanine, which was frequented by only the lowest class of people. I did this in order to avoid the chance of meeting any of my superiors.

I could never describe the impression this concert made on me. I wept and sobbed, listening to the divine sounds created by the enchanted bow of the magical instrument of that giant of concert music, the equal of which I had never heard and will never hear again. I came home from the concert walking like a drunken man, so overcome was I by emotion. I did not sleep all night, still hearing the heavenly sounds created by this modern Orpheus. For several days thereafter I was like an insane man. Finally, I decided to go to the famous violinist, fall down on my knees before him, kiss the floor at his feet, and beg him to take me into his services. However, the hard duties of my everyday school life stilled my imagination, and I continued my military studies, giving all possible free time to passages and exercises on my violin in the attic. I also played for the students mazurkas, valse, galops and popular airs from "The Barber of Seville," "Semiramide" and other operas by Rossini.

At last I became an officer, and only then was I able to get a good violin teacher from the theatrical orchestra of the town and begin regular lessons. But even so I had bad luck, as our regiment was soon transferred to another city, where lessons were again impossible. Yet I continued to play by myself on my cherished instrument at the same time that I began to play a six-string guitar, not with any serious intention and mostly for accompaniment to my own singing, which was also a part of my musical aspirations. I continued in this manner until my marriage in 1838, when I retired from military activity and went to live near the city of Tula, in my own country place.

At that time I had almost completely deserted my violin, my attention having been concentrated increasingly on the guitar. This gradually became the impassioned aspiration of my life, on which all of my feelings and thoughts converged. I began to play long hours everyday, trying to master the instrument. I made for myself a list of the various difficulties usually besetting the guitarist, and began to practise for the purpose of overcoming them one by one. I got a metronome and started using it, and it led me on in my exercises slowly but surely, from the slowest *tempo* to the fastest—from ordinary difficulties to the tremendous ones to be encountered in guitar playing. I played every day from ten to twelve hours, holidays included, and sometimes as many as fourteen hours a day, but never less than ten.

There was a reason for my intense devotion to the instrument—namely, that almost all my relatives and friends reiterated time and again that I was simply wasting

my time — that mine was a fruitless labor. They said the guitar was not an instrument of any real value, that it was too late in my twenty-eighth year to begin any study (let alone such a difficult and unprofitable instrument), that I would never attain to an artistically superior performance nor, in fact, have the satisfaction of becoming a mediocre player. Although at first I was merely annoyed by these remarks, I soon became impatient, and finally resolved to summon all my iron persistence to the fore, so that I might become if not *the first*, at least one of the foremost guitarists of my time.

At that time I succeeded in buying at Moscow a very good Viennese guitar made by Staufer, who at that time was the best guitar-maker in Europe. I had learned several serious guitar pieces, mostly compositions by Mauro Giuliani. While studying him I nevertheless felt that his style was already outmoded and that something was lacking in his otherwise beautiful music. Exactly what it was, I could not explain to myself at that time. I only felt that it needed that surpassing brilliance — that glow of concert music — which I heard in the vehicles used by our virtuosos of the piano, violin and other concert instruments. The guitar works in my possession did not satisfy my musical hunger. I tried to compose myself without any knowledge of harmony and not the slightest idea about the rules of composition. Despite this, I succeeded in writing several small and large compositions, among them a mazurka which later on created a veritable furore at one of my concerts in Brussels, and a "Grand Symphonic Fantasy," which I first entitled "Concerto" and rewrote several times before it became a great success among guitarists during my first visit abroad.

In the spring of 1840 I went to St. Petersburg, and during my stay there I met many artists and music lovers, among them Vieuxtemps, Drémond [?], Guillieu [?] and Sichra, the dean of the seven-string guitar. I also met Markoff, the guitar devotee who made many transcriptions for the seven-string guitar. Mr. Sichra, after listening to my "Symphonic Fantasy," replete with extreme difficulties and brilliant effects (which at that time I could not myself play satisfactorily), said: "Not only playing your 'Fantasy,' but even watching it being played terrifies one. It is so full of musical insolence that may not be forgiven you!"

I played this "Fantasy" afterwards for Guillieu [?] of the Paris Conservatory and the first flute soloist of our Grand Opera, who said to me: "Is it possible that you have never had any lessons in composition or guitar playing?" "Never," said I. "In this case," he declared "you must have some rare musical 'bump,' and if you continue at the same rate you will some day become a

Paganini of the guitar."

His comment gave me great joy and encouragement, and I felt a deep desire to take some very good guitar lessons, so that I could at least become acquainted with the fundamental rules of playing. With this purpose I went to an Italian teacher who was recommended to me; but after hearing my playing he refused to teach me, saying that I was an abler guitarist than he was himself. But I had received several most valuable suggestions in regard to guitar playing from our celebrated composer, A. S. Dargomizsky, which proved more useful to me through the rest of my musical career than all of the praises I ever heard.

I returned home from that visit full of renewed hope and continued my guitar studies with still greater assiduity. In the winter of 1841 I went to Moscow to take some lessons in harmony from the Director of the Orchestra of the Moscow Theater. His name was Mr. Johannes — an excellent musician with whom I passed many interesting evenings. At his house I met many Russian celebrities as well as amateurs, among them the composer Alabieff, who was a talented amateur-composer, never duly appreciated by musicians.

During Lent of 1841 a concert was organized for the benefit of an orphanage. This was to be given in the great Concert Hall at Tula, and I was invited to take part in it. It was my first public appearance. Despite my feeling of great timidity, with which I fought during many years of public performances, I played quite well the first part of the "Third Concerto" by Giuliani. My guitar was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. D., a sister of the famous author Gribeiedoff, who gained fame by writing a comedy. She was a fine pianist — the best representative at that time of the Field school.

In the beginning of 1844 I went to St. Petersburg again. The only reason for my trip was the desire to hear the Italian opera. How well do I remember the first night at the Opera! It was a benefit concert for Villardo. I felt as if I had been transported alive to heaven. Had it not been for the presence of the brilliant crowd of the elite of the city, I would not have been able to suppress tears of delight. During that visit I renewed my previous friendships with the musical world, and paid a visit to that grandfather of all Russian guitarists — eighty year old Sichra. By that time I could play my guitar quite decently. After I played several pieces for him, he got up from his chair, bowed down before me, then kissed and embraced me, saying, "I gladly bow before you. You exceeded all my expectations and your 'Fantasy' is no longer musical insolence." But alas, the praises no longer delighted me. For the greater the praise, the less the

satisfaction with my performance. I felt deeply convinced that something was wanting—something other than the technique and velocity which fascinated my listeners. I was imbued with fervent feeling, perhaps to an excessive degree, yet was I painfully aware of the lack of suavity, tenderness and that evenness in rendition that could accentuate its polished, all-around perfection. In short, I found myself too remote from a really artistic performance, and this weighed down my spirits with doubt and despair.

While in St. Petersburg I sent for and received from Staufer of Vienna a new guitar, improved by the addition of two extra strings which increased tonal power as well as harmonic possibilities. Upon my return to the country I continued my exercises with increased enthusiasm, in an effort to acquire the qualities of performance which I lacked. My trouble could be explained by the fact that I had started with that which should have completed my studies—in plain words, I was devoid of any schooling. I had advanced, it was true, by slowly overcoming the technical difficulties of the instrument, and succeeded in mastering all chromatic exercises and trills. As a result, the first pieces I had learned were not the exercises so much needed in my case, but the "Grand Quintet" and the "Third Concerto" of Giuliani. After that I immediately sat down to compose my own music bristling with the greatest technical difficulties, which lay beyond any guitarist's imagination at that time. Incidentally, I also wrote music for several vocal romances, which were published by Goltz in St. Petersburg.

However, soon all of my musical activities centering about the guitar came to a standstill for a long time. Financial affairs were now demanding my whole and undivided attention. For four years I hardly touched my beloved instrument. When the crisis passed, I returned to my music, but alas, my assurance in performance was

gone, giving way to doubts that I would ever succeed in becoming one of the virtuosos of the guitar. These doubts were intensified by some unfavorable criticisms about my playing, which had reached my ears from some of the "true connoisseurs of music," as well as from my own fellow-players. I heard, for instance, that I did not *play*, but rather *tore* strings, that my performances were not satisfactory, that I would be obliged to give up the guitar, etc., etc. Besides all this, the apathy shown towards the guitar by lovers of music in general was most discouraging to me. I could not understand it. At times I was on the verge of burning my guitar and all my compositions, and forever relinquishing my ardent devotion to the instrument. But such moments of despair passed and my thoughts turned again to improving the guitar, so that it would really acquire a deep tone, as well as sustaining and singing qualities. I wrote to Staufer in Vienna, begging him to make such a guitar—one that would remain a monument to his craftsmanship throughout the world—and offering him any price. I asked him to make me two guitars, knowing that no two instruments could be exactly alike, and hoping that no matter how good one of them was, the other might be even better. In five months my two guitars arrived. He made them much bigger in size and of much greater sonority. I felt happy not to have spent my money in vain.

With the guitars, I received a letter from him suggesting that I go to London to hear the greatest of all guitarists of that time, Mr. Schultz. This intensified my secret yearning of some time to go and play before foreign guitarists and musicians, and hear their opinion of my playing. I began my preparations for going abroad. The visit was to be the determinant "to be or not to be" in regard to my entire musical career.

(To be continued)

ANTIQUITY OF THE GUITAR

By PHILIP HALE

That music is in a measure the sport of fashion is illustrated by the history of the guitar. In the sixteenth century it was the favorite, the reigning instrument. It was a member of the orchestra of the first opera and the first oratorio [!]. Poems were written in its honor. So common was its use in France and Spain that even its name, a name of Eastern origin, entered into the proverbs and slang of each country. The ingenious Hamilton mentions it respectfully in the "Memoirs of Grammont." Le Sage speaks of a woman so beautiful that all the guitars of the Province had been scraped in her praise. In the time of the Directory, when it was the mode to ape the Greeks, the guitar was fashioned in the lyre's form. From 1800 even to 1840 arrangements from operas and chamber music and symphonies for this instrument were numberless.

But the pianoforte, in a certain sense a less truly musical instrument than the guitar, drove all before it. Wires tuned by the tuner and struck by hammers gained the battle over strings plucked by the fingers . . . The guitar was voted to be an unfit instrument for a man, and today it is too often remembered in connection with the hideous literature known as "Floral Keepsakes," the engravings of which represented scantily dressed ladies with abnormally large eyes, toying with this instrument; or a swarthy pirate in a melting mood wooed to its strains a reluctant maiden. And the guitar became a symbol of effeminacy.

Of late years ever-changing fashion has smiled again upon the guitar . . . and [its] study is even encouraged. And with reason; for such a venerable and musical instrument would not be neglected.—Philip Hale (*The Boston Post*; reprinted in *Gatcomb's Gazette*, Boston, July-August 1891).

The CHRONICLE

AT HOME

The SOCIETY OF THE CLASSIC GUITAR (New York)

Secretary, Gregory D'Alessio
314 East 41st Street, New York 17, N. Y.



FIRST RECITAL

In Honor of Manuel Ponce
May 14, 1946. Steinway Hall

I. Suzanne Bloch—Lute and Virginal
Paul Smith—Recorder

1. Two Pieces for the Lute:
Fantasia (Anon., 16th century)
Two Canaries (Scotch, 16th century)
2. 16th Century Dances for Lute and Recorder
3. Pieces for the Elizabethan Virginal
4. Songs for the Lute:
Quien Amores Tien (Luys Milan)
Chanson de Coeur (1600)
Non E Tempo (Marco Cara)
It Was a Lover and His Lass (Thos. Morley)

II. José Rey de la Torre—Guitar

1. *Two Pavanas* (Luys Milan)
2. *Variations on a Theme by Mozart* (Sor)
3. *Two Catalan Songs*
4. *Basque Song* (Padre Sebastian)

5. *Three Mexican Songs* (Ponce)

III. Olga Coelho—Guitar and Voice

1. *O Cessate di Piagarme* (A. Scarlatti-Segovia)
2. *Canción Andaluza*
3. *Quebra o Coco, Menina* (Camargo Guarnieri)
4. *Estrellita* (Ponce)
5. *Agáchate el Sombrerito* (Columbian "Bambuco")
6. *Meu Limao, Meu Limoeiro* (Brazilian "Coco")

SECOND RECITAL

June 17, 1946. Salon de Musique, Barbizon Plaza
John Rexeis—Guitar

1. *Two Etudes* (Sor)

2. *Andantino* (Sor)

3. *Suite* (de Visée)

4. *Pensamiento* (Alvaro Dalmar)

5. *Cuento Oriental* (Alvaro Dalmar)

Alberto Valdés Blain, Jr.—Guitar

1. *Minuet* (Sor)

2. *Variations on a Theme by Mozart* (Sor)

3. *Mazurka in G* (Tárrega)

4. *Dance No. 5* (Granados)

Nina and Fidel Zabal—Guitar and Castanets

1. *Tango Flamenco*

2. *Soleares* (with hand-clapping)

3. *Sevillanas*

The CHICAGO CLASSIC GUITAR SOCIETY

Presented monthly, the programs, capably arranged by Richard S. Pick, showed a marked improvement in the character and variety of the music. There was also a gratifying increase in attendance and membership.

Typical programs presented three performers, each playing a group of four solos in the classic style, and with preference shown to original music rather than transcriptions. A fourth member offered a flamenco group, while an intermission speaker discoursed on topics or events of interest. While duets were rather infrequent, it is expected that they will constitute a regular feature during the coming season, along with other original music for guitar and violin, or guitar and flute.

The 1946-47 season will begin with the October meeting, and will consist of seven meetings, two of which will be programs specially prepared for public hearing. All who are interested are requested to communicate with the Secretary, E. C. Burgess, 7215 N. Damen Avenue, Chicago 45, Illinois.

* * *

Among the Faculty Concerts to be held this year at the Greenwich House Music School of New York City, under the auspices of the institution, is the guitar recital by John Rexeis on November 13th, at 5 P. M. His program will feature a first performance of Alvaro Dalmar's new *Inca Suite*. The recital will be broadcast over Radio Station WNYC.

Among this year's "Woodstock Summer Concerts," given at Woodstock (N. Y.) Town Hall, was the guitar recital presented by José Rey de la Torre, on the evening of July 18th. The program consisted of compositions by Luis de Milan (*Two Pavaues*), Robert de Visée (*Suite in D Minor*), Fernando Sor (*Three Studies, Variations on a Theme by Mozart*), Alfonso Broqua (*Ecos del Paisaje* from the Suite "Evocaciones Criollas"), Federico Moreno Torroba (*Sonatina* in three movements), Manuel de Falla (*Homenaje a Debussy*), *Two Catalanian Melodies* harmonized by Miguel Llobet, Federico Buffaletti (*Mazurka*), Enrique Granados (*Spanish Dance No. 5*), Isaac Albéniz (*Torre Bermeja, Leyenda*) and Francisco Tárrega (*Recuerdos de la Alhambra*).

Under the same auspices, Rey de la Torre performed on August 22nd a *Suite*, in joint recital with its composer, the pianist Julián Orbón.

* * *

Full-page cartoons involving the classic guitar appeared in the New York *Journal-American*, August 17 and 31st, in the series "Teena." We are indebted to the artist, Hilda Terry (Mrs. Gregory D'Alessio), for this most valuable bit of publicity in a channel rarely accessible.

* * *

It bodes well for the future of the classic guitar in this country that the Metropolitan and the Greenwich House Music Schools of New York City have been offering special courses in classic guitar playing, conducted by special instructors.

ABROAD

ENGLAND

The July-August *Bulletin of the Philharmonic Society of Guitarists* of London informs us:

Jack Duarte and Terry Usher gave successful guitar recitals at the Eccles Musical Society and the Hans Renold Musical Society. Their programme at the latter recital consisted of eleven solos and nine duets, including transcriptions from the classics and the *Sonata in A* (Usher).

The president of the Society, Dr. Boris S. Perott, announced at the meeting held on June 15th that contact had been established with the Society of the Classic Guitar of New York and an interchange of news would ensue.

Reports of two other British guitar Societies have reached us, namely, The Manchester Guitar Circle, presided by Mr. Terry Usher, and the Cheltenham Guitar Circle.

The latter had a record attendance at its monthly meeting August 24th. Mr. Geoffrey Boyle of Nottingham, visiting member of the London Philharmonic Society of Guitarists,

delighted the members with original solos by Tárrega (*Tremolo Study*), Turina (*Fandanguillo*) and arrangements of works by Elgar, Moszkowski and other renowned composers. Other guitar solos were offered by Mr. D. M. Forth (*French Air*), Mrs. Saunders-Davies (*Study* by Shand), Mrs. Kay Appleby (*Premier Chagrin* by Schumann), Mr. W. M. Appleby (*Preludes* by Chopin and Bensadon and *Danza en La* by Bobri). Miss Joan Prior sang to her guitar accompaniment. A ladies trio played compositions by Kueffner on Panormo guitars. Duets were performed by Miss Prior and Mrs. Saunders-David (*Minuet* by Mozart); Miss Neiningner and Mr. Appleby (*Berceuse* by Bickford); and Mr. and Mrs. Appleby (*Canción de Cuna* by Fortea).

ITALY

On July 21st the Eighth National Congress of Guitarists, organized by Prof. Romolo Ferrari, took place in the Ducal Palace of Modena. The affair was part of the First Great Fair of Reconstruction, lasting from July 15th to August 5th.

RECORDINGS

From a recent Buenos Aires list, we cull the following titles of little known guitar discs, in the hope they will prove interesting to record collectors, despite the fact that they are not available here at the present time. Noteworthy, at any rate, is the recording of a large orchestra of guitars, appearing near end of the list.

O D E O N

Augustin Barrios

201 Luz Mala, Estilo (Barrios)
Loure (Bach)

202 Capricho Arabe (Tárrega)
Minuet (Barrios)

205 Oración, Melodía (Barrios)
Vals No. 4 (Barrios)

Enriqueta Gonzalez

250 Colorado, Polka Paraguaya
Chopi, Danza Paraguaya

Alberto Diana Lavallo

L052 Danza de las Estrellas
Una Lágrima, Fantasía (G. Sagreras)

L053 Sentimiento Criollo, Tango
A Solas Con Ella, Vals

Trio Odeon

9635 Almita Cuyana, Zamba
La Relación, Gato

Rafael Sole

- 230 Capricho Moro, Fantasía (Sole)
Llorando en Silencio, Serenata (Sole)

VICTOR

Antonio Narvajas César

- P111 Triste No. 11 (César)
Prosas Románticas (César)

Nelly Ezcaray

- 39393 Minueto en La Menor (Sor)
Danza Mora (Tárrega)

Alberto Diana Lavallo

- 38296 Don Esteban, Tango [A. P. Berto]
De Prepo, Gran Milonga (Lavallo)

C. Mallo Lopez—Herminia Antola

- 38097 Romanza No. 2 (A. Galluzo)
Minueto de la Sinfonía Op. 39 (Mozart)

Duo Iriarte—Pesoa

- 79805 Pericón por María (A. Podestá)
Cariñitos, Zamba [Peso]

Trio Iriarte—Pagés—Pesoa

- 38078 Damisela Encantadora (E. Lecuona)
El Viejito del Acordeón
- 38098 Pericón por la Paz
San Lorenzo, Marcha (C. S. Silva)
- 38192 9 de Julio, Tango [J. L. Padula]
Paquilla, Paso Doble
- 38322 La Payanca, Tango
Noche de Ronda, Vals [A. Lara]
- 38780 Don Juan, Tango [Ponzio]
Tu Ya No Soplas, Corrido [L. Barcelata]

Conjunto [Ensemble] de 20 Guitarras
(Dirección A. Ladru)

- 37539 Pericón Nacional (G. Grasso)
Rosas Porteñas, Zamba

FAMOUS EULOGIES OF THE GUITAR

"The guitar is a miniature orchestra. *Hector Berlioz.*

(Paraphrasing this, Wagner called the orchestra a "great guitar.")

"An expressive harpsichord." *Claude Debussy.*

"The instrument most complete and richest in its harmonic and polyphonic possibilities." *Manuel de Falla.*

"Together with certain primitive flutes, it is perhaps one of the instruments closest to man." *Raymond Petit.*

"One may call the six strings of the guitar six different souls within one harmonious body." *Raoul Laparra.*

LETTER

To the Editor, *The GUITAR REVIEW*:

During the last decade or longer, a great deal has been said about the guitar in the United States. Scholars and critics, as well as the musical public in general, have joined in the vast paean of the instrument—in the flush of a "discovery," it would seem, of the potentialities inherent in the instrument, which are but the realities of yesteryear. The contrast between former condensation (or downright contempt) and fervid admiration is nevertheless welcome, if somewhat amusing, to the minority of those conversant with the instrument.

This immoderate acclaim naturally fanned the ardor of devotees, especially the vanguard of those who would "do anything for the guitar" and cannot listen to any disparagement of the "noblest of all instruments" without immediately throwing a high fit of indignation.

Confusion and misconception linger on to this day, as in the glowing exposition of the surpassing virtues of the various "schools" espoused, and the backwardness, nay benightedness, of their antagonists—in the writing and discourse proclaiming the transcendent superiority of the highly personalized methods allegedly created by immortals or at least identified with them. Dogmas have risen, in fact, as unassailable as those in the political and religious domains.

I hope that with the gradual increase of sober students of the instrument and the substantial aid of your Review, a more dignified approach to it will prevail in the not too far-distant future. It would be a regrettable waste of time, in my humble opinion, to examine even superficially these sectarian views of the technique of the guitar. Would not an analysis of the guitar itself, its attributes and limitations, be far more interesting and enlightening to the many amateurs and passive admirers—those who like the instrument, have a high regard for it, but are not players?

New York, N. Y.

José Rey de la Torre



A NOTE ON GUARDAME LAS VACAS

The title *Guardame las Vacas* ["Guard My Cows"] suggests that the theme is a Spanish folksong which was very popular at that time. Its melody is essentially a descending group of four notes. Of particular interest is the fact that the *Guardame* melody is identical with the so-called *Romanesca*, which was used by the numerous Italian Baroque composers (Trabaci, Frescobaldi) as a theme for variations. Moreover, it forms the melodic basis for the *Passamezzo Antico*.—From Archibald T. Davison and Willi Appel: *Historical Anthology of Music* (Harvard University Press, 1946).

The source of this piece, originally for *vibuela*, is *Los Seys Libros del Dolphin de Musica* by Luis de Narvaez (Nerbaez), printed at Valladolid in 1538.

To Jane With A Guitar

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

*The artist who this idol wrought,
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The winds were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine,
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming some of autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree,—
O, that such our death may be!
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again;
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star
The artist wrought that loved Guitar,
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as its own,
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
Of the many voiced fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain and breathing dew
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven in its diurnal round
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way—
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it.
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray
Those secrets of an elder day;
But sweetly as it answers, will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our beloved friend alone.*

* * *

[An illustration of Shelley's guitar, as well as the story of his association with the instrument, will appear in the next issue.]

FLAMENCO PLAYING

Scherzando

HINTS

Following are some of the remarks introducing Fidel Zabal's *flamenco* contribution to the Second Recital of the Society of the Classic Guitar, June 17th, 1946:

In all Spain, no region is more steeped in musical exoticism than Andalusia, for there, as many authorities concur, the Arabs left their deepest impress. But let us be reminded by Manuel de Falla that the former Moslem domination of the Iberian Peninsula is but the second of three main factors in the development of the folk music of southern Spain. The first one, in point of time, is the early adoption by the primitive Church of Spain of many elements of Byzantine chant. Added to these two currents is the long influence of the countless bands of Gypsies (*Flamencos*) that settled in Andalusia. In the characteristic song—the soulful *cante jondo* (or *canto bonito*), the “deep song” wherein throbs the heart of the Spanish Gypsy—the survival of the Byzantine-Oriental element is most clearly perceived. This is the musical heritage cherished by the *Flamencos*, who have molded it, as it would seem, in a fashion much their own.

While it is a matter of common knowledge that the word *flamenco* means “Flemish,” who can say how the adjective came to be applied to a folk-art so utterly remote from the Lowlands? This art of the Spanish Gypsies is the variegated product of a group that vents its exuberance in singing and dancing, the strumming of guitars, the clattering of castanets and wooden heels, the clapping of hands and snapping of fingers and, at times, the boisterous sallies that climax the frenzy of movement and sound.

In this primal fusion of music, verse and dance, the guitar dominates as the source of rhythm that lies at its core. Its fundamental role is revealed in the profusion of styles of accompaniment, appropriate to every type of Gypsy song or dance. They may be summed up, for the sake of descriptive clarity, in the threefold procedure of sweeping the fingers back and forth over the strings (the *rastreado*), the melodic interlude (the *paseo* or “promenade”) and the expression of the theme or its suggestion in lively variations (the *falsetas*), which permit the performer to display his skill at improvisation.

And in *el toque flamenco*, six vibrant strings suffice to yield the quintessence of this traditional music.

Some grimly determined characters, in contemplating the study of the guitar, vow to heaven that within a given time (usually rather limited) they shall “master” it. Having thought of the little woman in the same way when they married, they might know better.

Inspector Guilfoyle of the Homicide Squad gazed thoughtfully at the corpse which was lying on a slab in the morgue, defying all efforts at identification. “It beats me!” he uttered in bafflement; “not a single clue can I find on this here stiff. What do you make of it, Boris?”

Boris McSor, criminologist and amateur guitarist, stooped to peer closely at the fingertips of the cadaver's left hand.

“Hello, what's this?” he muttered softly, observing the best tradition of every fiction detective who had gone before him. “Hmmm, just as I thought.” He straightened triumphantly. “Your mystery is solved, Inspector! This man was a guitarist. Observe the callouses covering the four fingertips of his left hand; also, note the ‘Llobetian’ backward bend of the right thumb. Note the short nails of the left hand as compared with the longer ones of the right.”

“Fine work, Boris!” exultantly exclaimed Inspector Guilfoyle. But he sobered almost instantly, once more a prey to uncertainty. “All right, the man was a guitarist. But who is he? What's the bloke's name?” He plumped into a seat in despair, as he mopped his furrowed brow.

“Give you the gentlemen's actual name?” asked Boris calmly and with a trace of smug indignation. “This I cannot do. But his identity can be easily determined with the aid of any guitar society. Just ask if they have—or had—a member frustrated in his attempt to render *Adelita* by Tarrega; to be more particular, one who could not get past the 11th and 12th frets where the *barre* and the grace noted figure in the third measure of the major strain. At any rate, I will stake my reputation on my conviction that this man died by his own left hand!”

When, after a rather skillful rendering of a classical piece on the guitar, a gushing listener near-by exclaims to you: “How nice! It sounded just like a harp” (or a harpsichord or a piano-forte), count ten in *adagio* tempo before crashing your expensive imported instrument on his or her skull, and answer thusly: “My dear music-lover, the instrument you just heard is a guitar. Didn't it sound at all like one?”

The student struggled manfully through the difficult Aguado etude, while the eminent teacher sat, smoked, looked and listened meditatively. The student stroked the last chord and, as it echoed in the gloom of the studio, he lifted his glistening brow from the fingerboard, looking hopefully toward the teacher.

“Not bad,” remarked the teacher between puffs of his cigarette. “Not bad at all. Now play it again. This time with your gloves off.”

GRISCHA



A good guitar should have a thoughtful owner.

The origin of this maxim may be unknown, but its judiciousness need not be questioned. No can it be too often brought to the attention of guitar-players.

To begin with, since an immaculate fingerboard is a veritable boon to smooth playing, it is most advisable, when through playing, to wipe off the strings well with a soft cloth, on top as well as underneath. Dust collected by the moisture of fingers is likely, in particular, to adhere to the sides of the frets. By means of a knife blade, this grime should at times be carefully removed.

To wipe off repeatedly the body itself of the guitar, a piece of chamois or flannel should be kept accessible in the case of the instrument. A trace of oil may, in addition, be used on a woolen rag to effect all the polishing the instrument needs periodically. The rubbing done should be thorough enough, of course, to leave the guitar as dry as possible, for any excess oil left on the body of it will only catch dust, thus defeating the purpose of the procedure. Should this treatment be repeated regularly enough, one need not resort to the questionable use of other fluids, as counseled by some.

Incidentally, a crushed walnut (kernel) will yield as fine an oil for the purpose as one could wish. Its time-honored use combines efficacy and economy.

* * *

To prevent cracking and warping of guitars, guard them well against abrupt changes of temperature. Any old or new guitar is liable to crack during cold days if left unprotected in a chilly room which is suddenly heated. Avoid the risk of leaving a guitar about unprotected, especially in a steam-heated room. It is best to keep it in its case as much as possible, as part of the precautions to be taken against excessive heat and dampness.

* * *

Few guitarists are clearly aware of the modern international practice of gauging strings in 20ths of a millimeter. String micrometers are thus calibrated. To say, for example, that the gauge of a string is 13, is tantamount to saying its diameter measures 13/20 of a millimeter. Numbers greater than 20 designate, of course, strings thicker than a millimeter in diameter.

* * *

To prevent a string from “slipping,” one need not take the trouble of running it through the string-drum more than once. All that is necessary is to pass the string through once, bring the end toward the center of the head *under* the string being put on and back again around the post. Upon winding, the string will be secured around the post.

* * *

The application of a soft woolen rag slightly impregnated with castor oil is one of the best means of improving the appearance of keratol-covered instrument cases and of increasing their water-proof quality.

* * *

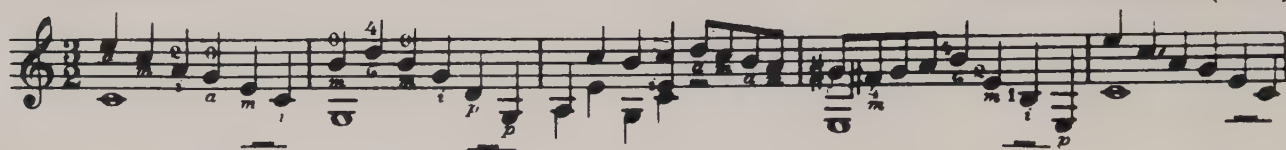
One should not neglect to apply a drop or two of fine machine oil occasionally to the machine-head. Only a minute quantity is advisable.

PERITO

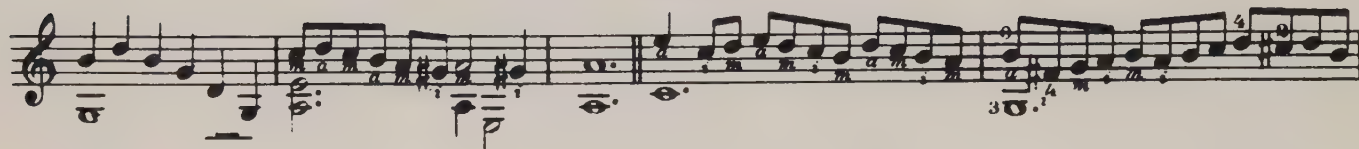
GUÁRDAME LAS VACAS

THEME

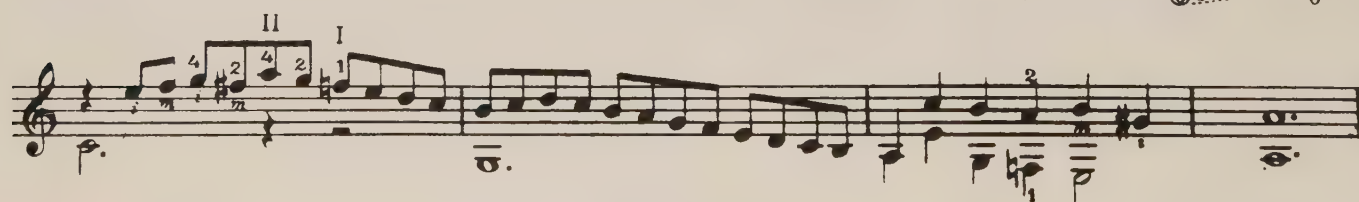
Luis de Narvaez (1536)



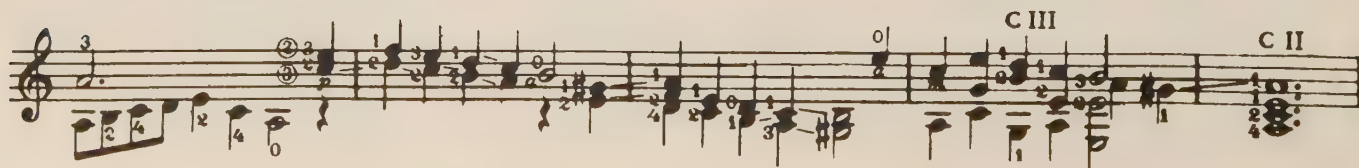
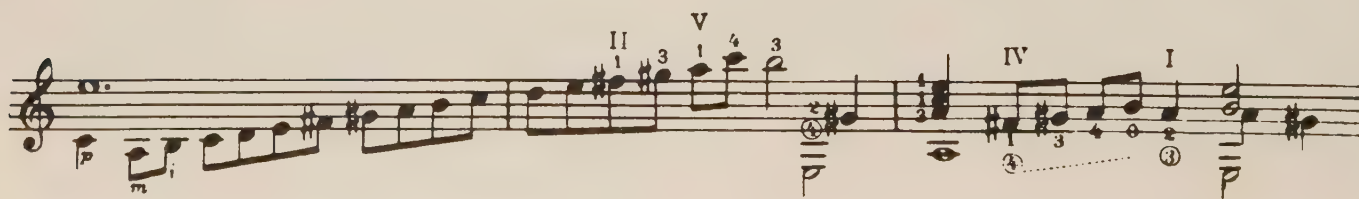
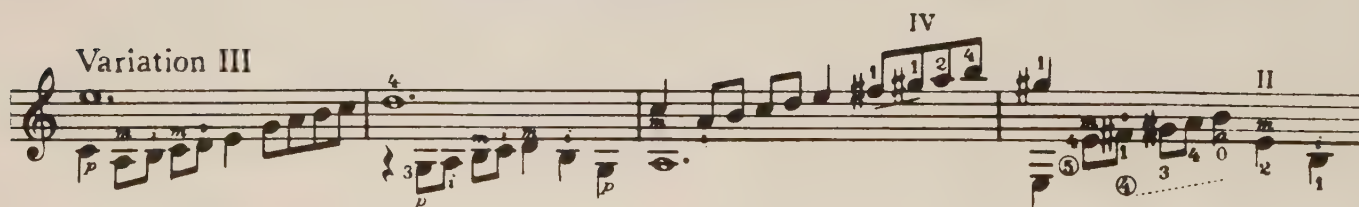
Variation I



Variation II



Variation III



ANDANTINO

From Op. 2

Fernando Sor (1778? - 1839)

⑥ = D

1/2 C III

III

V

Fine

VII

VII

(3) D.S. al Fine

ALLEMANDE

Robert de Visée (1682)

Duet

Hans D. Bruger

The musical score is written for two voices, I and II, and includes a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into five systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The second system includes a forte (f) dynamic and a trill (tr.) marking. The third system includes a piano (p) dynamic. The fourth system includes a trill (tr.) marking. The fifth system includes a piano (p) dynamic and a trill (tr.) marking.

This page of musical notation consists of six systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature.

- System 1:** The right hand begins with a series of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present.
- System 2:** Continues the melodic and harmonic development. A crescendo hairpin is visible.
- System 3:** Features more complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.
- System 4:** The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the left hand continues with a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.
- System 5:** Includes a section marked *p* (piano) and a triplet in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.
- System 6:** The final system on the page, ending with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. It includes the instruction *poco rall.* (poco rallentando).

MINUET

From Op. 25

Fernando Sor (1778? - 1839)

4 1 0

C VII

C V 2

C IV

C II

I

Fine

Trio

D.C. al Fine

RONDO

Fernando Fernandiere (1799)

The musical score for "Rondo" by Fernando Fernandiere (1799) is presented on ten staves. The notation is for guitar, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piece is divided into sections marked with Roman numerals: VII, V, I, II, III, II, VII, I, VI, III, V, C III, I, V, and C III. The score includes numerous slurs, ties, and fingering numbers (1-4) to guide the performer. The piece concludes with a "Fine" marking and a "D.C. al Fine" instruction at the bottom right.

THREE PRELUDES

Francisco Tárrega (1852 - 1909)

1/2 C X

C II

C II

C VI

C V

6 = D

arm 12

a tempo

leggiere

C VII

C II

C V

C II

C III

C VIII

C III

C II

C III

ESTILO POPULAR

Harm. by *Miguel Llobet*
(1878 - 1938)

Allegro $\frac{1}{2}$ C. II

C. I

C. II

C. IV

Adagio

C. IV C. II - 7

p

mf

mf

Più mosso

a

mf

mf

Adagio

p

D. C. al Fine

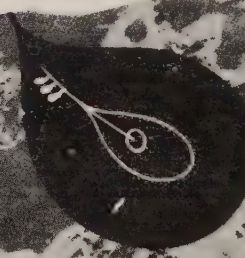
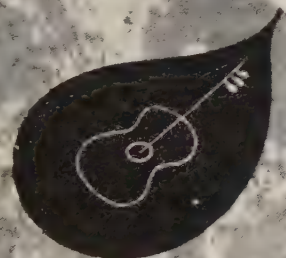
Fine



the

GUITAR

review



no 2 1947

an international bi-monthly devoted to the classic guitar

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CONTENTS

Vol. 1, No. 2

1947

Cover Design by *George Giusti*

Music Supplement Lay-out by *Louis Koster*

ARTICLES

New Light on Paganini

A. W. Alver

The Memoirs of Makaroff

Translated by V. Bobri & N. Ulreich

The Guitar and Sentiment

W. Sanders

A Vision (Poem)

V. Turecamo

DEPARTMENTS

The EDITOR'S CORNER

The ACADEMY

LETTER

The MUSEUM

The CHRONICLE

SCHERZANDO

MUSIC

Prelude

G. Sanz

Arietta

A. Scarlatti

Minuet

F. J. Haydn

Minuet

F. Sor

Italiana

Anon.

Sarabande

J. S. Bach

Allegretto

M. Giuliani

Waltz

F. Schubert - N. Coste

Silent Night

F. X. Gruber - Anon.

Prelude

J. A. de San Sebastian

ALONG with the heartiest best wishes for the year ahead, the Editor pleasurablely improves upon the occasion to acknowledge the early approbation and encouragement shown him in ample measure and diverse fashion. To be sure, the extent of his indebtedness to the friends of *The GUITAR REVIEW* who have thus aided its first faltering steps, cannot be measured by the narrow confines of available space, wherein his gratefulness can find but meager expression. The many well-wishers whose courtesies have been variously manifested include guitarists and guitar-lovers prompt in signifying their intention to support our venture in every possible manner, firms whose liberal patronage lightened the initial financial burden and the great bulk of subscribers, who have supplemented their remittances with warm words of endorsement.

It is gratifying to acknowledge also the receipt of helpful letters that have induced us to reconsider the further steps to be taken as our journal weathers the difficulties before us. It will remain the all-important aim of *The GUITAR REVIEW*, however, to throw light on every aspect of the classic guitar from which the greatest good may accrue to readers generally. The dissemination of the lore of the instrument — technical, historical and aesthetic — will be calculated to meet all the classic guitarist's needs. So that the magazine may enter in every way into his musical life, its contents will be carefully sifted to blend interest, helpfulness and comprehensiveness.

Bound up with this, is the presentation of various views on the same subject. In the pursuit of impartiality, we firmly believe that all points of view, when appropriately couched, should be placed fairly before our readers. Only through such an attitude can this journal become an international guitarists' forum, in fulfillment of hopes born of the conviction that narrow faiths impose fetters on the spirit.

This attitude, furthermore, must rest on the premise that the publication of articles or letters from contributors is in no way indicative of any bias of the magazine itself regarding the matters treated or the opinions expressed. As for the Editor's personal viewpoint, when aired at all, it will be stated in this space or in signed articles. But any editorial declaration should not be construed as implying that we have constituted ourselves an arbiter — that our pronouncements are stamped with the seal of indisputable authority. In our own writing, we assume the same footing as any other contributor presenting his beliefs. Others who entertain divergent views on the subject are not only welcome to give publicity to their ideas, but are particularly invited to do so. They will share the fruits of a full frank treatment of questions of immediate concern to them.

Application for entry as second-class matter pending.

Contributors' views are not necessarily those of the Editor.

new light on Paganini

By A. W. ALVER

1

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THE nimbus which once invested Paganini's person, as about an unheavenly epiphany in the domain of musical performance, shines spectrally to this day, while a number of problems connected with him await elucidation. Not the least of these—that of the alliance between the violin and the guitar in his life-work¹—is hindered at the outset by one of the musician's characteristic reticences and evasions. For the "sly Genoese" himself, in autobiographical allusions, sought to explain away his three or four years' retreat from the world by the jejune statement that "he devoted himself to agriculture and took to playing the guitar."² This dubious declaration turned out to be not too slender for an airy edifice of fancy. Thanks to it, the fashion was set for popular biographers to dwell simplistically on the lapse of several sequestered years (1801 to 1804 or 1805), during the Napoleonic invasion of Italy. Accounts of his amour in late teens have presented Paganini as imbibing a taste for the fretted instrument from his innamorata. A pretty, high-coloured narrative of "the period of amorous adventure" that has long seasoned the violinist's biography, this is of a piece with the sensational stories of his alleged incarceration to which "it was selected to give credence."³ On Fétis, befriended of Paganini, the tale of the artist's lapse from the violin "made very little impression, because he was interested only in . . . [Paganini's] career."⁴ For our part, without indulging in conjectures as to the interpretation of the violinist's words, we may rest content in the certainty that he was on terms of lasting understanding with the guitar on his return to Genoa, when composition involving it became an engrossing pursuit.

The "romantic construction" may at first blush seem corroborated by the appearance, close upon this sentimental interlude, of his Twelve *Sonatas* for Violin and Guitar (Op. 2-3), followed by the unique *Grand Quartets* for Violin, Viola, Violoncello and Guitar,⁵ and the *Bravura Variations on an Original Theme*, with Guitar Accompaniment (Op. 4).⁶ Upon better examin-

ation, however, it will be seen that, appropriate though such construing of the musician's devotion to the guitar may appear to the springtide of his life, it must blink the irksome fact that this instrument, not the pianoforte, had long been his medium of accompaniment.⁷ The dictates of consistency, furthermore, would impose the assumption that Paganini drew from the same romance the impetus to technical elaborateness, no less than the fulness of inspiration. Witness the engaging if light musical texture of Op. 2—sonatas in the primitive sense of the word, abounding in a lyric grace set off by brilliant tracteries against a simple, rhythmical guitar accompaniment. These forerunners of the fanciful elaboration of form, richness of vein and piquancy of expression that enter into the luxuriance of later violin works, bear better scrutiny from the technical point of view. Single out, from among a surfeit of things, such then novel passages as those of *pizzicato* with alternate hands, *staccato*, *semi-staccato* and varied bowings. Mark the unexampled arpeggios extending to four octaves and a rapidly descending chromatic scale of three octaves. Does it not seem that the fount of such creation lay beyond mortal passion to release?

Be this as it may, the tocsin has sounded for a definitive return from rarefied reaches. On touching ground we are saved from the bogs of speculation regarding Paganini's early relationship to the guitar by a glance at his firstling (1797), the twenty-four *Caprices* for the Violin—maiden emanations of genius which belie the conceit that the fretted instrument was strange to the violinist before 1801. The very first of the *Caprices*, in fact, serves to gauge an understanding of the organism of the guitar that must have been at least co-extensive with writing chord accompaniments. In the disposition of the *arpeggi* constituting the initial *Caprice* inheres palpable evidence of greater insight into the instrument, as in other instances sprinkled throughout the entire work that will be later signalized.⁸

Aside from matters of technique, the musician's partiality for the instrument was materialized in the interesting parts for it in his fourth work, already re-

ferred to. And for a still more felicitous employment of the guitar we may turn to the opus which marked one of Paganini's most daring creative flights—namely, the undated third group of *Quartets* for Violin, Viola, Violoncello and Guitar, nine in number (Nos. 7-15?) and listed among his unpublished or lost works. An examination of the copy of the manuscript of six of these, in the possession of Alfred Burnett, prompted the sober musician-critic Stratton to extol them as containing "the most lovely music Paganini ever penned" ⁹ And the guitar shows up to distinct advantage in them. "If only the guitar were once more in fashion," writes Stratton. "these pieces might be heard, and I feel certain they would charm lovers of pure melody." In the *Adagio Cantabile* of *Quartet* No. 10 (No. 4 of the separate group) one finds "a melody that might be signed Haydn or Mozart" — praise enough—"but embellished with a grace peculiar to Italian art." Further, the first movement of *Quartet* No. 12 "opens with a theme of symphonic breadth." The Fourteenth *Quartet* is more significant in its introduction of pure chromatic writing, suggesting Richard Strauss to Stratton. In all of these the guitar speaks its idiom. Finally, a climax propitious

to the instrument in question is reached in the characteristic exploitation of its full chords and extended arpeggios in the last *Quartet's* second subject of the first movement, and its effective handling of the melody of the Trio in D to the *pizzicato* of the other instruments.¹⁰

Despite their inventiveness, these compositions are eclipsed in the aggregate by the blazonry of our violinist's name as instrumentalist. What is of present concern, however, is the importance the guitar commands in this overflow of imagination. The resource evinced in working out its parts and the nicety of its employment remove all doubts as to the composer's probing into the mechanism of the guitar. An engrossing field of enquiry beckons us, then: Can we safely extend the significance of the instrument which was to all appearances the object of Paganini's collateral or, at times, main predilection? What inferences, if any, may be drawn as to its enduring influence on the labors centered about the violin, that fruited in the unparalleled extension of technique? In face of the fiction which has seized upon the guitar as a dabbling adjunct to his amorous adventures, let us essay the strength of such presumption in favor of the instrument, without setting out too far afield.

(To be continued)

Paganini, in speaking of the guitar, said:

I esteem it as a conductor of thoughts. I take it sometimes to put my imagination in exercise or to smooth down for me some difficulty that I cannot execute on the violin. I love it for its harmony; it is my constant companion in all my travels."

(1) Though the subject, we are told by Fritz Buek in his *Die Gitarre und Ihre Meister* (Berlin-Lichterfeld, 1920; p. 77), has engaged the research of Bodo Eberhard of Hamburg, the findings of the scholar have unfortunately not as yet fallen under my notice at the time of preparing this proslusion. Articles on Paganini's relation to the guitar have appeared in German guitar periodicals. See the article 'Paganini' in Dr. Josef Zuth's *Handbuch der Laute und Gitarre* (Vienna, 1926).

(2) It was apparently included in the material furnished Professor Julius Max Schottky of the University of Prague by Paganini, who intrusted the pedagogue with a defence against rampant obloquy. Schottky's *Paganinis Leben und Treiben als Künstler und als Mensch* (Prague, 1890; reprinted 1909), is a fountain-head of other biographies.

(3) Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, article "Paganini."

(4) Francois Joseph Fétis, *Biographical Notice of Niccolò Paganini* (London 187-? ; translated by Wellington Guernsey; original edition, Paris, 1851), p. 25. A contribution to Paganini's biography by the author of the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, Director of the Brussels Conservatory and Professor at the Paris Conservatory.

(5) At least three of these are generally attributed to him. Three others (Op. 5) as Stephen S. Stratton informs us (in his *Niccolò Paganini, His Life and Work*, London and New York,

1907; p. 163), are said to have been repudiated by Paganini, "although according to Fétis, the quartettes were published at Genoa under his very eyes." For all that, they are included in the list of all the manuscripts and original works preserved by Paganini's son, in the *Vita di Niccolò Paganini* (Perugia, 1851, p. 228; English translation published by Schott and Company) by Conte Giovanni Carlo (Giancarlo) Conestabile, a member of several academies and a zealous student of the violinist's life and work.

(6) The variations constituting the last *Caprice* (Op. 1).

(7) That Paganini wrote the guitar accompaniments of the aforementioned and subsequent works is unquestionable, for as we shall see later, the plucked instrument served him in lieu of the pianoforte. The pianoforte accompaniments of his compositions are due to others, Moscheles, for example, is often held to have written those of Op. 2 and 3.

(8) See below.

(9) *Op. cit.*, pp. 181 *seq.*

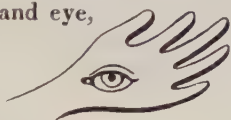
(10) All manner of instances crop up in the earliest works of the Genoese to show the wide range of his familiarity with the possibilities of the fretted instrument, which can in no wise be regarded as the result of a short period of application. To centre our attention on a few, we may cull the group of broken chords in the first movement of No. 1, Op. 2; the equal division of the theme between the violin and the guitar in each strain of the latter part of No. 5, Op. 3; the allotment of the theme to the viola, cello and guitar in turn in the third movement variations of No. 1, Op. 5; and, again, the taking up by the guitar of the third variation in the third movement of No. 3, Op. 5, after the completion of the theme by violin and viola.

the Academy

By R. M. TYRRELL

If any guitar player who is interested in the matter of sight-playing can get an opportunity to turn the pages for a good pianist who is playing difficult music at sight, he will be treated to an object lesson that should be of the greatest benefit, for it may give him cause for reflection.

First of all, he will observe that the gaze of the player is intensely fixed on the page of music before him; that his hands spring about from chord to chord, from position to position. It matters little whether it is a third or a fifth, a second, a seventh, an octave or a tenth, his fingers will go straight to the spot without any assistance whatsoever from the eye. Not only this, but he will make, say, an upward or downward chromatic or diatonic run with the right hand, while the left is occupied with a chord or an arpeggio in accompaniment. He does not bother at all about his fingers. They are merely the servants of the brain and eye,



If this is possible on a horizontal plane without a guide, it surely must be possible on a vertical one, where the hand is guided by the sense of touch in contact with the fingerboard.

And now I would like to ask every guitarist who reads this article a question:

Can you play at sight, or even in the second attempt any ordinary piece of music that runs up through the various positions, without removing your eyes from the page to the fingerboard?

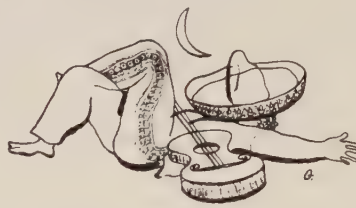
The writer has heard some good guitarists, but their abilities have always been exploited on things they are already well familiar with.

The guitar is much too beautiful an instrument to have its precious literature sink into decay simply because sight-players are so scarce. The performers on orchestral instruments all play more or less rapidly at sight, and all their studies have been systematized with that end in view. Not so with most guitarists. Some may have a refined taste, may be able to express the beauties of this or that composition, may display considerable skill in performing pieces that he has memorized, but when it comes to reading at sight any not too difficult piece that comes along, it is extremely doubtful if he can make half as good a showing as an ordinary pianist.

By F. L. KEATES

Many guitarists cherish the notion that in order to be heard in a concert-room, they must pluck the string with all the power possible consistent with execution, oblivious of the fact that a string maltreated in that way cannot sound musical. It is unfortunately true that some do not wish particularly to make their performance truly musical, preferring to base their prestige on celerity of fingering. Such study as that of tone production is beyond their ken, notwithstanding its importance.

We are dealing with the rational way of making a string vibrate evenly. An uneven vibration produces a harsh, hard tone, and is the result of a wrong action in plucking. The student should begin by practicing very softly, just as if someone were asleep in the next room. Play softly, but make every note clean and correct. Practice thus for some time each day, and proper touch will begin to show itself. The point is this: In order to play softly, a certain exactitude of touch is necessary, and this touch is the requisite of good tone production. Playing very quietly trains the fingers in this desired direction, louder playing following in due course, the power of your tone increasing as your fingers become more sure and exact in their action. Once you have acquired the habit of a good touch, you will never again be guilty of plucking a string harshly, or catching a fingernail on it.



drawing by giusti

TAKE A REST

Many people never think that a good player can become utterly sick of his instrument for a while. Yet such is possible. Too much application (*think of that!*) is the cause. Of course, the fit is of very short duration, and is to be attributed to long and incessant practice, day after day, without any change. When one feels in such a humor, the best thing to do is to leave the instrument severely alone. Chop wood, go to the theatre, put on the boxing-gloves, do anything that will act as a tonic. One then returns to practice like a giant refreshed.

F. L. K.

the memoirs of Makaroff



Drawing by Bobri.

I shall not tell of my trip, but only of those events that were related to the guitar, the object of my adoration.

2

When my wife's water-cure was completed, I found leisure to start my purely musical trips. First of all, I went to see Kamberger, a German guitarist who, I had been told, was famous along the shores of the Rhine. He was a young man of thirty, with a kind and frank expression on his tanned face, but negligently dressed. I told him I was a mere amateur with an intense passion for the guitar, and that I greatly desired to take a few lessons on the instrument from him. He took his guitar, a simple instrument not half as good as my own (I mean the six-string one, not any of my last ones with eight strings), and began to play some of his own compositions, along with works by Giuliani. He played forcefully, spiritedly, displaying a fine technique, but in the manner of all German guitarists, that is to say, without tenderness and sufficient clarity and polish. Thus the buzz of bass strings was constantly heard during his performance. One could sum it up by simply saying his playing was devoid of taste. With thanks for the pleasure, I invited him to come to my place to hear me play and advise me as to my future. When he came, I played for him

my "Symphonic Fantasy," an extensive composition, divided into three parts. I played well, but not without the timidity that so paralyzes the natural talent of beginners and hinders the skill acquired by dint of hard study.

Comparing my playing with the music in his hands, Kamberger watched the performance with rapt attention, now and then exclaiming, "Schön, sehr schön." When I finished, he seemed to be lost in a daze. Released from overwhelming emotion, he grasped my hands, exclaiming heartily: "And you wanted me to give you lessons! Who could ever have the audacity to give you any lessons? It is from you that we have to learn!" Indeed, he desired to take some lessons from me, being especially interested in the manner I executed the tremolo. I performed it on one or two strings, using four fingers with extreme rapidity and evenness, while accompanying it with bass notes. He was likewise interested in the way I played chromatic scales, for which I employed not two, but three fingers of the right hand — a procedure imparting unheard of rapidity and clearness, unknown even to the greatest guitarists of that time. Kamberger's praise was flattering in the extreme and awoke my old aspirations, long smothered by the indifference of the musical public as well as by the criticisms of countrymen and friends. [Their sympathies were all directed not to the encourage-

ment of native talent, but to that of foreign musicians, no matter how mediocre.]

From Mainz I went to Brussels, where I met the famous Zani de Ferranti, then Court-Guitarist of the Belgian King. He was a man of fifty, brilliant and well educated, polite and gracious of manner. I knew that during the last years of the reign of Emperor Alexander I he had visited Russia, and that he had dedicated one of his compositions to Empress Elizabeth. Zani received me with great kindness. His six-string guitar, too, was rather simple, and came from Paris. He told me he had almost given up the guitar completely, to devote his time to musico-literary efforts, but nevertheless played for me the "Rosen-Valzer" by Strauss, and did so excellently. His rendition was imbued with delicacy, sonority, expressiveness and a refined taste, such as I had never heard before. During our conversation, however I discovered he belonged to the old-fashioned school of guitar playing, since he was opposed to the addition of strings to the six-string instrument. Rejecting the thought of any need or value of such addition, he firmly maintained the *status quo* of the guitar in this respect. Incidentally, he proudly showed me an interesting and precious document. It was a plain piece of paper, framed and hanging on the wall. But on that paper the following words were written in Italian: "I pronounce Zani de Ferranti one of the greatest guitarists I have ever heard, one who has indescribably delighted me with his superb performance." The signature was, simply, "Nicolò Paganini." There, indeed, was something to be proud of, and truly deserving envy!

The next day he repaid my visit and, of course, wished to hear me play. I performed for him the same "Symphonic Fantasy" that I had played for Kamberger, and this is what he said: "I thought that you were simply a dilettante, but I see that you are a really great virtuoso, and I assure you there is no one who can teach you. You need not go to London to learn from Schulz or Chibra, as you planned. They cannot teach you anything, and their lessons would only spoil the original method which you have created. Continue in your own way. If you do not mind, I would like to make a remark about your left hand. I cannot agree with you in regard to certain positions which are the very opposite of the ones I follow, as I never use an open string. As for your right hand, it is the apex of perfection. Nowhere have I seen such a perfect right hand."

In this connection, I must mention that from the very start of my guitar study, I realized that the right hand is the main requisite. Taking for granted that my left hand was sufficiently developed through my previous playing of the violin, I became convinced that force,

rapidity, clearness, softness, as well as so-called "style" depended entirely on the right hand. Therefore, I concentrated all my efforts in exercising especially that hand. To this end, I had devised some mechanical formulas, which I pursued constantly, using the metronome (our best teacher and aid in overcoming the greatest difficulties), in order to acquire great rapidity and clearness, without confusion and fatigue of the fingers. I invented a pocket-guitar—a small board on which were fastened three strings tuned in thirds [?], specially designed for developing the strength of the right hand, and more particularly, the little finger, which is always weaker than the others. I had acquired my skill in rendering the *tremolo* only with the help of that pocket-guitar—a skill to my best knowledge unequalled by any other guitarist, not to mention thundering *crescendos* and whispering *morendos*, to which many players paid their tribute of praise.

The opinion of Zani di Ferranti had, of course, a greater effect on me than Kamberger's compliments. It did my heart good, as doubts were dispelled by reassuring hopes.

From Brussels I went to London in feverish impatience, not so much to take in the International Exposition being held there, as to hear the famous Schulz of whom I heard from Staufer.

The first morning in London, right after breakfast, I visited one of the music shops in order to find out Schulz's address. Nobody knew his whereabouts, but I was directed to his celebrated brother, pianist at the Court of the Lord of Devonshire, near Trafalgar Square. I explained to him the object of my early visit—my wish to get in touch with his brother. "Leonardo?" he asked. "Why, I have not seen him in the last three years. He has the greatest talent, but is the worst drunkard in London. We've quarrelled and don't see each other any more. Go to his tailor; he ought to know the address." Keller, his tailor, reluctantly consented to write and ask whether Schulz would be interested in meeting me. I left Keller, dumbfounded by all the mystery surrounding the famous guitarist's life. But later I learned the reason for it. He was sunk in debt and hiding from creditors. Thereafter I visited the tailor every day, expecting to hear from Schulz, but in vain. At last, five days later, I received a laconic note to the effect that he "would visit Mr. Makaroff at 8:00 P. M. that evening." I am certain no passionate lover awaited the object of his affection with a longing equal to my eagerness to meet Schulz, the man on whom all thoughts converged for the previous eighteen months.

Exactly at eight o'clock, Schulz entered my hotel room. He was a tall, well-built man about thirty-six

years old, handsome and of excellent manners. In his fashionable and expensive attire, he looked more like an Englishman than a German. I cannot be said to have observed much, however, in the joy of finding him in my presence. My heart was thumping wildly, and I felt at a loss in opening the conversation. Fortunately, he knew French and spoke first, apologizing for having made me wait so many days. After we sat down, I told him in brief the story of my love for the guitar and of my doubts and despair alternating with hopes and aspirations. He listened to me with close attention, and after I finished, I placed my guitar in his hands. He judged it to be an excellent instrument and much superior to his own, which had been made in London. Without a trace of either embarrassment or timidity he began to play, even though I could discern that the two extra strings were a source of confusion to him. He played many of his compositions, to my indescribable delight. I felt as if I were drunk. His playing embodied all I could ever hope for — an extraordinary rapidity clearness, forcefulness, taste, suavity of touch, brilliance, expression, as well as surprising effects that were quite new. I noticed, moreover, a decided self-assurance during the performance. It seemed, in fact, that playing the instrument was but a light diversion for him, for he showed himself heedless of the tremendous difficulties in which his own compositions abounded. Among them I particularly liked "Gabriellen-Valse." "Valse Autrichienne" and "Rondo Savoyard." To my inquiry as to whether I could get these compositions anywhere, he answered that since they had not been published, he himself would bring them next day. I also requested him to let me have as many of his works as he possibly could.

My turn to play finally came. He handed me the guitar, which I placed on my left knee with great anxiety, and pressed it to my heart with the thought, "Do not fail me now, my beloved!" After striking several chords, I began to play the Giuliani "Concerto," through which I went with a clearness and restraint that surpassed my own expectations. The look of surprise on Schulz's face at the beginning of my playing turned into an expression of extreme pleasure, which he frankly conveyed to me. After that, I performed the "William Tell Overture," arranged by the well-known guitarist Legnani, then followed my own "Mazurka" and "Symphonic Fantasy," and several Russian songs from my "Potpourri." When I finished, he embraced me, saying: "I have been playing the guitar for thirty years. I was scarcely six years old when my father, a noted guitarist of his time, began to teach me. Frankly speaking, I'm not able to play your 'Symphonic Fantasy,' and no great guitarist I know could play it in concert. In Paris or Vienna you would be acclaimed the greatest guitarist in the world."

Oh, how these words of sincere admiration made my heart rejoice! We sat down and chatted far into the night, taking no note of the time. The next day he returned at the same hour, and brought many of his published works, along with the three unpublished ones which I had requested the day before. I selected about fifteen pieces, all of which he had already played for me. For these I paid the fixed price, but for the three manuscripts I paid him ten times as much. Soon I had to bid him good-bye, as my London visit drew to an end.

(To be continued)

the Guitar and Sentiment

By W. SANDERS

No doubt owing to its peculiar adaptability as an accompaniment to the human voice, the guitar was very popular with the minstrels of past ages, and it will ever be associated with the pictures of the love-sick troubadours pouring out their hearts' burdens to the queens of their fancy. That the more ardent natures of the Spaniards and Italians should be stirred by the persuasive and sensuous strains of their favorite instrument is not surprising, but how great that influence of the guitar must have been is shown by the fact that even the less sentimental English were incited to romantic furore by it, insomuch that it became common to say that a man was "guitaring" to express the paying of devoted court

to one's lady love, and it appears that the name 'guitar' came to be applied to the flirting swains themselves, for we find the following description given to one who was probably a well-known beau in some English village in 1685. It is said, "He was the general guitar o' the town inlay'd with everything women fancy."

If the performer on the guitar considers his instrument not simply as to what it is in itself, but as connected with all outpouring of passion with which it has been associated, it would seem a necessary consequence that his touch should become more sympathetic, and that the greatest charm of all musical interpretation, "feeling," should permeate his every endeavor. —*The Cadenza*, August 1908.

a Vision

*I held the soft guitar that Spaniards love,
And plucked the gut and silver of its soul,
And as I listened to the voice of it,
There came to me a vision of the years:
And I remembered, as the sun went down
Behind the hills of Athens, how I spied
A poet, afar, who touched his lyre and wept.
And I remembered how the moon arose
Beyond the gates of Rome, to silver o'er
The cithara a lonely pilgrim played.
And I remembered how the sun awoke
And cast its fire upon the fields of France —
I heard what hymns of joy the minstrels sang.
But in the streets of this, my city...*

VINCENT TURECAMO



drawing by bobri

LETTER

To the Editor, The GUITAR REVIEW:

It has always been my habit to analyze carefully any spoken or written word on the subject of the guitar. I have therefore tried to analyze an interesting little piece of writing in your first issue by José Rey de la Torre, particularly since it came from the pen of one who has worked his way to the front line of guitarists, and the words of any authority continue to reverberate.

However, either his meaning was obscured by the elegant phraseology, or else I am confused as to which interpretations he intends the reader to apply to certain words used in his letter.

He says the "immoderate" acclaim accorded the guitar in the last decade or longer is "somewhat amusing to the minority of those conversant with the instrument." Since the word "immoderate" in its general usage means "excessive," can it be that Mr. Rey de la Torre feels the guitar has been getting *too much* praise and attention in the last ten years or longer? The admiration now being shown for the guitar may be as he says, "amusing to the minority conversant with the instrument," but it is a serious matter to the great majority of those who hope to become conversant with the guitar. They find it very, very encouraging!

I wonder, too, which meaning the reader is to place upon the word "potentialities" as used in the letter, which says "the potentialities inherent in the instrument, which are but the realities of yesteryear." I can only hope he wishes the reader to apply the second meaning of the word — i. e., 'the quality of being able to do,' rather than its generally accepted first meaning, 'the possibility of development.' For if the word is used with its first meaning, and Mr. Rey de la Torre feels the possibility of development of the guitar is but the reality of yesteryear, and not of today, then I must take exception.

A scientist, addressing a gathering of other scientists in 1893, said that all possible discoveries had been made at that time, and there remained nothing to do but repeat the exper-

iments of yesteryear. While his words were still rambling in the air, came the discovery of X-ray, followed by radium, then the theory of electrons, which drew a straight line to the greatest discovery of the 20th century. It is little past incidents like these which lead me to believe the possibility of development of the guitar, like anything else, will always be a reality of today and tomorrow as well.

Mr. Rey de la Torre also mentions "unassailable dogmas" which have arisen in the field of the guitar. Now, for anything to reach such a status, it must have many followers. He goes on to say that in his opinion "it would be a regrettable waste of time to examine, even superficially," such new views on the technique of the guitar. If he has not time to analyze them, I wish he would let me know just what these new views of technique are, and I will take the time. I think it might be a good investment of time on behalf of the many who like the guitar, have a high regard for it, may not be players, but intend to be. If, on analysis, any new views of technique prove good, then all guitarists should have the benefit of them. If bad, they should be exposed. To just ignore anything which may carry some element of either good or bad in the field of guitar would seem the height of negligence — nay, downright foolhardiness!

As for the dignified approach to the guitar for which Mr. Rey de la Torre hopes, it is my conviction that sitting on one's dignity never makes for progress in any field, whether it be in the sciences or any of the arts, including music.

I congratulate you, Mr. Editor, on your fine publication, and the fact that its columns are apparently open for all guitarists to publicly bring forth their opinions and convictions. There is now no need for any guitarist to retire to a corner and mumble peevishly.

New York, N. Y.

Miguel Angel

Owing to limitation of space in this issue, the Editor regrets that publication of other letters from readers must be postponed.

the Museum

SHELLEY AND THE GUITAR

By PHILIP J. BONE

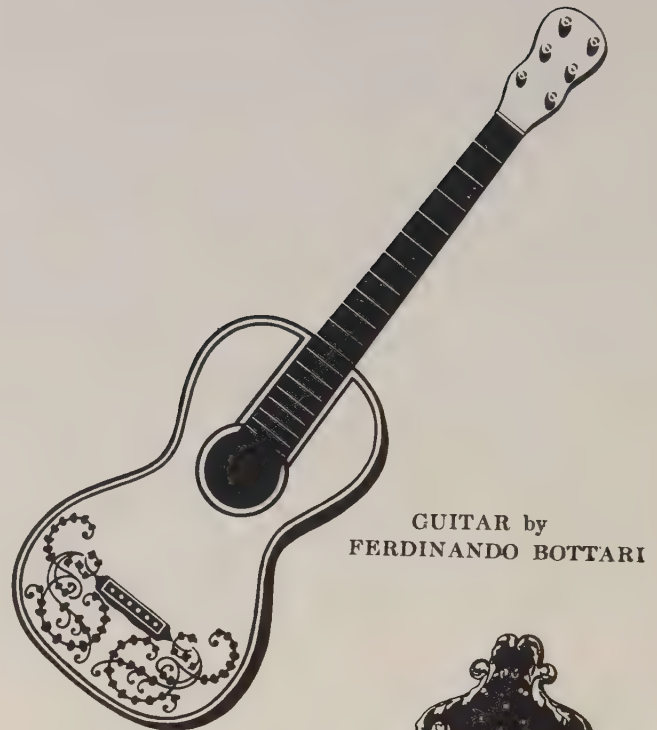
The above illustration is that of an Italian guitar now to be seen exhibited in a glass case in the Bodleian Museum of Oxford University. It was once the possession of the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley. Although the life of the poet at the ancient seat of learning was brief, it is evident that he left a lasting impression in the University, not from his disgrace and expulsion, but by his extraordinary genius. Shelley's Oxford honors, however, came very late, and now there is no relic of the poet too poor for the University to do it reverence.

The guitar was presented by the poet to Jane Williams, wife of Captain Ellerker Williams, who perished at sea with Shelley in a pleasure-boat, during a sudden squall off the coast of Leghorn. In January of 1822, while living in Pisa, Shelley wrote to his friend Horace Smith in Paris, begging him to purchase a harp and some music, not too expensive for Shelley to present to a friend. For reasons best known to himself, the poet executed his own commission in Italy and chose instead a guitar, and the music ordered was presumably supplanted by that priceless song, *With a Guitar*.

It has been stated that Shelley was a guitar-player. Whether that be correct or not, he was certainly in the land of the guitar, and it is apparent that he had been captivated and enamored by its dulcet tones, or he could not have expressed much appropriate sentiments in his poem. In this song, Shelley has uttered such sentiments as only one intimate with the guitar could express, and he has displayed his passion for the instrument which had the power to speak in the language that he knew so well. The allusion in the poem to "The Tempest" is ingeniously explained by the fact that the table or sound-board of the guitar is of Swiss pine, suggesting Ariel's penance in the cloven pine and a like imprisonment of the spirit of music in the guitar.

The instrument was carefully preserved by the Williams family, and was, a few years ago, sought after by a devoted student of Shelley — Mr. Edward Augustus Silsbee, of Salem Mass. The owner, Mr. Wheeler Williams would only consent to part with the guitar conditionally, upon its being presented to some public institution. Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum suggested the Bodleian Museum, Oxford, and Mr. Silsbee, having generously purchased the interesting relic, presented it accordingly.

The guitar is of Italian origin, having been made by Ferdinando Bottari of Pisa in 1816, and it bears the original label. The table or sound-board is made in the orthodox Italian style of unvarnished pine, the lower portion, below the bridge, being overlaid with rosewood decoration. Eleven rows of red, black, yellow and green purfling are inlaid round the table, along the finger-board and round the sound-hole, and a broad black purfling is inlaid round the edges of the instrument. The bridge is oblong in shape, and is bordered with narrow edges of ivory. The fretting is not in accordance with modern methods, as the eleventh fret is placed at the juncture of



GUITAR by
FERDINANDO BOTTARI

Drawing by André Ecuyer



LYRE — GUITAR
An early 19th century
Italian instrument.

Drawing by Eda Vitolo

the table and neck, the twelfth being on the sound-board. It has eighteen frets in all, and patent pegs, not a machine head. Belonging to the guitar is the original case, painted in imitation of fancy woods. The inscription placed near the instrument reads as follows: "The guitar given by Shelley to Mrs. Jane Williams and forming the subject of one of his poems. Presented to the Bodleian on June 21, 1898, by Edward Augustus Silsbee, of Salem, Mass, an ardent admirer of Shelley's genius." There is exhibited also an illuminated copy of the poem "With a Guitar," and this little booklet is embellished tastefully on its cover with a colored sketch of the guitar.

(Note.— This poem appeared in the last issue of this magazine.)

the Museum



GUITAR by CHRISTIAN F. MARTIN (Sr.)

Drawing by Antonio Petruccelli

A GUITAR - MAKER OF TWO CONTINENTS

By Mrs. ROSE AUGUSTINE

CHRISTIAN Frederick Martin, pupil of Stauffer of Vienna (recognized as the foremost European guitar-maker of his day), came to New York in 1833 and set up a workshop at 383 Broadway. From that shop, there have recently come to light several guitars, dated 1836, of beautiful workmanship and in a remarkable state of preservation. On the theory that a guitar is inherently a delicate and fragile instrument, it becomes difficult to believe that these specimens are one hundred and ten years old.

Following the custom of the time, the guitars are smaller than those of to-day, yet they produce tones of quality and volume far surpassing many larger instruments more recently built. In construction they differ radically from guitars of Spanish make, as they have cross-bars in the shape of an X, instead of the traditional "fan" bracing. It is fortunate that these instruments exist to-day in such excellent condition, since they stimulate constructive thinking among guitarists and guitar-makers, and answer questions of importance to both.

First:- Is it possible to build guitars that are durable? It certainly is. For the instruments in question have withstood the ravages of the intervening years and held up as well under the additional strain of our present concert pitch. There is no sign of the damage or deterioration often found, after a relatively short time, on more modern guitars. The "secret" here lies in the use of properly seasoned woods, combined with a scientific system of construction, calculated to withstand stresses and strains where required.

Second:- Is it necessary to enlarge the guitar to elephantine proportions in order to gain a good volume of tone? Evidently not. These early Martin guitars are small, yet compare very favorably with modern ones in volume. (Theoretically, guitars can be built larger than these to yield greater tonal volume. However, there is a definite relationship between the size of the instrument and the length of the string, for the longer the string, the further apart the frets must be placed. It is clear, therefore, that the limit of the size of a guitar is dependent upon the reach of the player's left hand.)

Third:- Is the bane of frequent repairs, warped necks and false fingerboards and the like, inevitably tied with the ownership of a guitar? Definitely not. If a guitar is properly constructed, the fingerboard should remain true indefinitely. Adjustments in "action" are necessary when the guitar is first made; thereafter, only minor adjustments are occasionally required.

It is evident that planning of a superior order was followed in the construction of such instruments. Nor can there be doubt that the guitar-maker who could repeat his achievement understood why he performed each operation.

Such a craftsman was Christian Frederick Martin. Much of what we know about him is found in records of the Violin-makers' Guild of Markneukirchen, Germany. From a testimonial of 1826, written into these records, we learn that Christian Frederick Martin "for a number of years had been foreman in the factory of the noted luthier, Johann Georg Stauffer." We learn, further, that he had himself produced guitars "which in point of quality and appearance left nothing to be desired, and which marked him as a distinguished craftsman." About this time, he became involved in a factional dispute between the jurisdiction of two rival guilds. Evidently he tired of the constant bickering and pettiness, for he left his native country and settled in New York for six years, to work alone or with various partners. In 1839 he moved to Nazareth, Pennsylvania, where a gradual expansion was brought about by ever-increasing demands.

the Chronicle

AMERICAN GUITAR SOCIETY

Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Vahdah Olcott Bickford
2031 Holly Hill Terrace, Hollywood 28, California

Nearly eleven years ago, The American Guitar Society gave an elaborate program devoted solely to British works. A second such program is now being prepared for January 1947. A *Suite* by Terry Usher of Manchester will then be performed by Vahdah Olcott Bickford, who will also play the Shand *Concerto* for Guitar with Piano Accompaniment.

During recent years, it has been the object of the Society to present programs 'with a purpose' as a means of stirring interest and incentive, as well as of inducing research so as to eliminate hackneyed compositions. Vahdah Olcott Bickford, Musical Director of the Society since its foundation in 1923, plans all the programs, which may be general or in the nature of recitals. The Society presented five programs during the year ending on October 1st, namely: November 1945, Argentine; February 1946, Spanish; June and July 1946, Works by Charles Adolphe Adam, French operatic and ballet composer; and September 1946, Second Concert of Music of the Sea.

CHICAGO GUITAR SOCIETY

Secretary, E. C. Burgess
7215 N. Damen Avenue, Chicago 45, Ill.

At its December recital, the first of the season, solos were played by E. C. Burgess (*Etude* by Giuliani, *Hommage à Beethoven*, *Valse Triste* by K. F. Mauers and *Romance* by Schumann), Warren Thurow (*Four Rhythmic Sketches* by R. S. Pick and *Capriccioso* by G. C. Santisteban) and R. S. Pick (*Three Preludes* and *Two Fugues* by François Champion and his own *Rêverie*). A group of American folksongs were sung by Win Stracke.

CONTEMPORARY GUITARISTS OF NEW YORK

Secretary, Miss Susan Spector
1226 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The first annual contest for contemporary composers for finger-style guitar, sponsored by this organization opened November 15, 1946, and will close May 15, 1947. Planned to stimulate interest in contemporary music for finger-style guitar, the contest is open to any composer except members and honorary members of the sponsoring organization. Rules of the contest may be had from the Secretary.

SEGOVIA SOCIETY

Secretary, Sophocles Papas
2000 N. Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

From the first issue of the Bulletin of this Society (October 1946):

The Segovia Society seeks to widen the circle of those who appreciate the guitar as a serious instrument and a vehicle of the finest music.

We think that the revival in recent years of popular interest in eighteenth century music foreshadows a renaissance of the guitar. We believe that all who know the classical

guitar at its best will agree that for music of refinement, delicacy and precision, for the most effective rendering of much of the music of masters so diverse as Bach, Debussy and Albeniz, the guitar is the instrument of choice. While serious guitar music may never be everyone's "dish of tea," we are convinced that a great many people do not appreciate it simply because they do not know it.

The Segovia Society is seeking to correct that condition. Beginning with this issue, the Society will publish for its members a quarterly bulletin, giving news of concerts, recordings and other matters of interest to those who play and those who listen to the guitar. A column will answer questions concerning technical problems of the guitarist. The Society also hopes to be of assistance in arranging concerts, making possible the recording and publication of serious guitar music on a wider scale, encouraging the study of the guitar and interesting contemporary composers in writing for the instrument.

THE SOCIETY OF THE CLASSIC GUITAR

Secretary, Gregory D'Alessio
314 East 41st Street, New York 17, N. Y.

The December issue of the *S. C. G. Bulletin* has been issued under the editorship of Mrs. Rose Augustine.

This Society held its first regular meeting of the season at Steinway Hall, on November 6th, when it was decided to offer guitar class-lessons for beginners. Alberto Valdés Blain, Jr. and John Rexeis have both generously offered their teaching services gratis to the Society for this purpose. These classes will of a necessity be on an elementary level. The fee will be nominal, 50 cents for members and \$1.00 for non-members per session, all proceeds going directly into the treasury.

Aside from the regular meetings of the Society at frequent intervals, informal gatherings of members and their friends have been taking place every Monday evening at the Studio of Mrs. Nura Ulreich (143 East 40th Street), whose cooperative spirit have made this possible.

ASOCIACION GUITARRISTICA ARGENTINA

Avenida de Mayo 702, Buenos Aires
Secretary, Ramón Bazán

On August 26th of this year, the Asociación completed its twelfth year of activities.

Under its auspices, Severo Rodríguez Falcón gave a recital on July 30, in the Salón de la Casa del Teatro (Buenos Aires), playing compositions by J. S. Bach (*Bourrée*, *Courante*), Vivaldi (*Dance*), Mozart (*Minuet* in B Minor), N. Coste (*Study*, Op. 34, No. 2), J. T. Morales (*Vidalita*), P. Silva (*Tonada Chilena*), M. Gómez Carrillo (*Gato*), A. V. Luna (*Andante* from *Sonatina Indo-Criolla*, *Pampa y Andes*), Schumann (*Berceuse*), Chopin (*Waltz*, Op. 69, No. 2), R. Sainz de la Maza (*Boceto Andaluz*), Moreno Torroba (*Allegretto*) and Turina (*Fandanguillo*).

A *Sonata Argentina* for Guitar and String Quintet by Adolfo V. Luna, member of this Society, was given its first performance on July 20th of last year, and was honored by the award of a prize by the Municipality of Buenos Aires. It consists of three movements (*Allegro*, *Moderato* and *Molto Allegro*). The guitarist was Maria Luisa Anido.

GREAT BRITAIN

The PHILARMONIC SOCIETY OF GUITARISTS

Hon. Secretary, Miss J. Vollers

16, Elwill Way, Park Langley, Beckenham

Monthly meetings of this London Society are held at the Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, Westminster, Dr. Boris A. Perott presiding.

The September-October *Bulletin*, edited by Mr. Wilfrid M. Appleby, publishes the program presented at the meeting held on August 17th, consisting of solos by Mrs. E. Kingsmill (*Prelude* by Tárrega and *Bourrée* by Bach), Mr. A. Julian (*Waltz* No. 5 by Diaz, *Minuet* by Coste, *Study* No. 23 by Sor and *Grand Waltz* by Tárrega), Mr. McHouston (*Caprice* in E Minor by Carulli and *Salon Piece* by Paganini, arr. by Chess), Mr. Dupré (*Romance* by Schumann, *Moment Musical* by Schubert, arr. by Tárrega and *Sarabande* by Handel), Mr. Levan (*Caprice* No. 4 by Carcassi and *German Folk Song*), Dr. Levy (*Andante Pastorale* by Sor) and Mr. Butler (*Canzonetta* by himself and *Malagueña*); and duets by Messrs. Julian and Bream (*Duet* No. 2 by Darr and *Serenade* by Drigo).

Affiliated societies are The Cheltenham Guitar Circle and The Manchester Guitar Circle.

The CHELTENHAM GUITAR CIRCLE

Convenor, Wilfrid M. Appleby

41, Clarence Street, Cheltenham, Glos.

The music program presented at the meeting held on August 24th comprised solos by Mr. Geoffrey Boyle (*Prelude* by Carcassi, *Tremolo Study* by Tárrega, *Fandanguillo* by Turina, *Serenade* by Moszkowski and *Salut d'Amour* by Elgar, arr. by A. C. Obregon), Mr. D. M. V. Forth (*Au Clair de la Lune* and a melody by Stephen Foster), Mrs. Saunderson-Davies (*Study* from Op. 2 by E. Shand), Mrs. Kay Appleby (*Premier Chagrin* by Schumann), and Mr. Wilfrid M. Appleby (*Prelude* by Chopin, arr. by V. O. Bickford, *Plegaria* by Bensadon and *Danza en La* by V. Bobri); duets by Mrs. Saunders Davies and Miss Joan Prior (*Minuet* by Mozart, arr. by V. O. Bickford), Mr. and Mrs. Appleby (*Canción de Cuna* by D. Fortea) and Miss W. Neining and Mr. Appleby (*Berceuse* by V. O. Bickford); trios by Mr. Boyle and Mr. and Mrs. Appleby (Sor, Op. 2, No. 5) and Miss Prior, Mrs. Saunders-Davies and Mrs. Appleby (Kuffner, Op. 168, Nos. 1, 2 and 3); and a song with guitar accompaniment by Miss Prior.

The MANCHESTER GUITAR CIRCLE

Hon. Secretary, Jack W. Duarte

20, Lytham Road, Levenshulme, Manchester 19

At the meeting held on August 7th, Mr. Pettinger performed his own arrangement of Tschaikowski's *Chanson Triste*, as well as a *Fandango* (for G Major tuning), Mr. Duarte played the last movement of his *Sonata* in D Minor, Mr. Usher offered the first movement of his *Sonata* in A, and Messrs. Usher and Duarte closed the musical program with a duet arrangement of the first movement of Bach's *Italian Concerto*.

RUSSIA

From Tomsk (Siberia), Mr. Arseny V. Popoff informs us that this year marked the twentieth anniversary of the first

concert given by Andrés Segovia in the U. S. S. R., which took place in the Hall of the Moscow Conservatory (March 2nd, 1926). That brilliant demonstration of the possibilities of the classic guitar shattered the preconceptions against the instrument harbored by many skeptics in the country, and ushered in its renaissance.

For the 1947 season, Andrés Segovia's guitar recitals are scheduled as follows: Escondido, Cal. (Jan. 16), Los Angeles, Cal. (Jan. 19), Aberdeen, So. Dak. (Feb. 3), Columbus, Ohio (Feb. 6), Detroit, Mich. (Feb. 11), Washington, D. C. (Feb. 19), Philadelphia, Pa. (Feb. 26), Wellesley, Mass. (March 5), Toronto, Canada (March 15), Rochester, N. Y. (March 18), and New York, N. Y. (date uncertain).

Returning from a South American tour, Olga Coelho, singer-guitarist, will give a series of concerts throughout the United States, her itinerary being as follows: Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. (Nov. 22), Engelwood, N. J. (Nov. 27), Albany, N. Y. (Dec. 7), Everett, Wash. (Jan. 17), Spokane, Wash. (Jan. 20-21), La Grande, Utah (Jan. 23), Laramie, Wyo. (Nov. 27), Canon City, Colo. (Jan. 29), Lamar, Colo. (Jan. 31), and New York City (Feb. 21).

A new Album of records by her is scheduled to be released by R. C. A. Victor in January 1947.

New Music

VICENTE GOMEZ

Original Compositions

La Violeta (Malaguena)

Rosas (Alegrias): Theme and Variations

El Girasol (Bulerías)

Transcription

G. H. Matos Rodriguez: *La Cumparsita* (Tango)

Published by Mills Music, Inc., New York, N. Y.

ANDRES SEGOVIA

Schott and Company, Ltd., of London, have reprinted sixteen of the arrangements by Segovia in the *Guitar Archive* series, as follows:

- | | |
|--------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Nos. 106-108 | Bach (J.S.): Transcriptions (3 volumes) |
| 146 | Bach (P.E.): <i>La Xenophone</i> , <i>La Sybille</i> |
| 147 | Bach (P.E.): <i>Siciliana</i> |
| 140 | Chopin: <i>Mazurka</i> (Op. 63, No. 3) |
| 139 | Haydn: <i>Minuet</i> from the Quartet in G Major |
| 117 | Mozart: <i>Minuet</i> |
| 130 | Mozart-Sor: <i>Variations</i> (Theme from the "Magic Flute") |
| 119 | Ponce: 3 <i>Popular Mexican Songs</i> |
| 111 | Pedrell: <i>Lament</i> |
| 144 | Scarlatti (D): <i>Sonata</i> |
| 138 | Schumann: <i>Entreating Child and Frightening</i> (from Op. 15) |
| 103 | Torroba: <i>Nocturne</i> |
| 133 | Torroba: <i>Characteristic Pieces</i> (vol. 1) |
| 102 | Turina: <i>Fandanguillo</i> |

Gaspar Kummer's (1795-1870) *Grand Quintet* (for 2 Flutes, Viola, Violoncello and Guitar) has been recently published by the Volpe Music Company.

*P*RELUDE

Supplement, Vol. I, No. 2

Gaspar Sanz (1674)

The musical score is written for guitar in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of 12 numbered sections, each with specific performance markings:

- Section I:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.
- Section II:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.
- Section III:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.
- Section IV:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.
- Section V:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.
- Section VI:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.
- Section VII:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.
- Section VIII:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.
- Section IX:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.
- Section X:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.
- Section XI:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.
- Section XII:** Starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure has a *p* marking. The section ends with a double bar line.

A RIETTA — O Cessate di Piagarmi

Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725)

agitato

p

M.C.I

M.C.I-1

p

M.C.I

p

C.I

cresc. rinf. string. poco a poco

p

C.I

smorz.

pp

rit.

dolente e appassionato

mf

M.C.I

M.C.I-1

M.C.I

p

C.I

con dolore

rit. assai (2da volta molto rit.)

MINUET

J. F. Haydn — F. Tárrega

MINUET

F. Sor (1778?-1839)

Anonymous (16th Century)

Anonymous (16th Century)

Allegretto

C. II

1.

C. II

2.

J. S. Bach

A page of musical notation for guitar, featuring five staves of music. The notation includes various chords, scales, and fingerings, with some sections labeled with Roman numerals (I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music consists of a series of chords and melodic lines, with fingerings indicated by numbers 1-4. The second staff starts with a 'Y' marking and continues the sequence. The third staff includes a double bar line and a key signature change to one flat (Bb). The fourth staff contains sections labeled I, II, III, and IV. The fifth staff includes sections labeled VII, VI, and V. The notation is dense with many accidentals and complex fingerings, suggesting a technically demanding piece.

ALLEGRETTO

M. Giuliani (1780-1820)

The musical score is written for guitar in 3/4 time. It consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The dynamics range from *f* (forte) to *p* (piano). The second staff includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The third staff features *pp* (pianissimo) and *p cresc.* markings. The fourth staff starts with *mf* (mezzo-forte). The fifth staff contains various fingering numbers (0-4) and a *f* marking. The sixth staff includes *f*, *mf*, and *p* markings. The seventh staff features *p* and *mf* markings. The eighth staff, labeled 'VIII' at the beginning, includes *f*, *mf*, and *p* markings. The score concludes with a double bar line.

WALTZ — Sehnsucht

F. Schubert — N. Coste (1806-1883)

Moderato

p dolce

cresc. *mf*

p *cresc.*

mf *p*

crescendo *mf* *Fine*

p *cresc.* *crescendo* *mf*

IX L. *f*

di - mi - nu - en - do

1. *2.* *D.C.*

*P*RELUDE — *Dolor*

J. A. de San Sebastián

1/2 C.V.

1/2 C.IV

p tristemente

1/2 C.V.

2/2 C.V.

C.IV

poco accel.

1/2 C.V. (2) (3) (4)

C.I

ar. 12

C.V.

pp

C.V.

1/2 C.V.

2/2 C.V.

rit.



Drawing by Antonio Petrucci

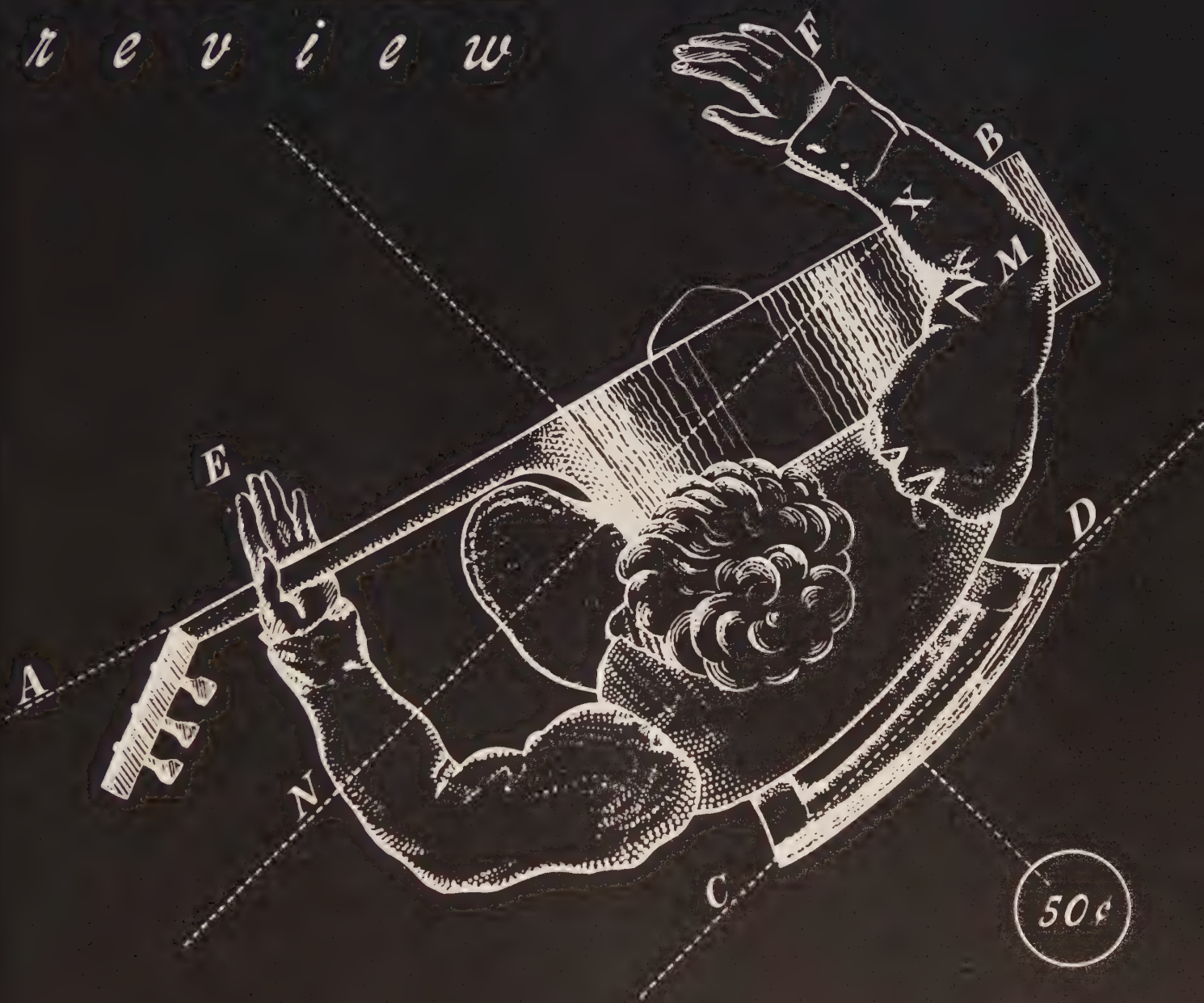
SILENT NIGHT

F. Gruber (1787-1863)

The musical score is written for guitar and consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. It contains several chords, including C III, and dynamic markings such as *p* and *mp*. The second staff continues the melody with similar chordal structures and includes a *C III* marking. The third staff features more complex chordal patterns, including *V*, *I*, and *III*, and ends with a *mf* dynamic marking. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and fingerings.



the
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review



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CONTENTS

Cover Design Illustration from Guitarre-Schule von F. Sor. bei N. Simrock. Bonn
Music Supplement Lay-out by Louis Koster

ARTICLES

New Light on Paganini	A. W. Alver
The Memoirs of Makaroff	Translated by V. Bobri and N. Ulreich
A Note on Transcriptions	Andrés Segovia
A Guitarist from Holland	Frederic Mulders

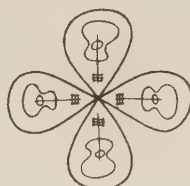
DEPARTMENTS

The Editors Corner
The Academy
Letter
The Museum
The Chronicle

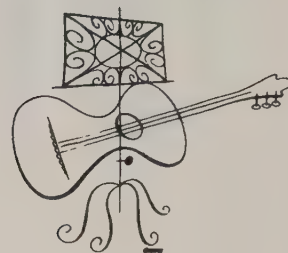
MUSIC

March by T. S. Bach (1725)
Minuet by T. S. Bach (1725)
Fugue by T. G. Albrechtsberger (1736-1809)
Etude by T. K. Mertz (1806-1856)

Application for entry as second-class matter pending. Contributors' views are not necessarily those of the editors.



the editor's Corner



In all phases of human endeavor, there exist those who cling tenaciously to the traditional and anaesthetize their minds against that which is new. Juxtaposed, are those who blatantly and arrogantly sweep aside the rich lore of the past as outmoded and valueless, and hysterically accept all that differs from it as progress.

We cannot rest upon the laurels of the dead alone. That would be equivalent to supporting the spirit of revival which is negative in aspiration. Our strongest efforts should be in the direction of the positive—the RENAISSANCE of the guitar. By this we mean a forward, vigorous growth into the dignified maturity of the future, based on the rich, firm nourishment of the past, and infused with the imaginative, kaleidoscopic ramifications of the present. To accomplish this, it is essential that we stimulate and encourage all whose labor towards our common goal. However, we have but few rewards at our disposal which can be bestowed upon those whose accomplishments have been herculean.

The strongest and most powerful stimulation to each who toils well in the vanguard of his field is the self-satisfaction derived from doing his work well. The next most gratifying reward is the recognition by others of the worth of his labors. We have this recognition to bestow, and bestow it we must upon all who have advanced the cause of the guitar. A companion duty is thereby also impressed upon us—to expose the "quack" because he degrades and harms the cause of the guitar—to name the fraud and faker, so that all can protect themselves against him.

We welcome the erudite scholar upon whom our entire structure depends—not only does he deserve our gratitude, but the use of the printed page as well to serve as a medium through which he can share the result of his labors. We must honor the praiseworthy artist; we must discover and encourage the unknown genius. Each contemporary worker must be given his due worth,—remuneration in the form of the evaluation and recognition of his special achievement. Only by such impartial and unbiased publicity can we stimulate and inspire others to still greater levels of attainment.

In line with this theory, we have decided to dedicate the fourth or succeeding issue of the GUITAR REVIEW to a man who has done more for the guitar than any other living individual; to one of the greatest instrumentalists of all time; to a teacher in the noblest sense of the word; to one who towers with the gods, yet is humble before his fellow men;—to ANDRES SEGOVIA.

new light on Paganini

By A. W. ALVER

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II

EDUCING Paganini's understanding of the fretted instrument from the guitar accompaniments and parts of his earlier concerted compositions but sharpens the question: Precisely how far was he actually versed in the technique of the instrument? On the strength of Berlioz's dictum that "it is almost impossible to write well for the guitar without being a player on the instrument,"¹ which rings doubly true as coming from a guitarist, the question of Paganini's skill on it remained open until lately, since the virtuoso consigned his writing for the solo instrument to scattered manuscripts, leaving us at a loss to date or even assign to various periods those that did not go astray. The crowning substantiation of this ability came to light with the publication of a quarter of his 140 short pieces for the guitar alone, and recently of a *Grand Sonata* for Guitar, with violin accompaniment²—both comprised in his estate. Of these, the first are a sort of tonal *multum in parvo* and a far cry to his violin works, even though, as Dr. Max Schulz, their editor, avers, "everywhere the master of the instrument is disclosed" and "everything is written guitaristically." The scope of the elaborate *Grand Sonata*, on the other hand, gives the guitar free rein to rise to heights of technical achievement, while the violin, oddly enough, is relegated to the simplest of accompaniments. Adducible as further evidence are the eight minuets which "betray a dexterous guitarist" to Herr Buek (ripened devotee of the instrument and leader for twenty years of the Munich *Gitaristische Vereinigung*), no less than some extraneous variations in the possession of the guitarist Mozzani "place the highest demands on technique and require virtuosoship, so that the assumption seems justified that Paganini indeed brilliantly mastered the guitar as a solo instrument."³

The testimony of contemporaries vouches for the truth of this. Professor Schottky, who got to know the violinist rather intimately during the latter's stay in Prague, deposes that Paganini was a first-rate performer on the guitar—"almost the same as on the violin"—one whose individual mode of fingering coped deftly with chords of considerable difficulty and produced smooth arpeggios. Giovanni Battista Gordigiani, composer and colleague of Schottky at the Prague Conservatory, bears superior witness to the musician's guitar playing:

"As I spent many a day near Paganini . . . it chanced to be my pleasure to hear him improvise both on the violin and the guitar, which latter he likewise plays enchantingly. These improvisations may be termed the echo of his moods, since they expressed by turns now the sudden flight of a glowing, rapidly fired imagination, now

the gentlest stir of emotion, according as they are awakened and directed by the impression born of the moment."

At the sight of a guitar during his first visit to the violinist at Prague, Schottky ventured the question whether the host ever permitted himself to be heard publicly on it. Paganini's answer, apparently coaxed out of him, was:

"No, . . . I have no liking for the instrument. I regard it only [!] as an aid to ideas; I make use of it now and then to stimulate my fantasy for composition, or to bring forth some harmony, which I cannot do on the violin. Aside from that it has no value in my eyes"—a declaration which the professor supplemented by the finding that "the accompaniment of his [Paganini's] concertos . . . was always discovered on the guitar; else he writes with the aid of no other instrument."⁴

Paganini, this is to say, according to his own committal to his friend [most likely with an eye to propagation: Schottky was entrusted with a publicity mission], could not well deny he found the guitar adequate to his impromptu and harmonizing needs and utilized it, as is confirmed, with astonishing facility. His lack of candor, his hedging about, his lukewarm profession of dislike for an instrument from which he yet did not scruple to derive full benefits, may bid us pause, even though these do not alter the actuality that he often played it. This alone is to our present purpose. For all the guilelessness of his disclaimer and obvious hollowness of the subsequent defense of guitar playing on the grounds of pleasing friends, the streak of wariness is brought anew to light in the alloy of human weakness from which the genius of the bow was not free. The motives for cloaking his interest in the guitar are akin to those which prompted him at times to dust the eyes of the public with respect to his mastery of the viola. They are rooted in the fear of undermining his prestige as violinist.

But among the things from which his artistic consciousness had greater cause to recoil in secret there existed a species of musical fribbling far more blameworthy than the expenditure of time and effort on the guitar. Paganini might well have been loath to blaze abroad his entertainment of bosom friends by playing the violin and the guitar alternately—the one suspended about his neck, the other held between his knees—changing instruments with such lightning facility as to cause no interruption in his playing.⁵ [Even though this does not tax credulity, its exact *modus operandi* as something of inimitable curiosity piques us.] Hurtful, too, it would have been for other antics to take air—his performance on the fiddle in ludicrously constrained attitudes, with

which he would regale cronies in moods of drollery. It is nevertheless doubtful whether the bruit of these harlequinades would have sped the shafts of his rabid critics as much as the repute of a genuine versatility bound to incur odium by its inclusion of two unlike instruments. For the pious horror in which several-sided aptitude is generally held would probably have been sufficient to sound Paganini's artistic death-knell.

To resume our main thread: We have found the burden of proof that our musician was a guitarist considerably lightened. Our immediate object thus attained, a passing allusion to the more soberly recorded incidents therewith connected is not amiss, out of justice to the many-sidedness of the violinist's concern with his auxiliary instrument. Such are the early example of Alessandro Rolla, Paganini's noted violin teacher, who also cul-

tivated the guitar; the duetted performance (1829?), in which Paganini took the guitar part, with his only pupil, Sivori, for whom he is said to have written several compositions; the joint benefit concert (June 9, 1836) with his renowned guitarist friend, Legnani, at Turin; the fervent testimonial proffered later by the Genoese to Zani di Ferranti, Bolognese guitarist and man of parts; and the violinist's acceptance of the guitar of Berlioz in token of friendship.⁶ Surpassing any of these in memorability is the fact that while his time was drawing fast, Paganini solaced the waning hours by playing alternately on his two instruments—a fact which serves as culminant proof that he had not cast off his affection for the guitar throughout his life-time, with the result that his nimble fingers found in it a facile vehicle.⁷

(To be continued)

¹ *Treatise on Instrumentation*, Chap. VI, section on the guitar—Berlioz adds: "I repeat that, without being able to play the guitar, one can hardly write for it pieces in several parts containing passages demanding all the resources of the instrument."

² Niccolò Paganini, 26 *Original Kompositionen für Gitarre allein, erstmalig aus dem Nachlasse herausgegeben von Dr. Max Schulz und Grosse Sonate für Gitarre Solo mit Begleitung einer Violine . . . herausgegeben von Erwin Schwarz-Reiflingen* (with a general introduction to Paganini's connection with the guitar), Leipzig, 1926 and 1929. This newly published guitar music, coming from the Heyersche-Museum in Cologne (see G. Kinsky: *Katalog des Musik-historischen Museum von W. Heyer zu Koeln*, Cologne, 1922, v. II; and A. Bonaventura: *Gli Autografi di Nicolo Paganini*, Florence, 1910), may be traced to the auctioning of Paganini's effects (1908?). Both Buek, *op. cit.*, p. 77, and Dr. Julius Kapp: *Paganini, Eine Biographie* (Berlin and Leipzig, 1913, pp. 152ff.) furnish data

on the transactions connected with the violinist's unpublished manuscripts. As listed by Dr. Kapp, they include compositions for violin and orchestra, violin and guitar, guitar solo, and trios and quartets combining bowed instruments with the guitar.

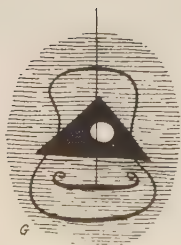
³ *Op. cit.*, p. 78.

⁴ Sundry references to Schottky and translated quotations immediately preceding and following are to be found in his *op. cit.*, pp. 230 (footnote) and 267-68.

⁵ Conestabile, *op. cit.*, p. 43, etc.; Schottky, *op. cit.*, p. 268.

⁶ Buek, *op. cit.*, p. 77; Grove's *Dictionary* (article "Sivori"); Fétis, *op. cit.*, pp. 37ff.; Buek, *op. cit.*, pp. 82, 78; respectively.

⁷ Worthy of enlisting interest, through transgressing present limits, is the matter bordering on the anecdotal to be gleaned particularly from Schottky's biography, pp. 313ff. (reproduced in Fétis's work, pp. 47ff. of the English translation), 230; and Buek, *op. cit.*, pp. 78ff. (extracted from a French volume).



Drawing by Vladimir Bobri

a note on Transcriptions

By ANDRES SEGOVIA

THE transcriptions written for various instruments which thus have been taken out of their normal destiny to enrich the repertoire of other instruments are generally condemned by good taste and critical judgment, and not without reason. Nevertheless, there is not always good reason for such condemnation; good taste cannot be cheated and some works, in the hands of one who is expert, are not only acceptable but have been improved and made better than they were before the change was made.

Except for the vast harvest reaped from works written for vihuela and lute, the guitar has been confined largely to the works of transcribers. It is necessary to say that these were notably uneven. For example, even a superficial examination of Carulli's work will show the mediocrity of his talent, the poorness of which condemns the works which he selected to take from their normal destiny and put into the breast of the guitar.

One who assumes the responsibility of transposing works for the guitar should not only be a magnificent instrumentalist, who knows all the resources of the instrument, but he should be trained in all the rules of music. It is hardly necessary to say this in speaking of violinists, pianists and others, but the guitar, unfortunately, is in the hands of those who hardly know the elements of do-re-mi or the theory of music. It is necessary to point this out. If one examines the transcriptions of Tárrega one is struck by his ingenious ability to find the same equivalents as would a great poet in translating from one language to another the poesy of another great poet. Transcribing is not merely passing literally from one instrument to another. It means to find equivalents which change neither the aesthetic spirit nor the harmonic structure of the work being transcribed. It is possible to say that at times Tárrega was too fond of the guitar, but this sin was a small one and one prevalent at the age in which he worked. Artists were not as critical of themselves in those days. I am sure that if Tárrega himself had lived in our days he would have thrown out many of his own transcriptions. To sum up, only the pianistic talents of Liszt, with his defects and qualities, are comparable to the works of Tárrega.

Tárrega's pupil, Llóbet, scarcely explored this field, but when he did, the results were excellent. His transcriptions of popular Catalan songs, above all the one known as "El Mestre," are delightful. It is clear that these transcriptions come from within himself; the melodies have been kept unaltered and the harmonies and accom-

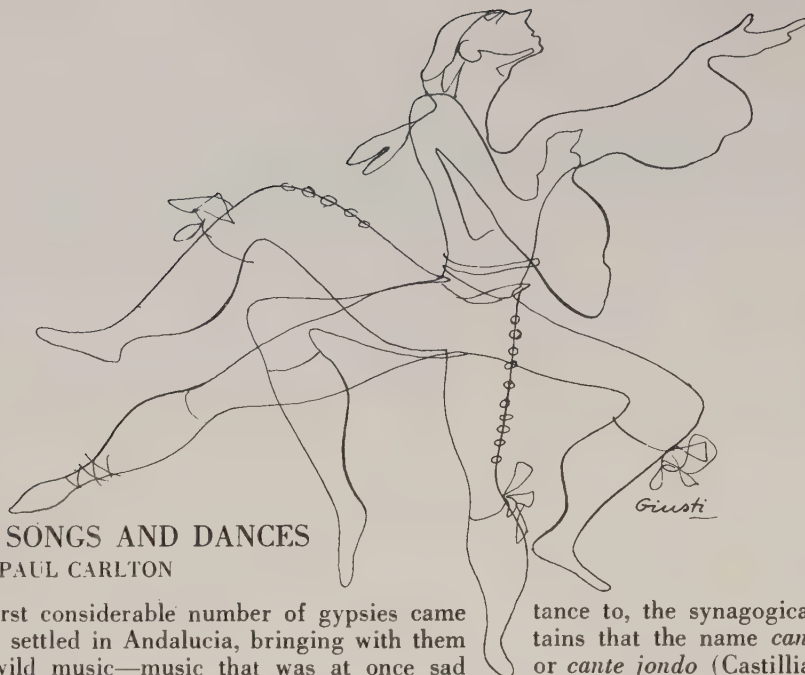
paniments written "under" the music. In his transcriptions of the danzas, and the Tonadilla of Granados, his harmonic synthetizations and his adaptation of them to the guitar are notable. I have studied them carefully with the purpose of finding ways to improve them, I have removed the portamentos, (so much loved by Tárrega and his followers) which weakened the strict rhythm, and I have made the color more rich. Since the guitar, as I have said before on another occasion, is like an orchestra seen through the wrong end of a pair of opera-glasses, it is worthwhile to employ all its rich polyphony and not leave that inert.

In what I have selected for my own use I have always tried to avoid works in which the composer had intended to bring out some special quality in the instrument for which he wrote. These may have been, in a certain sense, abstract works. In this sense, I have noted that many past composers dedicated works for voice, and for plucked and bowed instruments with blithe indiscrimination.

I have had it happen that composers would write music for me which, while excellent, was not written with full knowledge of the guitar's resources. When I had made translations into the idiom of the guitar the composers were enchanted. That, too, is a way of transcribing.

In summation, if the work transcribed gains in color and expression, and is not weakened, not only is it permissible, but mandatory that such transcription be made. It is particularly so if it enriches an instrument poor in its heritage of important literature.

What artist or what critic, no matter how severe he may be, can condemn the transcriptions of the works by Albéniz for the guitar? They are true restitution to the instrument which furnished the original inspiration. Or those works written by the genial composers of the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries? The Himalaya of music himself, the majestic Bach, constantly gives us examples of the versatility and adaptability of his works written for the lute, later transcribed for violin, harpsichord or 'cello. Did these works suffer? Were they enriched by new feeling? Because here is the main point: one tries to add to the significance extracted from the work, a new sentiment which depends upon the natural traits of the instrument for which it is being transcribed—when one knows all the resources of that instrument. A beautiful and graceful woman is able to wear, if she has taste, varied and different costumes, sure that they will not hurt nor diminish her beauty but will bring forth new enchantment.



the Academy

FLAMENCO SONGS AND DANCES

By PAUL CARLTON

IN 1449 the first considerable number of gypsies came to Spain and settled in Andalucia, bringing with them their strange wild music—music that was at once sad and gay, lively and slow, tinged with the music of Bohemia and Hungary and that of the countries through which they had passed. In Spain they found music which combined elements of the Byzantine, Roman, Moslem and Jewish. Except for the Moslem, all else was Church music; Moslem secular music existed in spite of the Koran, having been introduced by the wealthy and powerful Caliphs who kept slaves to play, sing and dance for them. *Al-laud*, or *al-aud*, the lute, was brought to Spain by these slave musicians. Centuries before, the Romans had introduced the *cithara*, of Greco-Assyrian derivation. As this instrument was much easier to make than the lute it became more popular, and gradually developed into the guitar of today.

It is not definitely known why the name *flamenco* was applied to the immigrant gypsies or their music. In Spanish, *flamenco* means "Flemish", but also "flamingo". Perhaps the gypsy costume brought the flamingo to mind (I don't suppose that the gypsies stood on one leg), or perhaps parts of the gypsy songs resembled the cry of the flamingo. Nothing authoritative has been found to support this version, but there is, however, one link with the Flemish which might be considered. The lute, despite its Moslem introduction, was known as *vihuela de Flandes*, the *vihuela* of Flanders. *Vihuela* was the generic name for all stringed instruments with a neck; the instrument most like the guitar of today was the *vihuela de mano*. In some parts of Mexico today the ukelele is called *vihuela*. The lutes used by the gypsies were probably homemade, for they were good craftsmen, although chiefly in copper, but it is hard to understand why they were called Flemish, for they were by no means the first lutes brought to Spain.

Both Manuel de Falla and Medina Azara have made extensive studies of flamenco origins. De Falla lists three main contributing factors:

- Byzantine chant in early Church music
- The Moslem invasion
- The Gypsies

Azara accepts these but adds, and attaches great impor-

tance to, the synagogical chants of the Jews. He maintains that the name *cante hondo* (Andalucian dialect), or *cante jondo* (Castilian), does not mean "deep song" as it would in Spanish, but that it is a corruption of the Jewish *jom tov*, meaning "feast day." *Cante hondo* is the oldest and most characteristic of Andalucian music, and the oldest of the *flamenco* seems to be the *seguriya gitana*, which is pure *cante hondo*. *Seguriya* is probably a corruption of *seguidilla*, but the two are not musically alike. The *seguriya* is now generally known as the *playera*, which is supposed to come from the verb *plañir*, to lament. The rhythm of the *playera* is not always easy to follow, as it alternates from $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$. Such alternation may not have been of gypsy origin, for it is also found in very early Spanish music.

From the *seguriya* and other closely related songs have come the *polo*, the *martinete*, and—although not very similar—the *soleá*. The *martinete* is a prison song of violent lament sung without accompaniment. All have a definite Near East quality due to their use of intervals less than a semitone, thus making our notation useless. The verse is in four lines, of which the third is much longer and is broken in the middle by the *quiebro*, a "break". The fourth line is followed by the *falseto*, which nowadays is played on the guitar. These older *flamenco* songs were always sad; later Andalucian songs became more cheerful.

Some of the authorities believe that *flamenco* dances are of comparatively recent origin, but most of them have so much of the antique Spanish dance form that they may well have originated while the old dances were still in vogue. Spanish dancing is incredibly old; it has been traced back to the Paleolithic Age. At Cogul, in Catalonia, there is a rock-painting which represents nine women dancing around a young man. It is to be feared that it is a phallic dance.

The Spanish dance is divided into two forms, the Classic and the Flamenco, to which might be added a third, the communal, such as the famous *sardana* of Catalonia. Of the Classic dances the most famous are the *jota*, the *sevillanas*, and the *bolero*; of the Flamenco, the tango, the *farruca*, the *garrotín*, and the *alegrías*. The *jandango* and the *seguidillas* did not survive the 19th Century, although they are still danced in some parts of Spain.

In these sections, however, the *fandango* is more like the *jota* and the *seguidilla* is merged with the *bolero* and is called *seguidilla-bolero*.

It would require a long article to cover *flamenco* dancing adequately, but a few words about the style may be worthwhile. The true *flamenco* dances for himself but with participation from the audience. They are seated; some play the guitars, some shout "Olé!" (and other things), while some clap their hands in rhythm or cross-rhythm. Except in the *fandangillo*, castanets are not used. The dancer uses the *taconéo*, stamping of the heels, the *pito*, snapping of the fingers, and the *palmada*, a sharp clapping of the hands.

The *farruca* is a man's dance, but sometimes a woman takes part. Her main contribution is the *vuelta quebrada*, the "broken turn" which she performs slowly. This furnishes a contrast to the violent dancing of the man.

No one familiar only with the Argentine tango would recognize the tango danced by the *flamenca*. It is almost

always danced by a woman without a partner, and in it she carries a *sombrero cordobés*, a flat-brimmed hat which she manipulates with her hands.

The *garrotín* is also a woman's dance; it is the dance of coquetry. Of peculiar interest to guitar players is the *garrotín* "Hommage a Tárrega," written by Turina and fingered by Segovia.

The woman's favorite dance is probably the *alegrías*, for in it she wears a beautiful long-trained gown of white trimmed with red and having countless ruffles. Of all the dances this is the gayest and most lighthearted.

Many other *flamenco* songs and dances exist but lack of space prohibits even a mention of them. All are so characteristic that many persons who should know better think of them as the entire music of Spain. the so-called Spanish idiom. Of course this is entirely fallacious thinking, and it is to be hoped that someday Spanish music, by virtue of its intrinsic worth, will be given the respect it so richly deserves.



Golden Rules

1. Always play, as if a Master heard you.
2. Every note must sound distinctly and produce crystal-like pure tone.
3. Never begin a piece quicker than you can with certainty go on with it to the end.
4. A perfect start is our first and greatest assurance of a perfect finish.
5. No passage that has been badly played should be considered as sufficiently practised, when done once or twice right. Twelve successive times, without error, is the LEAST that can be depended on.

Scales

CZERNY said: Do you ask me how good a player may become? Then tell me how much you practise the scales.

PADEREWSKI said: I play all the scales in different forms in all keys once a day.

SCHUMANN said: You must sedulously practise all scales.

A. RUBINSTEIN said: Scales should never be dry! If you are not interested in them, work with them until you become interested in them.

RACHMANINOFF said: I believe this matter of insisting upon a thorough technical knowledge, particularly scale playing, is a very vital one. The mere ability to play a few pieces does not constitute musical proficiency.

BRAHMS said: Few artists realize the beauty of a perfectly played scale, and too few teachers insist upon it.

SHERWOOD said: Practise scales every day of your life.

Conclusion

Strive to play easy pieces well and beautifully; it is better than to render harder pieces only indifferently well. Chopin said, "every difficulty slurred over will be a ghost to disturb your repose later on!" Omit no opportunity to play with others in Duos, Trios, etc. It makes your playing fluent, spirited and easy.

SCHUMANN

GENIUS AT FIRST IS LITTLE MORE THAN A CAPACITY FOR RECEIVING DISCIPLINE.

B. PEROTT



Drawing by Vladimir Bobri

the memoirs of Makaroff

I SHOULD like to mention one curious fact in connection with Shultz's compositions. He played one delightful Polka for me.

"Is it published?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "but it is not as nice in print."

"How is that?"

"Well," he said, "when I publish my compositions, I often have to change them to make them easier and more acceptable for the general player."

I begged him, "Please do not change the manuscripts of the last three compositions."

"No, no!" he promised, "I will leave them exactly as they are now."

I understood the meaning of his words much better upon my return home to Russia. When I began to study his manuscripts, I found that they were badly arranged, and that they were not at all good for playing. One would think that they had been purposely corrupted, so bad were the basses, melodies and positions. Entire passages were so poorly arranged that they were impossible to play. Finally, I had to put them aside, though they were not half as difficult as my own music. His published compositions were interesting only when he himself played them. Otherwise they did not stand a chance of attracting anyone. However, I did manage to learn three of his published pieces out of all that I bought. In a word, Shultz had proved himself to be as great a virtuoso of the guitar as he was a poor composer. What a difference in this respect between him and Mertz, whose manuscripts, now in my possession, represent the precious pearls of guitar repertoire!

My meeting with Shultz impressed me so much, that I lost my desire to hunt up two other well-known guitarists in London—Regondi and Chibra. I decided to go to Paris without seeing them. In Paris I met Carcassi, who was also known in Russia to the lovers of the guitar, through his easy and "thin" musical compositions. I also

met a pupil of the famous Sor, Napoleon Coste, who was at the same time the publisher of Sor's music. We became great friends. He was a clever and amiable Frenchman, modest, and a most passionate admirer of the guitar. He often visited me, and we used to play duets of various Sor compositions. He played with great clearness, tenderness and purity of tone, but, for some reason, his playing did not excite the listener—did not awaken the enthusiasm experienced from the playing of Shultz or even Ferranti.

We left Paris in the middle of January and soon arrived in Naples. There, I began immediately to search for the best guitarists. I was recommended to someone by the name of Jordan. In two days I met him in my hotel, a strange figure, with an unclean scarf wrapped many times about his short neck. I gave him my guitar. He took it with great self-assurance and started playing a Polka. Well! What sort of guitar playing was that? What a performance! Surely, if he was considered a first class guitarist, they must have counted from the bottom up. Ever since then, I have been much more cautious with so-called first class unknown guitarists.

After our tour about Italy, we finally went to Vienna. I had been drawn to this city by an unexplicable feeling of longing. My instinct did not fail me, for in Vienna I found something I could not find elsewhere. First, I found a great guitar maker, who, prompted by his own aspiration to improve the instrument, recreated it completely. He was the famous Schertzer. From 1852, the instruments created by him possessed such sonority and force of sound, such deep and tender tones, that, without exception, other instruments sound like woven baskets beside them.

Second, I discovered the greatest guitar composer of modern times. From then on, my entire musical life was influenced by that meeting. His excellent compositions were of far more use to my talent than my listening to

great guitarists during my trip. They completely changed my life and my musical style. It was because of this man that I was able to work out my own style and form. It was from him that I learned the "higher art," the field of nuances by which one learns to read and transmit to his instrument, not only the dead letter of music, but the very soul of the composition. It is that musical instinct, born of understanding the soul of music, which can be awakened into activity only by the talent of the composer.

I should like to digress for a moment to express my inner convictions by recalling some thoughts from the dim past. During the long period of my deep interest in the guitar, I had an opportunity to hear a large number of guitarists and amateurs of this modest instrument. Of these, there were only a few who impressed me profoundly. They were Zani De Ferranti, Shultz, the Spaniard, Chibra, and . . . but this last event really belongs to the ancient history of my musical life and I would like to tell about it with more detail, since it had a most definite effect on my growing passion for the guitar.

It happened in October 1837. Shortly after my wedding, I had to spend some time alone in Moscow. I stayed at the Hotel "Jakovleff" on Tverskoy Boulevard. The first evening I took out my guitar, a rather poor instrument, and began to play the first part of the Third Concerto of Giuliani. At that time I thought I played this piece fairly well—today I know that my playing then was no more than a mere scratching of strings. However, when I finished the piece I became aware of voices through the wall of an adjacent room. I soon realized that the conversation dealt with the guitar. Someone began to play the guitar and played it better than I had ever heard anyone before. I began to feel feverish through admiration and surprise. Never in my life will I forget that deep overwhelming impression that this playing behind the wall produced on my entire nature. There was strength, clearness, unbelievable rapidity, tenderness and deep feeling in that playing. During the long years which followed I aspired for these same attributes and only gained them slowly by dint of a long period of persistent exercises. I probably would never have gained them had I not become acquainted with Mertz and received his precious manuscripts from him.

When the playing stopped, I immediately sent my servant to find out who the player was. He learned that it was a squire from Tula,—Paul Ladijenski. The next minute I presented myself to him. He was extremely attentive to me and readily told me a few things about himself. He used a seven-string guitar and was one of the pupils of Sichra who was quite famous at the time throughout the whole country. I spent the entire evening with him. He played many numbers for me as I listened with undiminished fascination. The impression from all this was so great, that I immediately declared that I would henceforth play only on the seven-string instrument and would give up my six-string guitar. However, Mr. Ladijenski was impartial and fair enough to object to my decision, saying that the six-string instrument had great qualities and definite superiority over the seven-string one. He said, moreover, that I had already acquired some musical technique on my guitar and it would be senseless to start all my training from the beginning. He told me to continue to work with persistence and patience. "Do

not lose your spirit when your efforts seem to fail. No matter what your natural talent is, the true artist is made only by effort and assiduity." That meeting in the hotel decided my future life and destiny. It was only because of P. Ladijenski that I became as passionate lover of guitar music as I am.

I will now continue with the description of my journey abroad. Having settled temporarily in Vienna, I immediately went in search of Mr. Kovatzick to whom I had a letter of recommendation. He worked in the office of the Austrian Emperor, knew Vienna well, was a Slav by birth, loved Russians and spoke French fluently. The latter was important for me, since I did not have any talent for German grammar. My entire musical research was accomplished with his kind and helpful assistance. First of all, we went to the music store of Gasslinger.

"Who is the best guitarist in Vienna?" asked Kovatzick.

"Mertz," was the answer.

"And the best guitar maker?"

"Fisher, who takes charge of the instruments of the Vienna Conservatory."

"Why not Stauffer?"

"Because Stauffer has not made any guitars since 1848. At present, I believe, he is not even in Vienna."

We took the addresses and immediately entered the workshop of Fisher which was two steps from the store. We were met by a very respectable looking man about fifty,—Mr. Fisher. I explained to him that I wanted the best possible guitar and was ready to pay any price for such an instrument.

"I will do all I can," said Fisher.

"Come to my hotel tomorrow morning and take a look at my Stauffer guitar. If you make me a guitar which is a little better, more powerful and resonant than mine, I will pay you double the price you yourself charge me for the guitar. Do you agree?"

"Definitely," answered Fisher.

"Very well," said I, "then begin your work immediately and have the guitar ready by July. However, if I find that your guitar is only just as good as my present instrument, or possibly worse, I will only pay you the price you charged."

After we left Mr. Fisher, my escort remembered that Stauffer lived not far from where we were, and we decided to inquire if he was home. We walked several blocks and saw a sign with a guitar on it. However, the name on it was not Stauffer but Schmidt. We entered. A small, fat little man looked at us questioningly. "Wasn't this formerly Stauffer's workshop?" we asked. "Yes," he answered, "but he sold me his business in 1848 and went to Prague. However, if you would like to have an excellent instrument, we can do it without Stauffer. It can be made by Schertzer who was Stauffer's apprentice. Although he has the greatest talent and is a master of guitar making, he can be found living in great poverty at present. Meanwhile Stauffer was made rich through his labor."

We took Schertzer's address (Margarethen, 99) and left. I decided to go to Schertzer and order another guitar from him, since I wanted to try every possible means to get an excellent instrument. Who knows, I thought, perhaps this guitar will turn out even better than Fisher's,—all is possible.



Guitar, made by Schertzer, famous Viennese guitar-maker, awarded first prize in the contest sponsored by N. P. Makaroff in Brussels, 1856.

Drawing by Antonio Petrucci

In order to reach his place we had to go across the entire city to the farthest end. He had a very small but clean and light room. Schertzer was a small, thin man with a tanned face which was very expressive and intelligent. We asked him to show us some of his instruments. Unfortunately, he could not as he worked only by order and only after being given a deposit. "I am so poor," he said, "that otherwise I would not even be able to buy wood. I have no guitar orders at present, but here is a mandolin which I made for Count L." The mandolin was excellently made. "You told me," said Schertzer, "that your guitar was made by Stauffer. Do you remember when he made it for you?" "In 1849." "Didn't Stauffer send you two guitars made of Pallisander wood?" "True." "Then it was I who made those two guitars for you in this very room. At that time Stauffer had already sold his workroom to Schmidt and ordered your guitars from me by mail." With these words, he gave us an old letter which we read with great curiosity. "How much did he pay you for the work?" we asked. "Twenty-two roubles for each," was the answer. I was amazed to recollect that I had paid 120 roubles for each one of them, together with postal expenses. I found out afterwards that Stauffer charged 80 florines or 44 roubles for each. I felt sad and annoyed. I left a deposit with Schertzer to buy the necessary materials and departed.

I had planned to visit Mertz on the following day. He anticipated me, however. When he learned, from Fisher, that I was in Vienna and had evinced a great desire to meet him, he paid me a visit. Mertz was a tall man, about 50, neither fat nor thin, very modest and with no hint of a pretense to greatness about him. I had already become well acquainted with him through a large number of his published compositions and especially through his transcriptions of famous opera music for the guitar. However, with little exception, his music, and in particular, his transcription, was uninteresting. It seemed quite dull to me, rather hurriedly composed without proper attention, simply to satisfy the guitar amateurs of his time. Aware of this, I did not expect anything unusual from his playing. He spoke little French—my wife assumed the role of translator.

As soon as it was feasible, I offered him my guitar and asked him to play something. He took it readily and immediately began to play. It was a fascinating large work. "By whom is this piece written?" I asked. "By me," was the answer. "It has not been published yet." Then he played another piece, and still another. Each one better than the last—all magnificent. I was dumbfounded with surprise and admiration. I felt like a Columbus discovering a new America, for here was the great guitar composer I had long given up hope of finding. I had been searching for him everywhere, among the countless pieces of music I bought throughout Russia and Europe. Afterwards, I had thrown them away in despair, finding them worthless rubbish, cooked up by talentless modern composers such as Padovetz, Carcassi, Bobrovich, Bayer, Soussman, Kuffner, Pettol (Pettoleti?), etc. In contrast, the music played by Mertz, to which I listened with ever-growing rapture, contained everything—rich composition, great musical knowledge, excellent development of an idea, unity, novelty, grandeur of style, absence of

trivial expression and multiplicity of harmonic effects. At the same time, there was the clear basic melody, which kept surging above the surface of arpeggios and chords. The effects were brilliant and daring. Basic to all this, he had a deep understanding of the instrument with all its possibilities and hidden secrets. In his full-hearted compositions, I liked the finales and introductions especially well, because they were unusual and were wonderfully developed. They could be removed from the rest and played separately without losing their power and musical significance. Thus, they could give full satisfaction to any listener.

After each piece, I asked him the same question and received the same answer—"Not published." "Why don't you publish them? Why keep this wonderful music from your admirers? Why do you allow the guitarists to feed on the tasteless compositions of Bobrovich and Padovetz and constantly remain hungry for want of musical beauty?" "I will tell you," said Mertz. "First, on seeing these, the publishers would say it was too difficult, that I would have to rearrange them. That would spoil the compositions. Second, as long as these compositions remain in my brief case, they remain *new* and are mine for my own concerts. Within six months after publication, they would become old. Further, they would become distorted and mutilated by those miserable guitarists who can only scratch the strings of the guitar."

"Would you care to sell me these manuscripts?" I asked. "With great pleasure," said Mertz, thereupon quoting a modest price. I told him of my experience with the manuscripts I had bought from Shultz. "Please do not imitate him and spoil the music by rewriting it to make it less difficult." "Oh, no, I respect you and myself far too much for that. I will write them for you note by note, exactly as they are." He kept his word. Within a week, he brought me five compositions written with great care and attention to detail.

As a performer, Mertz was without doubt, the best of the German guitarists I had heard. His playing was marked by power, energy, feeling, clarity and expression. However, he had the defects of the German school—the buzzing of basses, the smothering of very rapid passages at times. With respect to the embellishment and polishing of musical sentences and periods, Mertz was not on a par with Zani de Ferrant or Shultz. This was also true in respect to tenderness and softness of tone. As a performer, Shultz was much superior to Mertz. However, as a composer, Mertz ranked immeasurably higher than Shultz. He surpassed in originality, in aspiration and particularly in the understanding of the guitar as an instrument with all its possibilities and qualities.

A few days later, I again paid him a visit. Again he played for me. This time I heard compositions which he had written for the guitar with piano accompaniment. His wife, a good pianist, played that instrument. Mertz used a guitar with ten strings. In my opinion, the tenth string was absolutely superfluous, since it was a bass contra A. It seemed to me that one bass A was sufficient for the six string guitar. I had asked both Fisher and Schertzer to make my guitar with nine strings. It would be better to have a bass contra G, if it were possible. However, since the tone would have to be too low to be

distinctly heard, it was not practical. Six months later, after my return to Russia, I solved the problem of that bass, by adding a tenth string—an open bass G. This enriched the guitar tremendously, since it took care of the three tones of the scale, C. G. D and made available on open strings, the dominant, tonic and sub-dominant. To a large extent, this made playing easier. It also enlarged the harmonic possibilities of the guitar. Incidentally, as far back as 1840, I had made an important improvement in guitar construction—I had ordered a longer finger-board, which included two full octaves, adding five half tones to the guitar. This improvement was subsequently accepted by Stauffer and by Schertzer.

We remained in Vienna over three weeks. We liked that city very much. It has always remained in our minds as a sweet memory. What beautiful women! How charming, attentive and agreeable everyone there is—especially to foreigners! The cost of everything is amazingly cheap in Vienna. Here is an example:

Once, in a group of five, we went to Schoenbrunn. After a tour of the place, with its large number of portraits of Marie-Therese and her family, we went to the restaurant which had an excellent orchestra under Farbach. Seated around a large round table, we ordered a nine-course dinner, one bottle of Champagne two bottles of red wine, coffee and ice cream. That excellent dinner, with all the "extras", cost us only one rouble and fifty kopeks per person. We paid a cover charge of 12 florines and for a coach to take us there. For all this, the entire evening cost only 1 rouble and 80 kopeks per person. This would be absolutely impossible in our Petrograd or Moscow. First, there is no entertainment of this sort in Russia. Second, a dinner party on one of the better summer places, with poor tea and tasteless beef-steaks together with a glass of Swedish vodka would be much more expensive than an entire day filled with wonderful entertainment in Vienna.

On April 28th, we left for Prague, where I did not miss the opportunity to meet Stauffer. From Prague, we went to Dresden, Leipzig, Frankfurt and finally to Berlin, which was our last city before our return to Russia. The morning after our arrival in Berlin, I went to the Custom House to obtain my two guitars—those which were sent to me according to information I had received from Fisher and Schertzer, both of Vienna. With the greatest impatience, anxiety and curiosity, I carried the guitars back to my Hotel. The first one I chanced to remove from the strongly built wooden box, was the guitar made by Fisher. The finish was marvelous, but the tone was much inferior than that of my own instrument. That was a disappointment. I decided that Fisher was not a good guitar-maker.

I proceeded unwrapping the second guitar—Schertzer's guitar. I finally removed it and tuned it. With the first chords played, I could tell that it was much superior to Fisher's. The tone was stronger, richer and softer. The workmanship was excellent. The size was larger than any I had seen, but more important and completely new in guitar-making art, were two iron rods, placed lengthwise, inside the instrument.

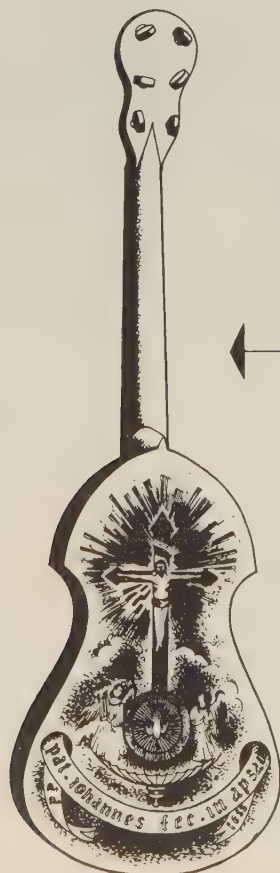
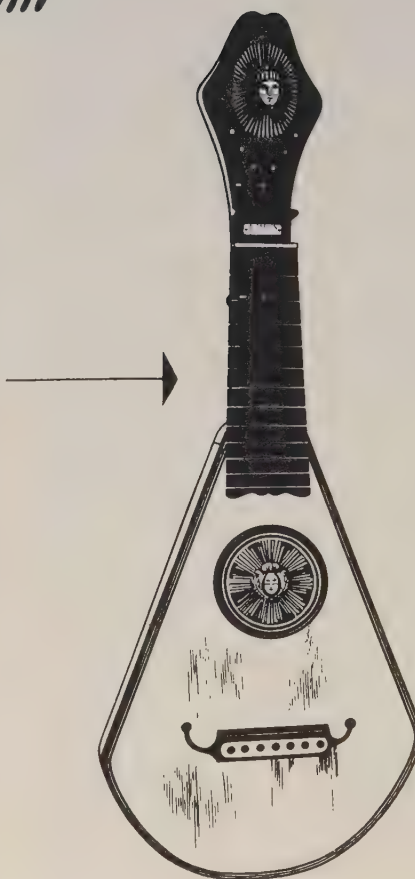
(To be continued)

the Museum

HARP GUITAR

The ingenuity of the guitar maker is nowhere more in evidence than in this harp guitar made by Levien of France about 1800. It has a trapeze-shaped body, formed of light wood with inlaid black purfling. The edge, as well as the sound hole on the sounding board, is decorated with ebony and ivory inlay or purfling. An unusual feature is the existence of a second sound hole on the back of the guitar, similar to that which is found on a harp. The finger-board is broad and flat and has twelve ivory frets. It has a flat head decorated with a gilt face surrounded by the conventionalized sun rays, usually described as a rose or "Roi de Soleil." The instrument has seven strings—three of gut and the remainder of silk wound with wire. It is tuned by means of seven brass pins on which it is necessary to use a key. There is an ornamented bridge to which the seven strings are fastened by ebony pegs.

Two of these guitars are known to exist in New York City. One is in the collection of musical instruments at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. This guitar has two small buttons behind the neck. By means of these, it is possible to raise the fourth and sixth strings a full-tone. A similar button, now missing, raised the fifth string a semi-tone. The second instrument is in the collection of Albert Augustine. On this one, the three buttons are intact. In addition, the sound hole is covered with a rosette with a coat of arms in gilt, matching the gilt head at the top.



GUITAR-TIROL

This guitar, in the collection at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, was made by Father John of Apsam in the Tirol in 1688. It has a shallow sound box with a flat head, the sides are incurved and the upper part has shoulders similar to those of the Viol. The sound-board is edged with white and black inlay having a round central pole decorated with geometrical roses. The ebony fingerboard has nine ivory and three wooden frets. It has a flat head with 6 pegs inserted from behind. Six gut strings were used on this guitar and were attached to an ebony bridge fixed to the sound-board.

This instrument is one of a large number of highly decorated ones which delight the student of today. Many, as this one, are so imaginatively ornamented and so finely executed, that they indicate an intense selfless devotion on the part of the maker. We have seen instruments worked with gold and silver, precious and semi-precious gems, woods of great rarity and value. We know of instruments made completely of ivory—others made completely of silver. We have seen instruments of such painstaking details that they must have taken years to complete. Each guitar maker has done his utmost according to his capacity. As a result, each is today a source of wonderment.

The guitar illustrated is beautifully decorated with a religious motive. Burned into the natural wood of the back, there is a representation of the Saviour on the Cross, a praying angel on either side. Below, a scroll bears the inscription "Pat. Johannes fec. in Apsam, A.D. 1688." Around the sides there is the following engraved motto, "Singe lieblich, singe klaar zum lob des Herren imer dar," "Sing sweetly, sing clearly in praise of the Lord forever here."

Drawing by George Giusti



GUITAR RUSSIAN

This instrument, made in Russia in the early part of the nineteenth century, is curiously modern in appearance. Obviously a far cry from the contemporary classic guitar, yet, by virtue of its severe functional lines, it could take its place in our own world of skyscrapers.

It has a pentagonal body formed of five boards of olive wood. The sound board is oblong and the sound hole is decorated by a raised ring of dark wood. The peg-box terminates in a reflex knob and has squared pegs inserted at the sides. Six strings pass over a brass bridge and are attached by six square-headed pins to the bottom of the instrument. The fact that there are no frets on the neck, would indicate that this instrument was meant to be played only on the open strings. Clearly it is a very simple and fairly primitive type of instrument, not to be confused with the so-called "Russian guitar"—an instrument with seven strings and a fretted neck. This guitar requires a highly developed technique to play.

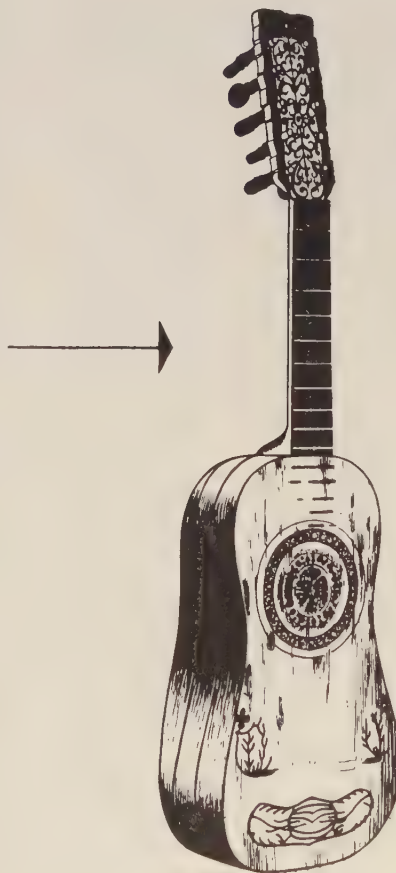
The guitar illustrated is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art Collection.

CHITARRA BATTENTE

This instrument from the collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, was made in the seventeenth century and is typical of the instruments in common usage at that time in Tuscany. The Italian chitarra is strung with wire strings, rather than the gut and "wound on silk" strings of the Spanish guitar. In this respect, it is similar to the German cithern and the old English cithern.

Guitar-type instruments of the sixteenth and seventeenth century are difficult to identify from contemporary literary references, since there was no definite nomenclature then in existence. Hence, there is a great deal of confusion when dealing with such instruments. It is clear, however, that the chitarra was one of a family of three—the chitarra, the chitarrone and the chitarrina. The chitarrone was a kind of theorbo, bass-lute, or double-necked lute of great length. It had two sets of strings, all wire. The lower set had twelve strings—the upper one had eight. The unusual length of this instrument (between five and six feet) afforded a great development to the bass. The third member, the chitarrina, is described by its name—the diminutive of chitarra.

The chitarra illustrated has a deep body, incurved sides made of three broad strips of wood. The rounded back is similarly made of seven strips of wood inlaid with black lines. The sound board is decorated with a raised paper ornamentation. The sound hole is outlined by an inlaid circle, as is the custom today. Covering the sound hole is a sunken rose pierced in the usual manner of the time. The head is flat—the design, typical of the Renaissance, is inlaid with ivory and ebony. The strings pass from the pegs over the bridge (now missing) and are fastened to five iron pins at the bottom of the instrument. The method of playing was to strike the strings with a short plectrum of wood or bone.



Drawing by George Giusti

a guitarist from Holland

Of timely interest are the following excerpts from a speech given before the Chicago Classic Guitar Society by Mr. Frederic Mulders, of Holland. We are grateful to the Chicago Society for permitting us to print from this speech, and we commend Mr. Mulders upon his intense, never-say-die spirit during times which must have been difficult beyond description.

By Mr. Mulders:

When I recently arrived in the United States, one of my first acts was to get in touch with the Chicago Classic Guitar Society, whose name had been given to me by Mr. Verdier, Director of Les Amis de la Guitare of Paris. Mr. Burgess suggested that I prepare a few remarks about the Paris society as well as some about the society I organized in my own country.

Called to Holland by the mobilization in 1939, I started at once to organize the Dutch guitarists, and within a short time we founded a society in honor of Constantyn Huygens, a Seventeenth Century Dutch diplomat, poet and lutenist who played several times at the Royal Court of England. A composer as well as a performer, he dedicated several compositions to *Ninon de l'Enclos*, who was a remarkable lutenist. Most of Huygen's works have unfortunately disappeared, but their rediscovery is hoped for.

Our Society, besides efforts to publicize the guitar as a classic instrument, tried to create a living for guitarists by urging that a part for guitar be included in chamber music. To this end we sought the co-operation of modern composers, offering rewards for chamber music with a part for guitar.

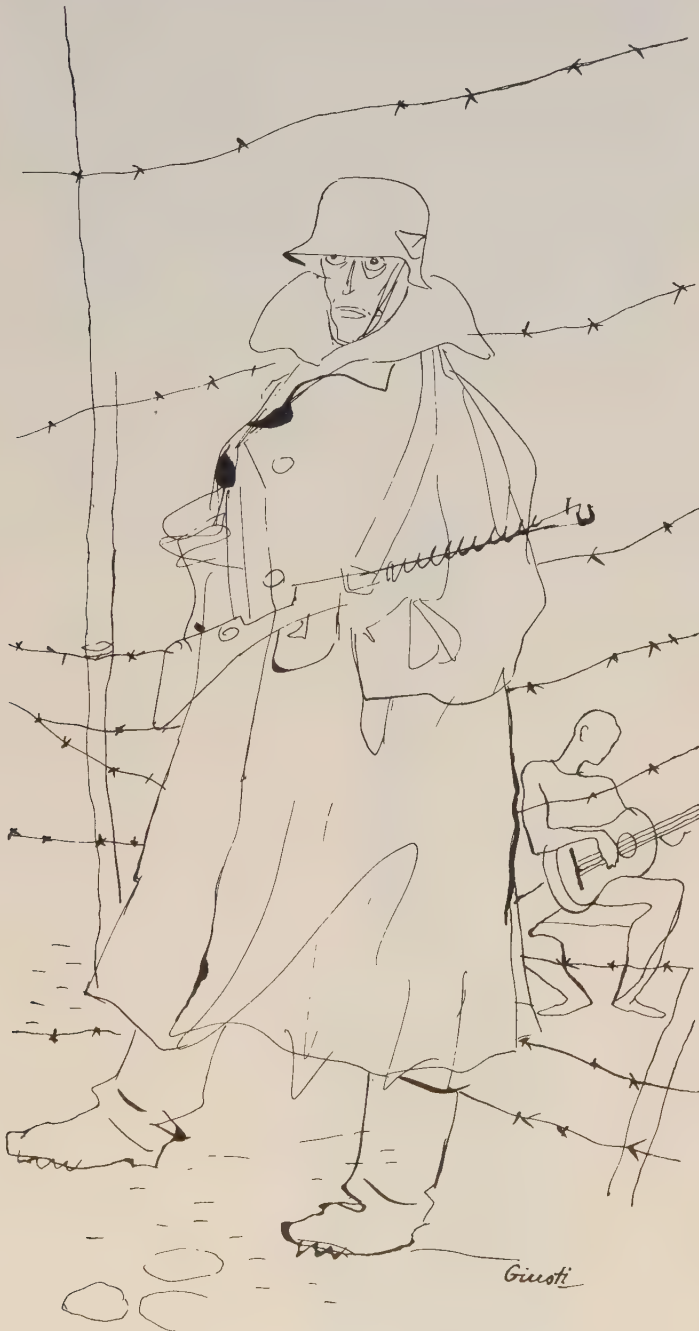
With the Nazi invasion and occupation grave difficulties arose. They forbade meetings, ordered us to expel all Jewish members, and wanted us to join their *Kulturkammer*. Collaboration would have given us enormous possibilities, for the Nazis spent fantastic sums on Art, which played an important part in their propaganda. We, however, disbanded the Society for the duration—and joined the Underground. For that, several of our members were executed, including Nico Richter, the composer, the sculptor Gerrit Van Veen and the guitarist Tom Koreman, a pupil of Pujol. The composer Marius Flothuis, the guitarist Win Caffel, and myself were sent to a concentration camp where we remained for several years. Here, by trickery, I managed to get a guitar. It had no strings, but some friends in the SS hospital gave me some sutures of gut, of which I made strings. During this time Flothuis composed a *Habanera* and a *Prelude* for solo guitar.

When War ended I managed to reach Paris with great difficulty, for my Government did not allow travelers to take money out of the country. In order to make a living in Paris, I copied music, danced in a Ballet, and was member of an acrobatic troupe. The members of *Les Amis de la Guitare* helped me greatly and placed their music libraries at my disposal. (My house, books and music had been burned when I was arrested.)

M. Verdier, Director of the Paris society is a man of sixty who has made his home into a Mecca for guitarists. In his library are to be found most of the lute and guitar music of all times, as well as almost all known literature upon the guitar. He has a marvelous collection of guitars, including one of Tárrega's, and numerous etchings of guitar subjects, one of which depicts a battle between the followers of Carulli and Molino, who are hitting each other over the head with guitars. M. Verdier has also cataloged the lute and guitar music in the French National Library, a monumental task. Another member who has done much research is the seventy year old Jean Lafon, who has discovered lost works by Weiss, Mouton, Campion, Corbet and others, of which he has made transcriptions of merit, as he has done also of works by Albeniz, Granados and other modern Spanish composers.

Two reunions are held each week in M. Verdier's home. On Thursday evenings the members can hear such performers as Miss Ida Presti, a 23 year old guitarist of undoubted ability, Miss Alice de Belleruche, a concert guitarist, Miss Macremier, a pupil of Pujol, Boredon, who has a regular radio program, and several others. On Friday afternoons the members meet to discuss and compare guitars, exchange ideas on the transcription of lute music and tablatures, discuss the possibility of writing flamenco music in present day notation, play rare records, or copy music found in M. Verdier's vast library.

In closing, I would like to mention the great difficulties under which Verdier and Lafon work at present. Musical research pays nothing, so it must be done in spare time. There is, however, no such thing as spare time, for it is necessary to work from dusk to dawn in order to pay the excessive prices caused by inflation and the black markets. One has to give four or five guitar lessons in order to pay for one pound of butter!



the Chronicle

AT HOME

THE SOCIETY OF THE CLASSIC GUITAR

Informal recitals for members of the Society and their friends are being held regularly at Steinway Hall in New York. Outstanding among the performers in recent recitals was *Eithne Golden*, regional singer, who accompanies herself expertly on the guitar. Miss Golden is well known to New Yorkers who can hear her regularly over radio station WNYC.

In various other recitals *V. Bobri*, *Mirko Markovich*, *Antonio Salatti* and *Vladimir Gabaeff* were heard. The latter, chairman of the Music Committee, is responsible for the arrangement of these interesting programs.

On March 8, 1947, The Society of the Classic Guitar presented one of its gifted members, *Roland Valdes-Blain*, in a concert at the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. He was heard by a good-sized, enthusiastic gathering of guitar lovers. Mr. Blain, playing with assurance and skill, performed the following numbers:

Luis Milan (Pavana), de Narváez (Guardame Las Vacas), de Visee (Suite in D Minor), J. S. Bach (Prelude, Allemande, Minuet, Bourree), Sor (Grand Sonata), Torroba (Suite Castellana), Ponce (Valse), Turina (Fandanguillo), and Albéniz (Leyenda).

Acclaimed by audience and critics alike as being greater than ever, Andrés Segovia, Honorary President of the Society of the Classic Guitar, delivered his only New York concert of the season in Town Hall on March 2, 1947. In his incomparable and brilliant style, Mr. Segovia gave a memorable performance of the famous Chaconne by Bach. This was followed by the Prelude, Fugue, Courante, Sarabande, Bourree and Gavotte, all written by Bach for the lute. Sonata Romantica by Ponce, Antano by Espla, Nor-teña by Crespo, Tonadilla by Granados and Leyenda by Albéniz completed the recital.

Olga Coelho, the brilliant soprano-guitarist from Brazil, a member of the Society of the Classic Guitar, delighted audiences in Town Hall and Times Hall, New York in February and March respectively, with typical programs which have made her an international favorite. Her folk songs of South America and classical pieces by Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Granados, de Falla, Segovia and Ovalle, provided a pleasant balance.

Julia André, a singer-guitarist and member of the Society presented a program of Latin-American Folk songs at the Barbizon Plaza Concert Hall, in New York on February 23, 1947. Miss André is a native of Colorado who has devoted considerable time in research on this type of song. Her program was well received by a good sized audience.

Old music, on old instruments played by young people, made up an unusual program on the night of March 5, 1947 at Times Hall in New York. Suzanne Bloch, an outstanding member of the Society of the Classic Guitar, together with her pupils playing the lute, virginals, recorder and viola da gamba delighted a large audience with her unusually fine performance, and sympathetic interpretation. The music played was originally scored for these venerable instruments. The program included the Four-part composition by Palestrina.

The 46th Annual Convention of followers of the fretted instruments, will be held in Springfield, Massachusetts, beginning June 3r 1947 through July 3rd, under the auspices of The American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists, and Guitarists. Headquarters will be the Hotel Kimball. Joseph F. Pizzitola is convention manager, and is located at 70 Worthington Street of that city.

We regret to inform our readers that Mr. Alfred Wesler resigned as an editor of the GUITAR REVIEW.

THE CHICAGO GUITAR SOCIETY

In February, Frederic Mulders of Les Amis de la Guitare of Paris addressed the Chicago Society. Mr. Mulders, a former pupil of Llóbet, plays extremely well. His notes indicate that his research in early Lute and Guitar Literature is authentic and exhaustive. (Editors Note: A resumé of Mr. Mulders' lecture is to be found elsewhere in this issue. Among Mr. Mulder's "finds" are sixty Sonatas for the Lute by Leopold Silvius Weiss.

The Chicago School of Music presented Richard S. Pick in a classic guitar recital on Feb. 23, 1947 in Kimball Hall. This concert was attended by an enthusiastic, large audience. Mr. Pick's program follows: Bach (Prelude, Andante, Bourree, Double, Sarabande), Francois Campion (3 Preludes, 2 Fugues), Richard S. Pick (3 Preludes, Reverie, Nocturne), Torroba (Preludio, Fandanguillo, Sonatina), Turina (Fandanguillo).

Dr. Ralph Reed, nationally known neuropsychiatrist, died on December 24, 1947 in Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. Reed, one of the most distinguished members of the Chicago Class Society, was a composer for the classic guitar. His loss is mourned by the entire guitar world.

AMERICAN GUITAR SOCIETY

Plans are under way for the Society's fourth Concert of Ancient Music, to be given sometime this Spring in California. Among other numbers, a Scarlatti song arranged for guitar by Segovia, will be presented.

On Feb. 9, 1947, the second British Composers concert was heard by A.G.S. members and their friends. The concert was devoted mainly to guitar solos and guitar ensembles. A group of English ballads were sung by Cecilia Cipriano. A large number of performers took part in the various ensemble groups. Vahdah Olcott-Bickford played the Sonata in A, Opus E by Terry Usher. This has four movements, Moderato, Andante espressivo, Minuet, Passacaglia. The same artist also played the Suite in the Style of the 17th Century by Terry Usher. This consists of a Prelude, Sarabande, Gavotte, Minuet and Gigue. Miss Bickford with Zarh M. Bickford at the piano gave the Society an interesting interpretation of Ernest Shand's "Premier Concerto, Op. 48, a serious work consisting of Largo, Leggiero, Serenade and Allegro ma non troppo. The last three mentioned compositions were here given their first American performance.

ATTENTION SUBSCRIBERS TO THE GUITAR REVIEW IN ENGLAND!

Subscriptions to the GUITAR REVIEW may be placed with any branch of W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., News agents and Booksellers, England. The price for foreign countries is \$3.00.

We are happy to announce that the following persons have consented to be contributing editors of the GUITAR REVIEW:

Mrs. Vahdah Olcott-Bickford, Secretary of the American Guitar Society of Los Angeles.

Dr. B. A. Perrott, President of the Philharmonic Society of Guitarists of London.

Mr. S. M. Appleby, President of the Manchester Guitar Circle, England.

Mr. Andrée Verdier, President of the Friends of the Guitar of France.

Mr. T. M. Hofmeester of the Chicago Guitar Society.

Mr. Eduardo D. Bensadon of the Association of the Guitarists of Argentina.

IRELAND

The Dublin Guitar Society sends us fraternal greetings. Mr. G. Edmund Lobo, the Chairman of the Society writes of the difficulty encountered by him in freeing his countrymen of their misconception of the possibilities of the guitar. The plectrum guitar is popular in Ireland. The Dublin Society is making use of the popularity of this instrument to foster a love for classical music. Mr. Cyril Lobo performs classical music on this guitar.

ENGLAND

Mr. Perrott, President of the Philharmonic Society of Guitarists, London, urges the promotion of a "World-wide Organization of Guitarists." He announces the formation of a new branch in Birmingham. Other recent affiliates of the P.S.G. are the Chicago Classic Guitar Society and the Ass'n of Austrian Guitarists, or Bund der Gitarristen Oesterreichs, in Vienna. The latter is headed by the brilliant guitarist, Professor Luise Walker.

The Cheltenham Guitar Circle recently presented the 13 year old guitarist, Julian Breen in a concert in that city. He played Handel-Tárrega (Chorale), Scarlatti-Segovia (Sonata in C), Albeniz-Garcia (Cadiz), Bach-Segovia (Courante), Rimsky-Korsakoff-V. O. Bickford (Estilo Popular), Sor (Andantino), Granados-Garcia (Spanish Dance No. 5), Turina (Fandanguillo), Ponce (Sonata Classica). Both press and public have acclaimed this boy. Mr. Wilfred Appleby gave a short lecture on Fernando Sor at the November meeting of the Circle. This was followed by a musical program of compositions by that composer, played by various members of the Circle.

The Manchester Guitar Circle presented a musical program at its December meeting. Mr. J. Ridinge, Mr. J. Ducker, Mr. Terry Usher and Mr. J. Duarte played solos. The latter played three Impromptus which were composed by him.

Mr. Maurice Ashurst played at the Liverpool University Spanish Circle Reunion on Dec. 10th. His recital was greatly appreciated by the Spanish students and their friends. It included 17th-century pieces by de Vizée, Prelude (Bach), Tremolo Study (Tárrega) and Segovia's charming little "Tonadilla".

ARGENTINA

The Asociacion Guitarristica Argentina sends us a report of the successful recital in Buenos Aires by Elsa Rosario Romeo, talented daughter of Antonio Romeo, the famous guitarist. Her program consisted of works by Sor, Turina, Chopin and Albéniz; in the Serenata op. 26 by Matiegka, she was assisted by her brothers Antonio (violin) and Elvio (viola).

For further news of Argentine guitar doings, the GUITAR REVIEW is indebted to Professor Ricardo Muñoz, distinguished Becario de la Comision Nacional de Cultura. In Buenos Aires on Nov. 23, 1947, the guitarist Maria Angelica Funes de Caparelli presented a program of works by Coste, Bach, Chopin, T. J. Morales, A. Fleury, Albéniz, Sor, Beethoven, A. V. Luna.

Ramon Ayestaran gave a concert in Buenos Aires playing works by de Visée, Narváez, Sanz, Ferrandiere, Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mussorgski, Villa-Lobos, Gilardi, and Parga.

Fanny Amanda Castro gave a concert in Buenos Aires in November at which she played works by de Visée, Tárrega, Granados, Sor, Gascon, Ponce, Fleury and Anido. Earlier in the year this same artist played before the Association. At this time she played works by Alais, Prat, Llóbet, Pujol, Morales and Anido.

Maria Luisa Anido performed in Buenos Aires in October, playing the guitar with a string quartette. She played works by Farnaby, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Sor, Llóbet, Del Olmo, Munoz, Aguirre, Anido.

La Asociacion Artistica de Buenos Aires presented in Nov. 1946, Nelly Miravalles in a program of works by Tárrega, Pujol, Terzi, Gottschalk, Muñoz, Fleury, Sagreras, Sor, Floriani, Ayestaran. Miss Miravalles presented this same program earlier in the year in Montevideo, Uruguay, before the Centro Guitarristico del Uruguay, Conrado P. Koch, Director.

MEXICO

The talented young Mexican guitarist, Gustave Lopez, was heard recently in a program of Bach and Sor, as well as Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Ponce, Torroba, Tárrega, Mendelssohn, and Malats. The Mexico City audience and newspaper critics acclaimed the guitarist for his authentic musical virtuosity, talent and masterful comprehension of the instrument.

V. Bobri, President of the Society of the Classic Guitar, returned to New York after a month's vacation in Mexico, with news of Mexican composers. The distinguished Manuel Ponce is recovering from a grave illness and is slowly resuming his work. At present, he is engaged in writing a composition for guitar and small orchestra for Andrés Segovia. He has already completed two small compositions entitled "Vignettes" for solo guitar. These were especially written for the GUITAR REVIEW, and will be part of the music supplement of an early issue of the magazine. The GUITAR REVIEW and the Society of the Classic Guitar both wish to thank Senor Ponce for his generosity and interest, and to express their pleasure at the news of his recovery. The famous composer, Morena-Torroba, who is now residing in Mexico City, has also promised music for the GUITAR REVIEW. The music, will be transcribed for the guitar by Andrés Segovia upon completion. Guillermo Gomez, venerable exponent of the classic guitar, is recovering from a severe attack of bronchitis and is planning a trip to New York this spring. Senor Gomez has expressed a willingness to appear in a concert under S.C.G. sponsorship. Three of his compositions have been presented to the GUITAR REVIEW and will appear in a future issue.

FRANCE

M. A. Verdier, President of Les Amis de la Guitare, writes from Paris, that Alfonso Broquá, died in Paris on the 24th of Nov., 1947 at the age of 70. Alfonso Broqua was born in Montevideo and was a pupil of Vincent D'Indy. He devoted his art mainly to the folk music of South America. An Honorary Member of Les Amis de la Guitare, he composed a series of works for that instrument which were fingered by Emilio Pujol. They were published in Paris.

In November, a concert was given by Les Amis de la Guitare in the Paris Conservatory of Music. Old instruments from the collection of the Conservatory Museum were used. Two guitars, which carry the signatures of Paganini and Berlioz and are said to have belonged to them, were played by M. Jean Borredon. M. Borredon sang the Mephisto Serenade from "The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz in its original version, accompanying himself on a guitar made in 1846. He also played two Minuets Opus 46 by Paganini, published in Berlin by Zimmerman.

The guitarist, Ida Presti was engaged by the French government for a series of concerts on the stipulation that she play only the works of Corsican guitarist-composers. On the 15th of January, 1947, she gave a concert in Baden-Baden in honor of Corsica. Her program included four pieces by Jaque Sesareli. Previously, in a concert in Marseille, she played the following: Torroba (Fandanguillo), Fortea (Andaluz), Turina (Fandanguillo), Pujol (Guajira), Tárrega (Recuerdos de la Alhambra), Coste (Etude 20), J. S. Bach (Prelude et Allemande), Granados (Ecos de la Paranda, Danse No. 5), Albéniz (Cordoba, Granada, Prelude des Chants d'Espagne).

ITALY

Mr. Romolo Ferrari, President of the Italian Guitar Congress, writes from Modena, Italy, to inform us of the recent death of Riccardo Vaccari, who was the editor of *La Chitarra di Bologna*. Mr. Ferrari also announces the new magazine devoted to the guitar, *L'Arte Chitarristica*, first published in January, 1947. This issue carries a report on the work of the 8th Modena Congress, a biography of Mozzani (a great conductor) and news of guitar activities in Italy. The address, Casa Editrice, Bèrben-Sede di Modena, Via F. Selmi '41, Modena, Italy.

a Letter

To the Editor, The GUITAR REVIEW:

It is not my habit to indulge in written polemics about such a difficult subject as the "schools" of playing an instrument. In my opinion, all the theories would prove to be nothing but mere words if not supported by the tangible proof of actual playing. The instrumentalist defends or condemns his method by the simple act of playing.

An oral debate would be just as useless since, to repeat, only actual playing would enforce and prove theories.

Nevertheless in a letter by Mr. Miguel Angel addressed to the GUITAR REVIEW there are some direct references to statements in my previous letter to the REVIEW, as well as some misquotations, which I would like to clarify, being personally involved.

The word "immoderate" is not connected with the quotation "somewhat amusing to the minority of those conversant with the instrument." The exact words: The contrast between former condescension (or downright contempt) and fervid admiration is nevertheless welcome, if somewhat amusing, to the minority, etc. The contrast is amusing, not the *immoderate acclaim*.

I find it necessary to quote my first letter to clarify the use of the word "potentialities": . . . In the flush of a "discovery", it would seem, of the potentialities inherent in the instrument," etc. I do not doubt that the careful reader will understand that this word is an indirect quotation from the public in general and critics specially since I use it preceded by the words, "it would seem."

In short I do not use the words as my own expression. The fact that I refer to these potentialities as the "realities of yesteryear" is sufficient proof, I think, that I am quoting the word. There are of course potentialities. There is a possibility of development, and this is a matter of speculation among concert guitarists and composers, but we must proceed from the highest point attained onward.

It seems, though, that some sectors of the guitar group insist on analyzing certain aspects of the technique of the instrument as if they were new, subject to speculation and drastic improvement. I understand it will be discouraging for them to realize that if and when they arrive at a "new conclusion," a little research will con-

vince them that the discovery was older than themselves. No honest artist will ever oppose research, and precisely those who possess the advanced techniques and the most extensive knowledge, are the most active in investigation. But it would seem contrary to the progress to which Mr. Angel refers so often (giving the subject a rather material quality). To go back and speculate upon commonplaces of Dionisio Aguado's time would be more harmful than complete inactivity.

I wish to clarify another aspect of my first letter. *It is* a waste of time and valuable space to undertake the analysis of some of the "schools" of playing when most of them do not even deserve the name and in the last analysis are nothing but personal views on unimportant and fragmentary aspects of the general technique. As far as my analytical ability permits me I have examined these "ways of playing" and am willing to discuss them through the proper medium: the guitar itself. Nevertheless, this very practical aspect of the art of playing is rather repulsive to anyone concerned above all with the noble end of producing art.

A little research on compositions of the XVIIth Century will prove to Mr. Angel that the technical equipment of the guitarists of that time was by far more developed than that of the representatives of new methods who do not seem to be capable of realizing on the instrument difficulties of a mechanical nature which were solved and exploited with ease three centuries ago.

Finally, I insist that a more dignified approach should be demanded of the guitarist. To mention only one expression of this lack of artistic dignity I would like to call the attention of every reader to an ad sponsored by the Contemporary Guitarists of New York in which the sponsors claim to have the answer to stage fright with "psychologically planned hot seat sessions." Unfortunately this type of approach is very common and there are many examples. I have given preference to this one because it is very recent.

I hope that I have clarified whatever was obscure in my first letter which I never intended to be a source of polemics, but rather a greeting to the GUITAR REVIEW and its readers.

JOSE REY DE LA TORRE





J. S. Bach

1685-1750

MARCH

J. S. Bach (1725)

This musical score is for a piece titled "MARCH" by J.S. Bach, composed in 1725. It is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The piece consists of eight measures. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1 through 4. There are several slurs and ties. A repeat sign is present at the beginning of the fourth measure. A first ending bracket is marked with a circled "2" at the end of the eighth measure. A second ending bracket is marked with a circled "4" at the end of the eighth measure. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

MINUET

J. S. Bach (1725)

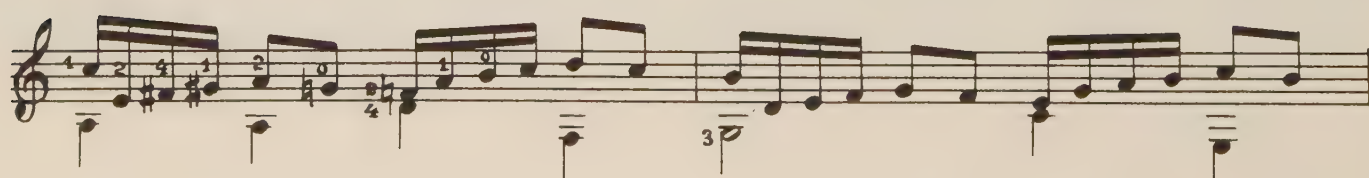
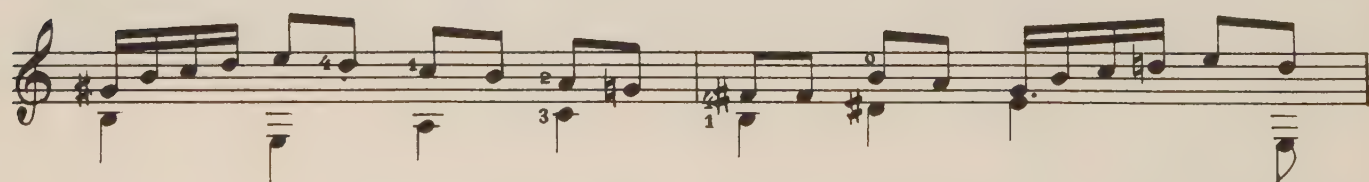
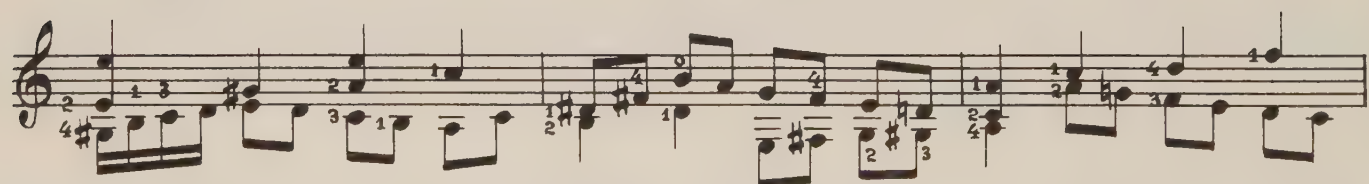
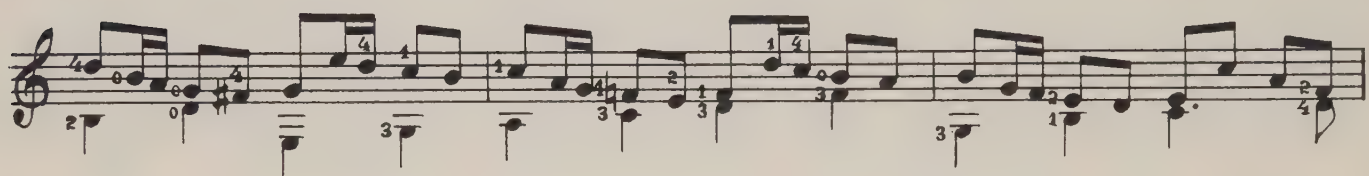
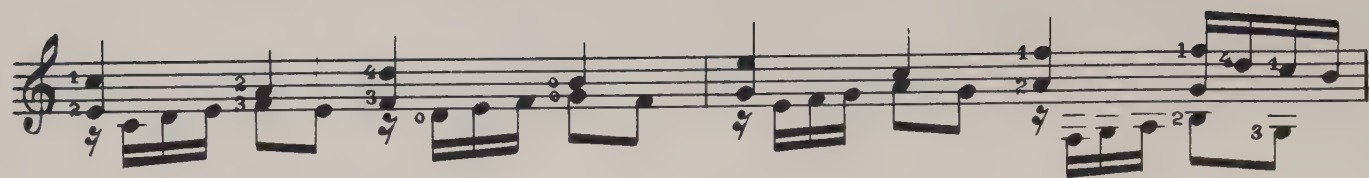
The musical score for Minuet by J.S. Bach, BWV 934, is presented in seven staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and ornaments. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4. Chord symbols (C.1 and C.3) are placed above the staff. A repeat sign is present at the end of the fifth staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the seventh staff.

FUGUE

J. G. Albrechtsberger (1736-1809)

Moderato assai

This musical score is for a fugue by J. G. Albrechtsberger, marked *Moderato assai*. It is written for a single melodic line on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score consists of six systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The second system continues the melody, featuring more complex rhythmic patterns and some accidentals. The third system shows the melody moving between the treble and bass staves. The fourth system includes the label 'C.3' above the staff, indicating a specific measure or section. The fifth system includes the label 'C.5' above the staff. The sixth system includes the label 'C.7' above the staff. The score concludes with a final measure marked 'C.2'.



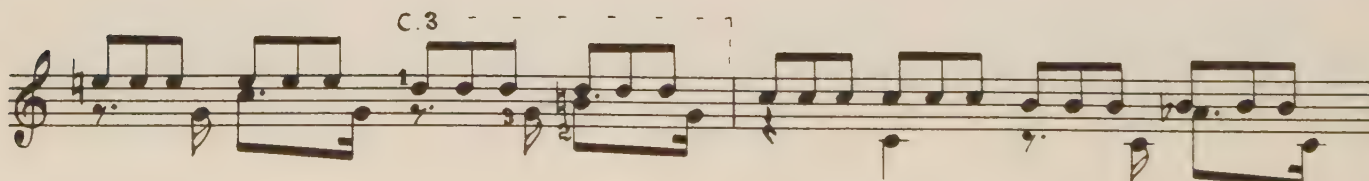
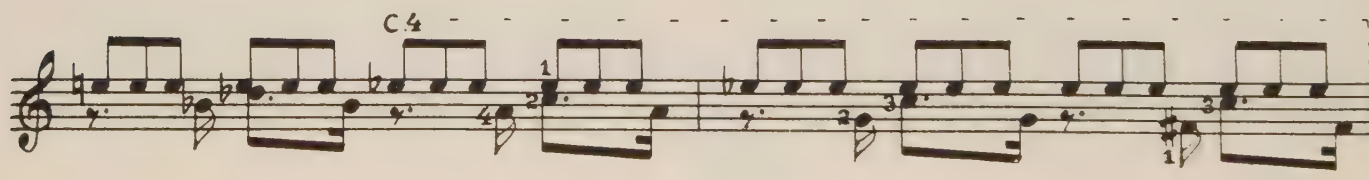
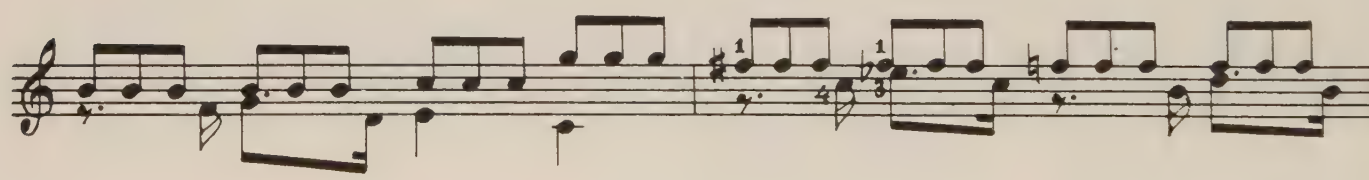
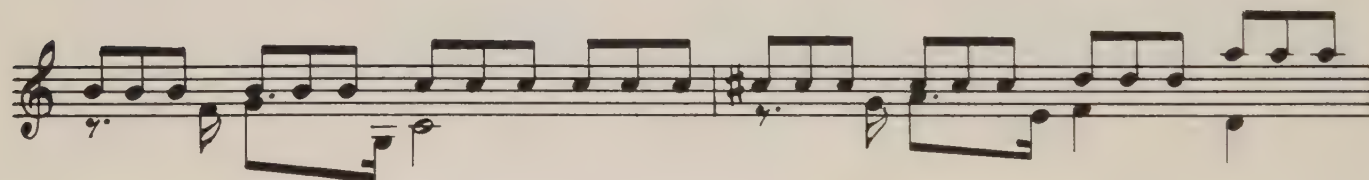
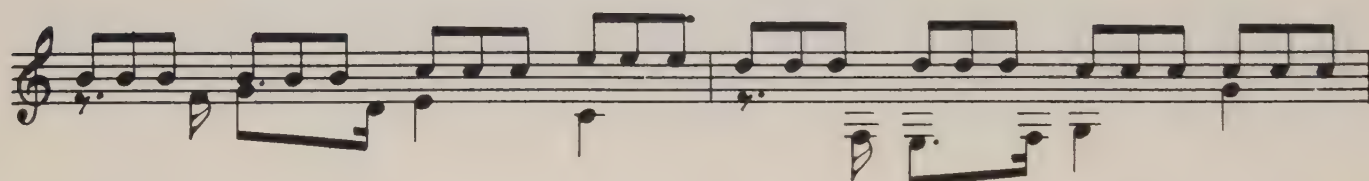
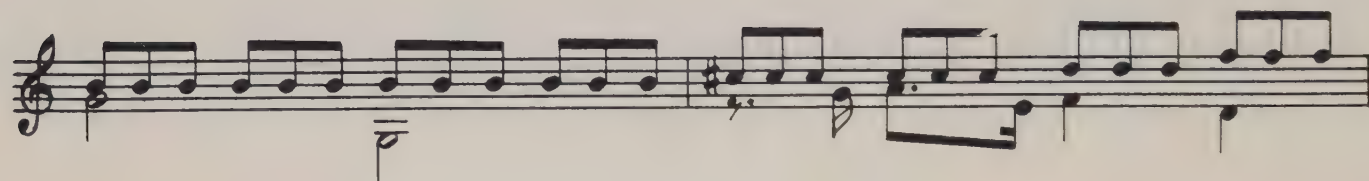
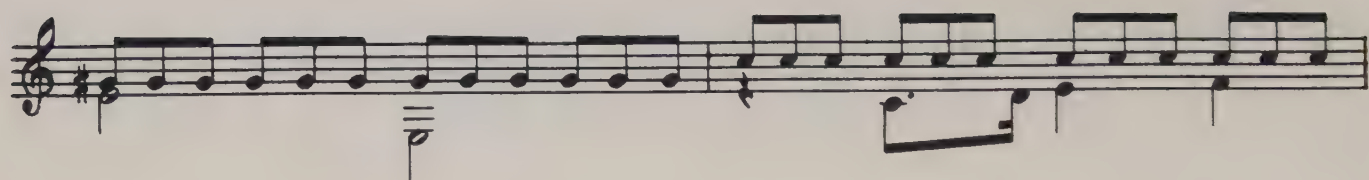
*E*TUDE

J. K. Mertz (1806-1856)

Grave

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and common time. The tempo is marked *Grave*. The dynamics and articulations are as follows:

- Staff 1: *p* (piano). The melody is a series of eighth notes, and the bass line consists of whole notes.
- Staff 2: *pp* (pianissimo). The melody continues with eighth notes, and the bass line has some rests.
- Staff 3: *dolce* (dolce). The melody includes some accidentals (sharps and naturals) and continues with eighth notes.
- Staff 4: *rit.* (ritardando) and *a tempo*. The melody includes fingerings (1, 3, 3, 4, 4, 1) and continues with eighth notes.
- Staff 5: *rit.* (ritardando). The melody includes a section marked *C.5* (Crescendo 5) and continues with eighth notes.
- Staff 6: *C.1* (Crescendo 1). The melody includes a section marked *C.1* and continues with eighth notes.
- Staff 7: The melody includes triplets (3) and continues with eighth notes.



*T*he fourth issue of the *GUITAR REVIEW* will be dedicated to:

ANDRÉS

SEGOVIA

It will include his complete autobiography, published for the first time, an article by the distinguished Argentine critic and musicologist, Carlos Vega, comments on the transcription of Bach's Chaconne by Marc Pincherle (the secretary of the Société Française de Musicologie) and a complete list of the recordings of Andrés Segovia compiled by T. M. Hofmeester, Jr. In addition, there will be a number of recent photographs and sketches of Mr. Segovia. The music supplement will be enlarged to ten pages and will consist of five original Preludes by Mr. Segovia, published for the first time.

Due to the tremendous importance of this issue (the first of its kind ever to be published) and the great value of the music supplement, we feel sure that many will want an extra copy because of its value as a collectors' item.

Only a limited number will be available. Each one who desires one or more extra copies should send his order at once. They will be sent postpaid at one dollar (\$1.00) per copy.

It will be smart not to wait too long.

The Guitar Review

409 E. 50th ST., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.



Special Andrés Segovia Issue

the

GUITAR

review



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CONTENTS

Cover

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Andrés Segovia

ARTICLES

The Guitar and Myself

The Artistry of Segovia

The Miracle Which Is Segovia

Segovia and the Guitar

To Andrés Segovia

Concerning the Chaconne

An Appeal to Concert Goers (Poem)

Dedicated to Andrés Segovia

Recordings by Andrés Segovia

Compiled by Theodorus M. Hofmeister, Jr.

Segovia As I Know Him

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DEPARTMENTS

The Editors' Corner

The Museum

MUSIC

Five Anecdotes

Written especially for The GUITAR REVIEW by

Andrés Segovia

Application for entry as second-class matter pending. Contributors' views are not necessarily those of the editors.

Owing to lack of space in this issue, The Chronicle, and the articles New Light on Paganini and Memoirs of Makaroff have been omitted. They will appear in the next issue.

the editor's Corner



Music is an ephemeral art. Unlike Architecture, Sculpture and Painting, there is no tangible reality to music, wherefore, the genius of the greatest inspiration can give us nothing more permanent than a few arbitrary symbols on sheets of prosaic paper. During his lifetime he may be able to interpret these symbols, either as a soloist or as a conductor, or he may nowadays give a semblance of permanence by means of recordings, a possibility which did not exist for Frescobaldi, the Scarlattis, Purcell, Weiss and the many others whose works are now in the hands of and dependent upon good, indifferent or bad performers.

The greatest composition can be no more than the limits of the performer permit; the greatest composition is dependent upon there being an equality between the composition and the performer of it. A poor musician is not a better one because he is playing a great composition, for its greatness will not help him. A great musician can make a poor composition sound better than it actually is, but this is not a true improvement which can lastingly benefit the composition. The ideal is to be found when the composition and the performer are equal to each other.

Andrés Segovia is always equal to whatever he is playing, whether it is a simple melody worked out from an ancient tablature or one of the mighty works of Bach. Segovia does not "interpret" music to us—what we hear is the music itself. Segovia is Bach—he is Albéniz, Weiss, Tárrega, Sor—Segovia is them, reincarnated in the works they perhaps hoped a Segovia might someday play.

Perhaps the most universal compliment that is ever paid to Segovia is, strangely enough, one that is never spoken. No one ever mentions Segovia's "technique." This is indeed high praise, for it means that so great is Segovia's Art that all art is concealed...which is what the definition of true Art calls for. There is no "technique" in Segovia's playing, which, to be paradoxical again, is because of his technical perfection. It is all Music.

It is all Segovia.

PAUL CARLTON.

the Guitar and Myself

By ANDRÉS SEGOVIA

Part One

THIS AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH which I am undertaking, limited by time and space, cannot be a river of sweeping and continuous current. Rather, it must be more like a chain of small lakes reflecting the past episodes of a life. I ask the reader's indulgence for the frequent and sudden changes of personalities, subjects and scenes. In spite of the rambling character of this narrative, two figures will travel through it constantly: the guitar and myself...

My cradle was Linares, one of the least picturesque towns of Andalusia. The greater part of the earth from the surrounding territory has been slowly removed during centuries of mining, and one must go quite far away to find again the beauty of the Andalusian countryside, or visit the neighboring towns to come in contact with the old seignorial way of living and enjoy its magnificent heritage of age-old churches and mansions. A short distance away, indeed, are such towns as Ubeda and Baeza, with few inhabitants but of a noble artistic lineage. Linares has no such beauties; there people dig wealth from the bowels of the earth, and go elsewhere to enjoy it.

In Linares I came into existence; in Granada I opened my eyes to all the beauty and pleasure of life. There the artist, whether painter, poet or musician, feels himself compelled to nurture the divine seeds which the Creator has deposited in his soul. Many civilizations, the Moorish above all, have left in Granada magnificent testimonies of their former sway. The beauty of those monuments to Moorish refinement and power is forever enhanced by the natural splendor of the surrounding countryside, which lifts itself in gentle hills or stretches out toward the horizon the lazy expanses of its plains. The lofty peaks of the distant Sierra Nevada watch over Granada and send it a cold breath, as though to temper its ardor. Rivers and brooks spring from its melted snows. The Arabs knew well how to use this richness, for with it they not only fertilized the soil to make it



bring forth plants and flowers, but gave to Granada a murmuring soul which can be heard singing gently in the night. The rippling voice of the water sounds everywhere in Granada, but in no spot more melodiously than in the wood of the Alhambra, where it harmonizes with the murmur of the ancient, leafy trees, and accompanies the passionate song of the nightingale. When I was a boy I used to spend hours there, listening in ecstasy.

My whole soul was resonant with music, but in Granada at that time there were no good teachers to direct my interest toward any of the instruments accepted in the concert hall. My experience was harsh indeed. I essayed the piano, but those who played it were so mediocre that the instrument became, in the phrase later penned by a humorous poet, "a rectangular monster which is made to scream when its teeth are drilled." I had no better luck with the violin or the 'cello. But the guitar, sweet and persuasive even in the rough hands of the people, attracted and captivated me.

I sought the company of the best flamenco players, and little by little I had to impose on myself the severe task of unlearning what they had taught me, as the conviction grew in my spirit that such a beautiful instrument must surely possess a literature as vast, noble and time-honored as that of any other. After long searching, I found a few works by Arcas, Sor and Tárrega.

With the scanty notions of solfeggio which I possessed at that time, I could hardly read the music I had found, so I patiently applied myself to the task of enriching my knowledge. And as I had to fight against the opposition of my family, there was no question of a teacher, a school, or any other of the usual methods of instruction. Secretly I acquired a solfeggio method and a book of music theory, and when everyone was asleep, I studied. With unremitting effort, I taught myself to be a good sight-reader, and thus

began my self-instruction. From that time forward, I was my own teacher and pupil, in a comradeship so firm and persevering that the most trying incidents of my life served only to strengthen the union...

A neighboring family discovered my passion for music, and undertook to foster it. I continued my school studies, and almost every day I asked permission of my family to do my homework in the neighbors' garden, where the venerable trees grew in greater number than in our own. When they let me go, I would shut myself up in a tiny room in the house of my benefactor, where I kept a new little guitar bought at the workshop of Benito Ferrer with the money I had saved by not spending for afternoon snacks, theaters, or other youthful extravagances. The slow training of my fingers to make them capable of molding into sound the notes written on a page, and the satisfaction of hearing, finally, the melodic and harmonic coordination which resulted from my laborious reading, was for me like taking part in a festival of the Gods...Time flew; and I was prudently warned of its flight by Eloisa, a girl older than I, but keenly sensitive to the fervor and strength of my vocation. Little by little, she advanced the hour of her warning and delayed that of my departure, until she had convinced herself that my youthful heart was as receptive to the warmth of natural affections as it was to the influence of art. This was my first sentimental lesson. The teacher was twenty-three years old, and I less than twelve...

Time went by, and my aunt and uncle, who had brought me up almost since the day of my birth, died. The guitar then began seriously to occupy the greater part of my time, even though the idea that I might dedicate my life to it professionally had not yet definitely taken shape in my mind. People of the neighborhood heard and applauded me, and all of them were astonished that so much could be done with the guitar. But noticing that I neglected my other studies, they reproached me. And if some conceded that my real vocation was music, and that I should go on with it, they were all agreed that I had erred in my selection, and that the guitar was an instrument without a future.

"People know of Sarasate, and of a great German pianist who was in Granada just a little while ago. But what guitar player has become famous outside the tavern?"

I lived at that time with my grandmother in one of those delightful houses set in the midst of a garden that the people of Granada called a *carmen*. It was in the Albaicín, and from the window of my bedroom I could see the profile of the Alhambra. On hot nights in spring I would spend hours there in quiet contemplation. One day a fascinating book fell into my hands: "Granada," by Angel Ganivet. I wanted to learn about the life and premature death of its author, so an old friend of mine introduced me in the house of some of Ganivet's nearest relatives. I spoke of the book with such enthusiasm, extolling the charm of its style and sharing the author's ideas about the deplorable transformation of the city and what might still be done to save it from ruin and neglect, that the whole family took me to their hearts. The daughter, named Encarnación, was a typical *Andaluza*. Graceful, pretty and vivacious, she seemed to have a bird's nest in her heart, and her eyes were always sparkling with impish good spirits...I was

surprised when her father, in the course of that first evening, asked her to play the guitar. And they were even more surprised when I, after listening to her with pleasure, took the instrument in my hands and began to play. What she had played belonged to the popular Andalusian style of music called *flamenco*. What they heard me play was an innocent little work by Tárrega, *Capricho Árabe*, at that time the monumental achievement in my repertoire...The music linked our two hearts as a "tie" links two notes of music. When I said good-bye that night, I pressed her hand just a little harder than one usually does, and waited. A current of fire ran up my arm, as I felt her softly responding to my pressure...From that night, I swore a new devotion to Angel Ganivet...

We loved each other dearly, even though the skies of our affection were always stormy. She was eight years older than I, and this difference disturbed her. But it was she who made the first prophecies about my future as an artist, and although I did not share such glowing anticipation, I liked to hear her speak to me about it. Feminine voices have always brought me mysterious intimations of my destiny.

I was becoming well known in Granada. I was taken to the Centro Artístico, and there made friendships with sculptors, painters, journalists and musicians. All of them received me with more than the usual kindness, and each one of them increased the number of my friends, while the time left me to complete the studies for my degree was running out. Any sensible person would have thought that my present was not exactly free from reproach or my future from danger. My own grandmother shared the alarm and worry of the others.

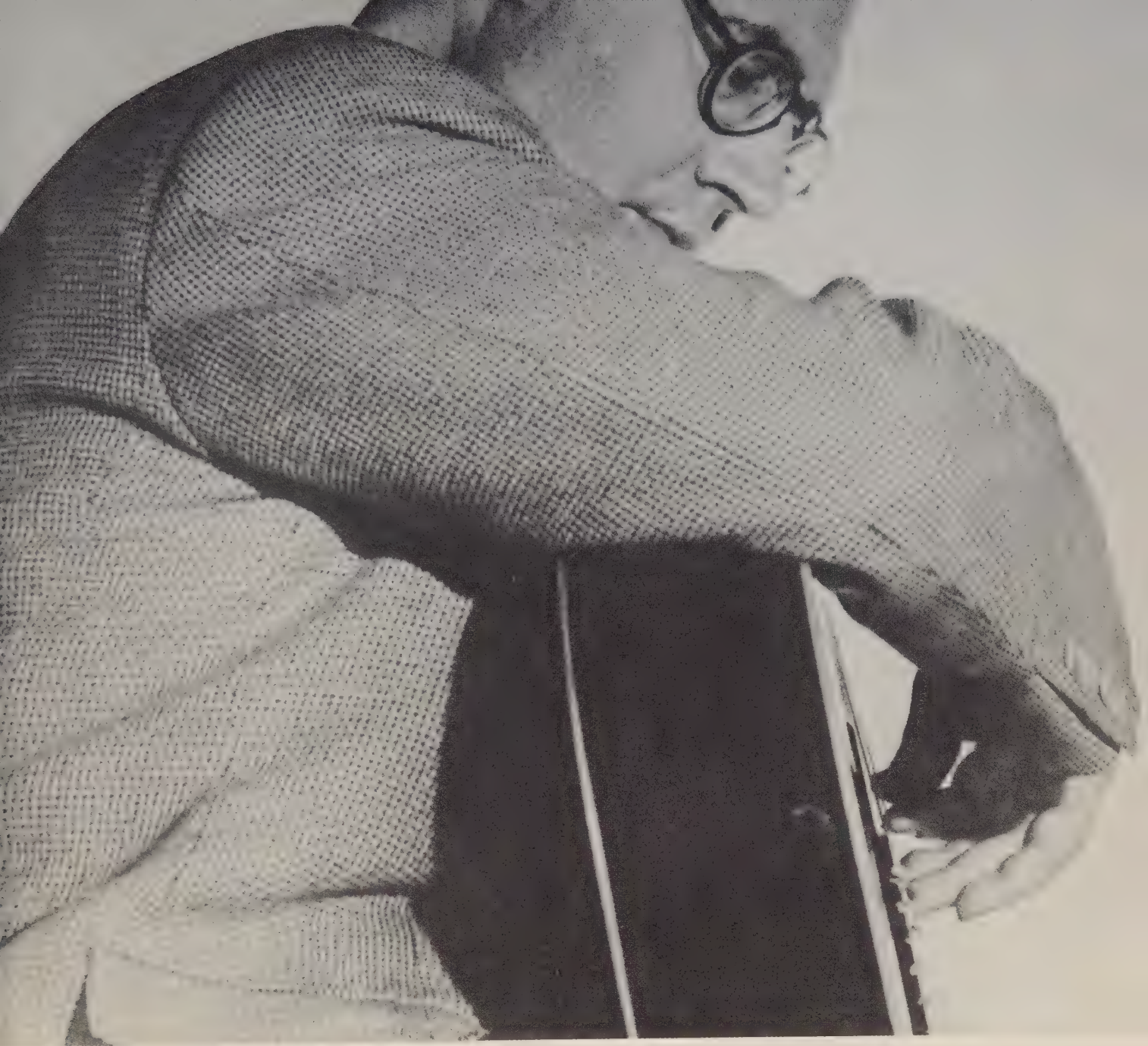
"He spends the whole day playing the guitar, sometimes by himself, sometimes with his friends," she would exclaim in consternation.

Encarnación was finally won over by the fears of her family, and we broke off our relations. The father died shortly thereafter, and the mother convinced her daughter that the family's salvation from poverty was to be achieved by her marrying a wealthy suitor. She accepted the sacrifice. One night, just before the wedding, I decided to play her a serenade. At two in the morning I sat down beneath her balcony and in the white silence of the winter moonlight, my guitar began to sound...I played with persuasive sadness, fixing my eyes on the closed shutters of her window. After three or four pieces, I thought that I could see a shadow moving behind the panes. Just as I was waiting, shaken by emotion, for the face of Encarnación to appear, the irritated voice of a poor sleepless neighbor cried out impatiently, "Would you be so good as to tune your guitar, for the love of Heaven, and play something cheerful?"

CÓRDOBA

The small legacy left by my aunt and uncle was soon exhausted, and my grandmother and I had to separate. She went to Málaga to live near her daughter Gertrudis, a Sister in the Order of St. Bernard. I joined my mother in Córdoba.

My character had been molded by my uncle, don Eduardo, a noble, cultivated and upright gentleman whose



Wagner

memory I hold in reverence. I found it difficult to accustom myself to my own family's way of living, and to put up with my brother was extremely trying, so after a few months, I rented a small room, to which I transferred all my worldly goods: that is, a bed, a table, two chairs, my guitar, my music and my books. Within the bare and narrow confines of that cell, I felt free and happy.

I began at once to make friends. Don Fermin Garrido, a well-known physician of Granada, gave the news of my presence in Córdoba to don Tomás, his nearest relative, who was an amateur guitarist and the jealous guardian of a number of manuscripts of Tárrega. He opened his treasures to me, and thanks to him I increased my repertoire. At the same time, this inspired me to intensify my studies, and the new problems which they presented led me to work more methodically and efficiently on my technique. Out of each difficult passage I made a new study, now for the left hand, now for the right, now for both simultaneously. At times I ceased to regard the motif I had chosen as part of a specific work, and elevated it to a superior level of exercise, in which was latent the promise of victory over more general difficulties.

When I was tired of working or reading, I would go out for a walk through the city, gradually acquainting myself with its innumerable beauties of Roman, Christian and Arab origin. Córdoba is so old that life has made of it a backwater. Everything is quiet, poetic and deep. Except for the principal thoroughfares, the streets are narrow and winding. The houses are built close together, like old women who help each other to support the weight of the centuries. Often through the grilled doorways I would catch a glimpse of patios so beautiful and spacious, so full of plants, flowers, birds and fountains, that they were like the gardens of paradise; sometimes they were even peopled by the Houris that the Prophet promises to the faithful.

Not far from the Mosque, contemplating the tranquil passage of the river Guadalquivir, stands the Gate of Trajan, the Roman Emperor born in Córdoba, and the old Roman bridge, whose mighty loins have borne the passage of milleniums.

All good Córdovans, now as in the time of Seneca, give expression to their thoughts in a concise and sententious form of speech. A wealthy Córdovan received a young Roman nearly two thousand years ago, and when the guest spoke too much about himself, his patrician host restrained his loquacity with a gesture: "Be silent, young man," he said, "so I may know you." The famous bullfighter Guerita, who died not long ago, was once asked, "Who do you think is the greatest bullfighter that ever lived?" "The best is myself," he answered, "after me, no one; after that, Lagartijo..."

One of my new friends took me to the house of the M-family, composed of a sickly, nagging, absent-minded gentleman and his three nieces, Elvira, Juanita and Laura, named in the order of their age. The eldest taught the piano in a music school; the second kept house, and in her leisure hours drew feline laments from the violin. Laura, the prettiest, dreamiest and gentlest of the three, studied the piano with her elder sister; music could not awaken poetic or emotive echoes in her soul, but she did feel in it a certain

superficial and passing delight. Her eyes, of a deep green, seemed to shed a mysterious light over everything that they contemplated... Her mouth smiled continually, with brevity and sweetness, or at times with the delicate malice of the Mona Lisa.

In spite of the strong dislike which the uncle had shown for me from the first moment, the girls wanted to be friends with me, and my visits grew more frequent. I was attracted more by Laura than by the others, and thanks to her, I realized what it meant to study with discipline so varied and complex an instrument as the piano. I understood then that the methods for studying the guitar were of a Franciscan poverty compared to the number, variety and progressive order of the exercises contained in any book of piano technique, whether elementary or advanced. Far from discouraging me, however, this realization kindled in me a new interest in the problems of my own instrument. I carefully observed the efficacy of each study, how it made the fingers work, and what degree of independence, strength and agility it developed in them. When I got back to my room, I would try to apply my observations to the technique of the guitar, and it brought me an indescribable joy to discover that the exercises I had worked out were also increasing the vigor, elasticity and rapidity of my fingers. So great was the emotion aroused in me at times by the victories won through tenacity and hard work that I would stop for a moment and give thanks to God for the help I had been granted. All those exercises were written down and numbered, so that at some later time they might be arranged and correlated according to their usefulness.

I would like to say to the guitarists who have the patience to read these lines that my fingering of diatonic scales and certain unpublished exercises, used by teachers and students at the present time, date from that period. Such was the firmness of my dedication to the guitar and the sureness with which it guided my studies, that I have not had to change or modify any of these exercises later, and after long years of practice and experience I am still satisfied with the results of those early labors. Intuition, when it is at the service of real aptitude and inspired by a willingness to work, shortens the road of learning.

It was the beautiful hands of Laura that first played for me the works of Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, Mendelssohn... I am still moved when I remember those evenings on which Laura read the works of the masters. Naturally her fingers were heavy in the difficult passages and winged in the easy ones; of course her little foot often slept on the pedal, and she put the accents in the wrong places. But no matter... the intoxication of those romantic harmonies I was drinking in with such eagerness seemed to raise in my fantasy a flight of homing pigeons carrying back to some place lost in infinity the desires, sorrows, hopes and yearnings of my heart. The smiling eyes of Laura rested on me softly, and became clouded when they saw my agitation. I sighed, realizing that it was not she who stirred such deep emotions within me, but rather that they were born of the poetic mystery of music, and would lead me no one could tell where...

Some months went by, and I made great progress. At that time I came into possession of a harmony method by an old Spanish music professor named Hilarion Eslava, and I devoured it at one reading. Then followed long hours of solitary labor. The application to the guitar of the succession of four-voice chords was almost always impossible, and this retarded my comprehension of harmony in movement. I made titanic efforts to hear it mentally. Sometimes I would take up the guitar and try each chord by itself, trying to link it mentally to the one that followed...I strained my memory to the utmost trying to remember the sound of the preceding voices...Exhausted, I would go to Laura and ask her to play the music on the piano, and the joy of hearing the pure harmonies that came out of those exercises was my reward...How many false starts I made, how many stabs in the dark, for lack of a teacher's clear guidance!

Another important factor in the advancement of my art at that time was my friendship with Luis S. A good pianist, with an agile comprehension of music, undisciplined and gay, he held various official positions, despite his youth, and was also the accepted artist of the neighborhood. His father nourished the fond hope of making a world-famous artist out of him, and to give him practice, he used to gather periodically in the patio of his house a group of about twenty of his friends, who listened to Luis' playing and applauded indiscriminately. In my thirst for knowledge, I found Luis an expert guide through the intricate and marvellous realm of music. Together we went over the works of Bach, Haydn, Mozart. With a certain superstitious awe we contemplated the immeasurable greatness of the first of these. Bach was like that gigantic tree of which an Andalusian, graceful master of exaggeration, used to say: "If it's tall, it takes two men to look at it; when one gets tired, the other comes and begins to look where the other left off, until he reaches the top..." I was like that second man looking at the tree. When Luis grew tired, I came to his aid, and between the two of us we were able to perceive the majestic grandeur of the Master. Haydn's was for us the wholesome and good-natured talent, without a trace of the bitterness of other resentful and malicious geniuses... And as for Mozart, he was our Child-God. To him we always returned from any musical excursion, however remote, to enjoy the enchantment of his springlike grace, so close to the spirit of our own youth.

In my heart I was profoundly saddened by the realization that my instrument lacked such marvellous music. The piano, which is more fortunate than any other instrument in the extent of its repertory, is nevertheless the most neutral and colorless of them all. It does no more to music than a receptacle of transparent crystal does to water. The violin or the 'cello add to the music written for them the human warmth of their timbre, and the music played by an orchestra is like a rain of colors. The guitar condenses and refines the music played on it as the hundred fragrances of the forest are condensed and refined in a tiny flask.

The poverty of the guitar impelled me to seek earnestly a means of giving it a more profound and adequate language, superior to the limited dialect of the time; thus when it should be called upon to express ideas and sentiments of

a greater scope, it would be ready for them, in the sense that the channel of its technique would have been widened and deepened.

Through my friendship with Luis I became acquainted with a young aristocrat from Seville, Rafael de Montis, who lived most of the time in Germany and permitted himself the luxury of studying the piano with d'Albert. And a luxury, in truth, is all these lessons ever were. In spite of his very evident talent and feeling for music, he lacked the diligence he would have needed to submit himself to the mortification and penance of sustained and fruitful labor. When he played, he was the personification of inconstancy. He never finished what he was playing, but flitted like a butterfly over difficult passages and random phrases, always showing his facility rather than his application, and in the end he exhausted the patience of his listeners. Nevertheless, in justice to him it must be said that his critical faculty in regard to music was unerring, and this immediately gave him authority among us. Furthermore, he was undeniably familiar with the interpretation of each celebrated artist, for he was proud of his personal friendship with many of them; and finally, he was gifted with natural good taste.

Mr. de Montis heard me play at Luis' house, and at once exhorted me, with enthusiastic arguments, to leave Córdoba and later to go beyond the confines of Spain. His suggestions and offers robbed me of many nights' sleep. Those who had condescended to hear me before that time, in both Granada and Córdoba, were friends or acquaintances of mine whose opinions as to the results of my labors lacked sufficient validity to be convincing. Naturally I liked being able to give them pleasure, and when I felt that they had not enjoyed my playing as much as I had hoped, it was more my own ability as an artist that I doubted than the musical appreciation of my small and improvised audience. Besides, when they praised me they could seldom resist the temptation to have their little dig at the guitar. They were all the same.

And so it caused a profound agitation in my spirit to hear a musician who had lived abroad, and who enjoyed a certain social position that gave him authority in spite of his youth, judge my playing so kindly, without adding any disparaging remarks about my instrument. That confidence without which the artist cannot triumph, no matter how great his devotion, sprang in the hidden depths of my being. And I decided I would be the apostle of the guitar, or to put it more exactly, her husband before God, swearing to provide her with all that she might need so that in the future the world might respect her and receive her with the honor she deserved...And more than all that... I would be entirely faithful...

I resolved to push my regular studies still further into the background so that I might devote more of my time to the guitar. And I undertook my first worldly enterprise: that of winning over to the support of my hopes some friend who would help me to organize my first concert. To Miguel Ceron, a noble, generous, albeit somewhat somber character, I wrote a lengthy General Confession. By return mail I received a letter expressing his interest and offering to

be the intermediary between me and the *Centro Artístico* of Granada. Despite the offers of Rafael de Montis, I had rejected the idea of making my first appearance in Seville...I wanted to try my fortune in a city in which old friends would make up with their affection for my failure, if such it should be, or would share with me the happiness of my first success. Also, I cherished the secret desire that Encarnación should feel a share in my triumph on seeing that her prophecies about my life were beginning to come true...

The first guitar recital of my career took place in Granada in the year 1910. I was not fourteen, as has often been mistakenly related, but sixteen. I played at the *Centro Artístico*, and the program, if I remember correctly, consisted of short works and transcriptions by Tárrega, and something of my own, today completely forgotten. When I read the review of my concert next day in the *Defensor de Granada*, the town's leading newspaper, I felt as though a new world had opened before me...I put a firm foot on land and began to walk forward...

SEVILLE

I went back to Córdoba, and a few weeks later took myself to Seville. What a subtle physical well-being a traveler feels when he enters the City of Grace! Before his eyes begin to see or his ears to hear, such a strong sense of the joy of living invades him that his heart frisks like a colt.

I need hardly say that the first person to whom I offered my respects was Rafael de Montis. He gave me a warm welcome, and fulfilled to the letter the cordial offers he had made to me in Córdoba. He gathered in his house the most distinguished musicians in Seville and a few of his other friends, and I, with that irresistible desire to convince that dominates any young artist, played for a long time. Several things I even repeated.

(The result of that gathering was my first concert in the Ateneo, followed by many others in various theatres and private houses, to the number of fifteen...)

When I went to get my overcoat before leaving, I found in the buttonhole of my lapel a magnificent red carnation. The little hand of Maria, Rafael's younger sister, had put it there. She had not wanted to be present among those who had come to hear me, and had listened, alone, from an adjoining room. That flower was her applause...She herself told me so, the next day when I went back to the house. I was instantly captivated by the picaresque charm of her Sevillian face, her exaggerated way of expressing herself, her laugh that made one think of a little glass bell, her Andalusian sayings, and I don't know how many other delightful things...Looking and looking at her, I would recall that song which seemed to have been written for her:

"...¿Con que te lavas la cara
que tan rebonita estas?
...Me lavo con agua clara...
y Dios pone lo demas..."

"...With what wash thou thy face
That it becomes so pretty?
...I wash it with clear water
And God does the rest..."

She and Seville were the same: radiant skies, dark earth and flowers...And my feeling for her and for Seville was one...I lived there for a year. When her family became aware of our affection for each other, they demanded that we should conduct ourselves like officially-declared sweethearts, that is, we would have to converse through the grating of her balcony rather than directly...The iron bars of the Andalusian windows draw two people together more than they separate them...but maternal prudence pretends to be unaware of this...

Our love faded into the distance...At last I was able to free myself from the double enchantment of the Giralda, sweetheart of all *sevillanos*, and of Maria, who was my own graceful Giralda...And I began my wanderings through the world...

I regret the necessity for condensing these memoirs, omitting so many happenings and neglecting to mention so many friends...But I cannot leave out Miguel del Pino. A true Spanish painter, a subtle spirit nourished on sound doctrines, an intelligent and active melomaniac (he composes fugues with scarcely any knowledge even of solfeggio), he was my comrade in glory and sorrow, from Seville to Madrid and from there to Paris, London, Rome, and Buenos Aires, where he is now living. He has been the loyal confidant of all the ups and downs, all the conflicts of my artistic and my personal life. And I do not say my counselor, for I am like that sly *granadino* who replied to those who would give him advice: "Pardon me but you needn't try to advise me, I'd rather make my own mistakes..."

(To be continued)

EDITORS' NOTE: It had first been intended to print only a condensed version of this notable autobiography, but knowing with what great interest it would be read by all, it has been decided to print it in its entirety, necessitating several issues for its completion. In addition to this translation by Miss Eithne Golden, it is also being published in the original Spanish for distribution in Spanish-speaking countries.



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La Guitarra y Yo

POR ANDRES SEGOVIA

La narración biográfica que emprendo, limitada estrechamente por el tiempo y el espacio, no puede ser río de corriente caudalosa y continua; mas bien algo así como pequeñas lagunas en que se reflejaron episodios pasados de una vida. Pérdone el lector los frecuentes cambios de personajes, asuntos y escenas. A pesar de la dispersión de este relato, dos seres viajarán siempre en él: La guitarra y yo...



Fué mi cuna Linares, uno de los pueblecitos menos pintorescos de la bella Andalucía. La mayor parte del terreno en que está situado ha sido, desde fechas remotas, profundamente removido por trabajos de minería. Hay que alejarse de él para hallar otra vez la gracia del paisaje andaluz, o penetrar en otras villas de las cercanías para ponerse en contacto con la vida señorial, y gozar de su herencia magnífica de templos y mansiones seculares. A poca distancia, se encuentran precisamente Ubeda y Baeza, de escasos habitantes pero de nobles pergaminos artísticos. Linares carece de ellos. La gente busca en las entrañas de su suelo la fortuna y se va a gozarla a otros lugares...

En Linares nací físicamente al mundo, en Granada abrí los ojos a todo lo amable y bello de la vida. El artista (pintor, poeta o músico) se siente en ella impelido a llevar a su crecimiento y desarrollo las semillas divinas que el Creador depositó en su alma. De distintas civilizaciones, árabe sobre todo, quedan en Granada testimonios magníficos. La belleza de esas obras de refinamiento y poderío está permanentemente realzada por el esplendor de la naturaleza circundante, que se alza en suaves colinas o se extiende, perezosa, en la llanura de sus vegas... La distante Sierra Nevada vigila a Granada desde sus altísimos picos y le envía un hálito frío como para moderar su ardor. De ella mana, por ríos y arroyuelos, el agua de sus nieves derretidas. Los árabes supieron aprovechar esa riqueza, no solo fertilizando la tierra para siembras y plantaciones, sino dotando a la ciudad de un alma rumorosa que canta suavemente en la noche. Por doquier se escucha la voz rizada del agua. Pero en ninguna parte tan bellamente como en el bosque de la Alhambra, armonizándose con el murmullo de los viejos árboles frondosos, y acompañando la apasionada melodía del ruiseñor. Cuando yo era muchacho, allí me pasaba las horas escuchando, en éxtasis.

Mi alma entera resonaba con la música, pero en Granada no había entonces buenos maestros que supieran inclinar mi vocación hacia ninguno de los instrumentos admitidos en las salas de conciertos. Mi experiencia fué muy dura. Me acerqué al piano, y quien lo enseñaba era tan seco y mediocre, que lo convertía, según decía más tarde un poeta festivo, "en un monstruo rectangular, a quien se le hace gritar hurgándole en la dentadura." No fui mas afortunado con el violín ni con el 'cello. La guitarra, en cambio, dulce y persuasiva, aún en las toscas manos del pueblo, me atrajo y cautivó.

Busqué la compañía de los mejores tocadores de flamenco, y poco a poco tuve que imponerme la áspera tarea de desaprender lo que me enseñaron, a medida que iba naciendo en mi espíritu la creencia de que tan bello instrumento había de contar con música escrita para él, tan vasta, noble y añeja como para los otros. Y tras numerosas pesquisas hallé algunas piezas de Arcas, de Sor y de Tárrega.

Las escasas nociones que yo tenía de solfeo eran insuficientes para describir las. Entonces me apliqué pacientemente a enriquecerlas. Y como tenía que luchar contra la obstinada oposición de mi familia, había que descartar maestro, escuela u otro medio declarado de instrucción. Adquirí secretamente un método de solfeo y una teoría de la Música; y mientras la gente de casa dormía yo me entregaba al estudio. Multiplicando mi esfuerzo, llegué *solo*, a ser un buen solista. Así inauguré mi autoenseñanza. En adelante sería mi maestro y mi discípulo, en camaradería tan solidaria y perseverante, que las peripecias más desagradables de mi vida no hicieron sino reforzar la unión...

Unos vecinos de casa descubrieron mi vehemente vocación por la música y la apadrinaron. Yo seguía el estudio del Bachillerato, y casi todos los días pedía permiso a mi familia para ir a repasar las lecciones al jardín del vecino, mas poblado de viejos arboles que el nuestro. Cuando me lo concedía, allá iba yo a encerrarme en un cuartito de la casa de mi bienhechor, en donde guardaba una guitarra nuevecita comprada en el taller de Benito Ferrer con el dinero economizado en la merienda, el cine y demás expansiones infantiles. Ir preparando despaciosamente los dedos para hacerlos aptos a la plasmación sonora de las páginas escritas, y escuchar, al fin, la coordinación melódica y harmónica que resultaba de mi laboriosa lec-

tura, era, para mi, participar en un festín de Dioses... El tiempo volaba; y, prudentemente, venía a advertirme de su vuelo Eloisa, joven mayor que yo, pero muy sensible al ímpetu y firmeza de mi vocación musical. Poco a poco, fué adelantando la hora de su advertencia, y retrasando la de mi partida, hasta convencerse de que mi corazón juvenil era tan propenso a arder por el Amor como por el Arte. Fué mi primera lección sentimental. La maestra tenía 23 años, y yo menos de 12...

El tiempo pasó y mis tios, que me habian prohibido casi desde mi nacimiento, murieron. La guitarra pasó al primer plano de mis ocupaciones diarias, a pesar de que la idea de consagrarle profesionalmente mi vida no habia arrojado aún su germen en mi voluntad. Mucha gente del barrio me oía y celebraba, y todos se admiraban de que la guitarra pudiera sonar así. Pero advirtiéndome que yo descuidaba mi bachillerato, me reconvénian. Y si algunos concedían que mi verdadera vocación era la música, y que debería seguirla, todos estaban conformes en que habia errado la elección y que la guitarra era un instrumento sin porvenir.

—Se sabe de Sarasate y de un gran pianista alemán que estuvo en Granada hace poco ¿Pero qué tocador de guitarra se ha hecho famoso, fuera de la taberna?

Yo vivia entonces con mi abuela, en un precioso “*carmen*” situado en el Albaicín. Desde la ventana de mi dormitorio se divisaba todo el perfil de la La Alhambra. Las noches calientes de primavera me pasaba largas horas en quieta contemplación. Un día cayo en mis manos un libro delicioso: “Granada,” de Angel Ganivet. Quise conocer detalles de la vida y de la temprana muerte del autor, y un viejo amigo mio me presentó en la casa de uno de sus parientes más cercanos. Hablé del libro con tal entusiasmo, encareciendo el gracejo con que estaba escrito, compartiendo sus ideas acerca de la nefasta transformación de la ciudad y de lo que todavía se podría salvar de la ruina y de la incuria, que toda la familia me tomó viva simpatía. La hija, llamada Encarnación, era el prototipo de la muchacha andaluza. Graciosa, bonita, vivaz, tenía un nido de pájaros en su corazón, y sus ojos reían siempre con maliciosa bondad... Mi sorpresa fué grande cuando el padre requirió a su hija, en el curso de la velada, a que tocara la guitarra. Y la de ellos fué aún mayor cuando después de oírla complacido, tomé yo el instrumento en mis brazos y lo hice sonar. Lo que ella habia tocado pertenecía al género andaluz popular llamado flamenco. Lo que a mi me oyeron fué una obrita inocente de Tárrega, “*Capricho Árabe*,” en aquella época, pieza monumental de mi repertorio... La música trazó una *ligadura* del corazón de Encarnación al mio. Al despedirme, aquella noche, le apreté la mano un poquito más de lo justo, y esperé. Una corriente de fuego subió por mi brazo, al responder ella suavemente a mi presión... Desde entonces, juré una devoción más viva a Angel Ganivet...

Nos quisimos mucho, aunque en el cielo de nuestro cariño siempre habia tormentas. Era ocho años mayor que yo y esta diferencia la inquietaba. Pero de su pecho salieron las primeras profecías acerca de mi porvenir de artista, y a pesar de que yo no compartía tan dorados vaticinios, me gustaba que me hablase de ellos. De la voz femenina he recibido siempre misteriosas anticipaciones de mi destino.

Yo iba siendo conocido en Granada. Me llevaron al Centro Artístico y allí trabé amistad con escultores, pintores, periodistas y músicos. Todos me acogieron con especial simpatía y cada uno de ellos aumentaba el número de mis amigos, al par que disminuía el tiempo que debía yo consagrar al estudio del Bachillerato. Para la gente razonable mi presente no estaba exento de reproche ni mi porvenir de peligro. Mi propia abuela compartía la alarma e inquietud de los otros.

—Se pasa el día tocando la guitarra, ya solo, ya acompañado de amigos—decía, consternada.

El ánimo de Encarnación fué ganado por el miedo de su familia, y rompimos. El padre murió poco después, y la madre hizo comprender a la hija que la salvación de la miseria estaba en su casamiento con un rico pretendiente. Consumó el sacrificio. Noches antes de celebrarse la boda, decidí dar una serenata a Encarnación. A las dos de la mañana me senté junto a la reja de su cuarto y en el silencio blanco de la luna invernal, mi guitarra sonó... Toqué con tristeza persuasiva, fijé los ojos en los rostros cerrados de la ventana. A la tercera o cuarta pieza, creí divisar una sombra movible detrás de los cristales. Cuando esperaba, emocionado, que la carita de Encarnación apareciera, de otra casa próxima, salió la voz irritada de un pobre señor insomne que, impacientado, me gritó:

¿—Quiere V. acabar de templar la guitarra, por todos los santos, y tocar alguna cosa alegre...?

CORDOBA

Los pocos recursos que mis tios dejaron al morir, fueron agotándose y mi abuela y yo tuvimos que separarnos. Ella se fué a Málaga para vivir cerca de su hija Gertrudis, religiosa de la Orden de San Bernardo. Yo me marché a Córdoba, a casa de mi madre.

Mi carácter habia sido moldeado por mi tío D. Eduardo, caballero noble, culto y recto, cuya memoria reverencio, y al entrar en las costumbres de la familia de mi madre surgieron dificultades de convivencia. Soportar a mi hermano, sobretodo, era muy penoso para mi. A los pocos meses, alquilé un cuartito y a él trasladé mi mundo, es decir, una cama, una mesa, dos sillas, mi guitarra, mi música y mis libros. En la estrechez y simplicidad de aquella celda me sentí libre y feliz.

En seguida conquisté amistades. D. Fermín Garrido, médico ilustre de Granada, avisó de mi presencia en Córdoba a D. Tomás, su pariente más cercano, el cual tocaba la guitarra, de afición, y era guardador celoso de numerosos manuscritos de Tárrega. Abrió sus tesoros para mi, y gracias a él amplié mi repertorio, lo que trajo, además, la intensificación de mi estudio y, por los nuevos problemas que esas obras me planteaban, el desarrollo más metódico y eficaz de mi técnica. De cada pasaje difícil extraía yo un estudio nuevo, ya para la mano izquierda, ya para la derecha, ya simultáneamente para ambas. A veces quitaba al motivo que elegía su aplicación concreta y lo elevaba a ejercicio de orden superior, en el que estuviera latente la victoria sobre dificultades mas generales.

Cuando me cansaba de trabajar o de leer, salía a pasear por la ciudad, para ir conociendo sus innumerables bellezas romanas, cristianas y árabes. Córdoba es tan vieja que la vida se ha hecho en ella un remanso. Todo es quieto, poético y hondo. Fuera de las calles principales, las demás son irregulares y estrechas. Las casas están muy arrimaditas unas a otras, como ancianas que se ayudan mutuamente a soportar el peso de los siglos. Con frecuencia, a través de las “cancelas” solía descubrir patios tan bellos, espaciosos y llenos de plantas, flores, surtidores y pájaros, como jardines paradisíacos; a veces hasta con las huríes que el Profeta promete a los creyentes. No lejos de la Mezquita, contemplando el manso fluir del Guadalquivir, está la puerta de Trajano, el Emperador nacido en Córdoba, y el viejo puente romano, sobre cuyos fuertes lomos han pasado milenios.

Los cordobeses de buena ley, ahora como en tiempos de Séneca, expresan verbalmente sus pensamientos en forma concisa y sentenciosa. Un cordobés de pro recibió a un joven romano, hace cerca de dos mil años, y como este hablara demasiado de sí mismo, el patricio reprimió su locuacidad con un gesto: —“Cállate, joven—le dijo—que quiero conocerle.” Al famoso torero Guerrita, muerto no hace mucho, le preguntaron en cierta ocasión: ¿—“Quien cree V. que ha sido el mejor torero?”

—“El mejor he sido yo; después de mi, nadie; después de nadie Lagartijo...”—fué la respuesta.

Uno de mis flamantes amigos me llevó a la casa de la familia M. Se componía de un señor achacoso, mortificado y distraído, y de sus tres sobrinas, Elviria, Juanita y Laura—enunciadas según el orden de sus edades respectivas. La mayor enseñaba el piano en una escuela secundaria de música; la mediana, cuidaba de los menesteres domésticos, y en sus ratos de asueto, extraía lamentos felinos del violín. Laura, la mas bonita, suave y sonriente, estudiaba con su hermana mayor el piano, sin que la Música despertara ecos poéticos emotivos en su alma, aunque sí cierto deleite superficial y pasajero. No sentía la poesía de la Música, pero ella era capaz de engendrar sentimientos poéticos en el corazón de quien la contemplara. Sus ojos, de un verde profundo, parecían derramar una claridad misteriosa sobre aquello que miraban... Su boca sonreía continuamente pero con brevedad y dulzura o, a veces, con delicada malicia como Mona Lisa.

A pesar de la enérgica antipatía que el Tío me manifestó desde el primer momento, sus sobrinas me tomaron amistad, y mis visitas menudearon. Me acerqué a Laura más que a las otras, y observé, gracias á ella, en qué consistía el estudio disciplinado de un instrumento tan amplio y complejo como el piano. Comprendí que los métodos para aprender la guitarra eran de una pobreza franciscana comparados con el número, la variedad y el orden progresivo de los ejercicios contenidos en cualquier libro de técnica pianística, elemental o superior. Este descubrimiento, lejos de desalentarme, me enardeció. Observé atentamente la eficacia de cada estudio, cómo hacía trabajar a los dedos y cuál era el grado de independencia, fuerza y agilidad que desarrollaba en ellos. Cuando regresaba a mi cuartito, trataba de aplicar a la técnica de la guitarra mis observaciones, y comprobaba, con alegría indescriptible, que las fórmulas que yo ideaba iban también acrecentando el vigor, la elasticidad y la rapidez de mis dedos. Tan grande era, a veces, la emoción que me producían esas victorias logradas a fuerza de tesón y de industria, que me recogía devotamente a dar gracias a Dios por su asistencia. Todas esas fórmulas quedaban escritas y numeradas, con el propósito de establecer, más tarde, la correlación que su utilidad dictase.

Diré a los guitarristas que tengan la paciencia de leer estos datos, que de esa época proceden la digitación de mis escalas diatónicas y otros ejercicios que circulan, inéditos, entre maestros y discípulos de hoy. Tal era la fuerza de mi vocación y el acierto con que ella regía mi estudio, que no he tenido que cambiar ni modificar nada después, y que la experiencia adquirida en mis largos años de práctica aprueba todavía aquellos trabajos juveniles. La intuición, cuando está al servicio de la verdadera aptitud y es avivada por la voluntad de trabajo, acorta el camino del aprendizaje.

Otro de los regalos espirituales que recibía yo de las bellas manos de Laura, era la audición, por vez primera, de obras de Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, Mendelssohn... Aún me conmuevo cuando vuelvo la memoria a aquellas veladas, en que ella descifraba trozos de esos maestros. Ciento que sus dedos se tornaban pesados en los pasajes difíciles y presurosos en los fáciles, que su pié quedaba con frecuencia dormido en el pedal y los acentos de su lectura eran erróneos. Mas no por eso la embriaguez de las armonías románticas, sorbidas con ansia, dejaba de levantar en mi fantasía como un vuelo de palomas mensajeras que regresaran a lugares perdidos en el infinito, con los deseos, tristezas, esperanzas y anhelos de mi corazón. Los ojos sonrientes de Laura enviaban sus destellos suaves a los míos y quedaban turbados al ver mi agitación. Yo suspiraba comprendiendo que ella no era la raíz de mis emociones sino que estas provenían del misterio poético de la Música y se dirigían Dios sabe adonde...

Algunos meses transcurrieron, durante los cuales hice buenos progresos. Por entonces cayó en mis manos un Método de Harmonía compuesto por D. Hilarion Eslava, viejo maestro español, y lo devoré en una primera lectura. Luego surgió lo arduo del trabajo solitario. La translación a la guitarra de las sucesiones de acordes de cuatro voces era casi siempre imposible, y esto retardaba mi comprensión de la armonía en movimiento. Hice titánicos esfuerzos para oírla mentalmente. Algunas veces tomaba la guitarra y en ella probaba cada acorde aislado para, luego, en silencio, enlazarlo con el siguiente... Sometía mi memoria a tensión extenuante imponiéndole el recuerdo de las voces anteriores... Agotado, iba a hacerlos sonar a Laura en el piano y el deleite de oír las puras armonías que surgían de tales ejercicios era mi recompensa... ¡Cuántos tanteos dolorosos de ciego, en todo mi aprendizaje, por falta de la serena claridad del Maestro...!

Otra adquisición importante para el adelanto de mi arte en esa época fué la amistad de Luis S. Buen pianista, mente ágil para la música, indisciplinado y alegre, desempeñaba varios cargos oficiales, a pesar de su juventud y era además el artista oficial de la localidad. Su padre abrigaba la excesiva esperanza de hacer de él una celebridad mundial, y para entrenarlo reunía periódicamente en el patio de su casa, una veintena de amigos que lo aplaudían desinteresadamente. También era, para mí sed de conocer, experto cicerone en el intrincado y maravilloso reino de la música. Juntos recorriamos las obras de Bach, Haydn, Mozart. Sentíamos con cierto respeto supersticioso, la incommensurable grandeza del primero. Bach era como aquel árbol gigante, del que un andaluz, maestro gracioso de la exageración, solía decir: “Vea V. si será alto que se necesitan dos hombres para mirarlo; cuando uno se cansa, viene el otro y principia a mirar desde donde el primero se cansó, hasta llegar al fin de su altura...” Yo era esa segunda mirada. Cuando Luis se cansaba, yo venía en su ayuda y entrambos lográbamos divisar la grandeza majestuosa del Maestro. Haydn era para nosotros el ingenio sano y de buen humor, sin la acrimonia de los resentidos y maldicientes... Y en cuanto a Mozart era nuestro Niño-Dios. A él volvíamos siempre, de cualquier excursión sonora, por remota que fuese, a gozar del encanto de su gracia primaveral, tan afín a nuestra juventud.

En el fondo me entristecía profundamente que mi instrumento careciera de tantas obras maravillosas. El piano, que superpuja a todos los demás instrumentos en ese sentido, es sin embargo, el mas neutro e incoloro. La música se aloja en él como el agua en un recipiente de cristal transparente. El violín, el 'cello, le añaden el calor humano de sus timbres, y en la orquesta es la música como lluvia de colores. La guitarra, por ser cual una orquesta mirada con gemelos del revés, la condensa y acendra, como se acendran y se condensan los cien colores de un bosque en un frasco diminuto.

La pobreza de la guitarra me incitaba a buscar con ahínco cómo dotarla de un lenguaje artístico mas amplio y profundo, superior a su estrecho dialecto de entonces; así, cuando le llegara la ocasión de expresar ideas y sentimientos de mayor transcendencia, estaría preparada, esto és, se habría ahondado y ensanchado el cauce de su técnica.

Mi amistad con Luis fue causa de que yo conociera a un joven aristócrata sevillano, Rafael de Montis, que solía vivir en Alemania, y se había permitido el lujo de tomar clases de piano con d'Albert. Tales clases no habían pasado de ser un lujo. A pesar de que manifestaba disposición y talento para la música carecía de la aptitud necesaria para la mortificación y la penitencia del trabajo sostenido y provechoso. Tocando, era la veleidad misma. Nunca terminaba una obra; mariposeaba sobre pasajes difíciles y frases sueltas, insistiendo en probar su facilidad mas que su aplicación, y al fin agotaba la paciencia

de quien lo escuchaba. Sin embargo justo es declarar que los juicios de este joven sobre la música eran acertados, y que sentaron en seguida autoridad entre nosotros. Los reforzaba su indiscutible experiencia acerca del modo de interpretar de cada artista célebre, con la amistad de mucho de los cuales se enorgullecía, y su buen gusto natural.

El Sr. de Montis me escuchó en casa de Luis y me exhortó en seguida con frases entusiastas a que saliera yo 'primeramente de Córdoba y más tarde, de España. Sus consejos y ofrecimientos me quitaron el sueño durante muchas noches seguidas. Quienes habían *condescendido* a escucharme hasta entonces, en Granada como en Córdoba, eran amigos o conocidos míos, cuyas opiniones acerca del resultado de mi trabajo no tenían validez suficiente. Me satisfacía, como es natural, inspirarles cierto placer musical; cuando éste era inferior al que yo esperaba, dudaba yo más de mi propia eficacia, como artista, que de la sensibilidad de mi reducido e improvisado auditorio. Además, al retribuirme con alabanzas rara vez dejaban de agregar alguna puya contra la guitarra. Todos hacían lo mismo.

Ahora bien: que un músico venido del extranjero—y que además poseía cierta categoría social que le daba respetabilidad, a pesar de su juventud—juzgase tan benevolamente mi modo de tocar, sin añadir ninguna opinión peyorativa acerca de mi instrumento, fué algo que agitó profundamente mi espíritu. La confianza, de que debe alimentarse siempre la vocación, brotó en lo más recóndito de mi ser. Y decidí ser el apostol de la guitarra o, para ser más exacto en la imagen, su esposo ante Dios, jurando dotarla de todo lo necesario para que en lo sucesivo el mundo la respetase y acogiese con la dignidad debida... No me importaban privaciones, fatigas, trabajos... Y además... además sería de una fidelidad completa para ella...

Resolví abandonar un poco más mis estudios oficiales para consagrar mi tiempo enteramente a la guitarra. Y acometí mi primera empresa: la de ganar a mis ilusiones algún amigo que quisiera ayudarme a organizar mi primer concierto. Escribí a Miguel Cerón, noble y generoso aunque de carácter un tanto somarío, una larguísima confesión general. A vuelta de correo recibí su aprobación y el ofrecimiento de ser el intermediario entre el Centro Artístico de Granada y yo. A pesar de las ofertas de Rafael de Montis, yo rechacé la idea de presentarme al público, en Sevilla... Quise probar mi fortuna en una ciudad en que antiguos amigos míos me recompensaran, con su afecto, de un fracaso, si llegaba a producirse, o compartieran conmigo la alegría del primer éxito. También me animaba secretamente el deseo de que, a distancia, se sintiera Encarnación aludida al ver que sus pronósticos acerca de mi vida comenzaban a cumplirse...

El primer recital de guitarra de mi carrera tuvo lugar en Granada, en el año de 1910. Yo contaba, no 14, como se ha venido repitiendo, por información defectuosa, sino 16. Se celebró en el Centro Artístico. El programa se componía, si no recuerdo mal, de obritas y transcripciones de Tárrega, y alguna mía, hoy absolutamente olvidada. Cuando al día siguiente leí en el diario más importante—"El Defensor de Granada"—la crónica de mi concierto, me pareció nacer a un nuevo mundo... Puse pié firme en la tierra y eché a andar...

SEVILLA

Regresé a Córdoba y a las pocas semanas enderecé mi rumbo hacia Sevilla. ¡Qué sutil contento físico se siente al entrar en la "*Ciudad de la Gracia*"! Antes de que los ojos vean ni los oídos oigan sube por el cuerpo tal alegría de vivir... El corazón retoza como un potrillo.

Innecesario es decir que la primera persona a quien ofrecí mis respetos fué a Rafael de Montis. Estuvo acogedor y simpático y cumplió puntualmente las cordiales ofertas que me había hecho en Córdoba. Reunió en su casa lo más granado del mundo musical sevillano y algunas personas del suyo, y con el irrefrenable deseo de persuadir que siente cualquier artista joven, estuve tocando largo rato. Varias obras se oyeron dos veces...

(Fruto de esa reunión fué mi primer concierto en el Ateneo, al cual siguieron otros muchos, en distintos teatros y centros privados... hasta alcanzar el número de 15...)

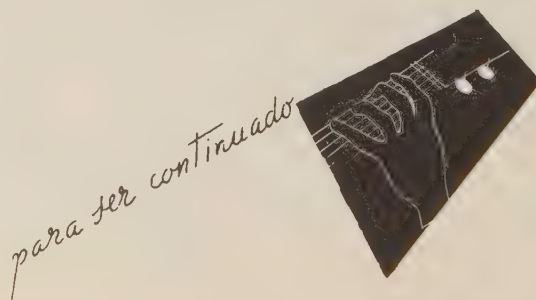
Al ir a recoger mi abrigo para marcharme, hallé sobre el ojal de la solapa un magnífico clavel rojo. La mano menudita de María, hermana menor de Rafael, lo colocó allí. No quiso estar presente entre los que vinieron a escucharme, y me oyó, sola, desde una habitación contigua. Aquella flor fué su aplauso... Ella misma me lo dijo, al día siguiente, cuando regresé a la casa. Quedé instantáneamente seducido por la gracia, un tanto pícaro, de su sevillanísima carita, por el modo exagerado de expresarse, por su risa de campanilla de cristal, por sus decires andaluces, y yo no sé por cuantas cosas más... Mirándola, mirándola, recordé aquel cantar, que parecía hecho para ella:

—¿Con qué te lavas la cara
que tan rebonita estás?
—Me lavo con agua clara...
y Dios pone lo demás..."

Ella y Sevilla eran lo mismo: cielo radiante, tierra morenita y flores... Y de Sevilla y de ella hice yo un solo sentimiento... allí me quedé más de un año. Cuando la familia advirtió nuestra recíproca inclinación de ánimo, exigió que nos comportásemos como novios oficiales, esto es, hablando por la reja y no directamente... Los hierros de las ventanas andaluzas acercan mas que separan... pero la prudencia de las madres finge ignorarlo...

Nuestro cariño se disolvió en la distancia... Al fin pude librarme del encanto combinado de la Giralda, novia de todos los sevillanos, y de María, mi saladísima giralda... Y seguí mi peregrinación por el mundo...

Siento tener que condensar estos recuerdos... omitiendo tantos sucesos y guardando silencio acerca de tantos amigos... No pasaré por alto el de Miguel del Pino. Pintor de raza, espíritu sutil nutrido de buenas doctrinas, melómano inteligente y activo—compone fugas sin saber apenas solfear—fuimos compañeros de penas y glorias, en Sevilla, Madrid, París, Londres, Roma y Buenos Aires, donde reside ahora. Ha sido el confidente leal de todos los conflictos y peripecias de mi vida artística y sentimental. Y no digo mi consejero porque soy como aquel granadino socarrón que respondía a quien lo aconsejaba: "—Perdone V. que no siga su consejo porque prefiero equivocarme solo..."



the artistry of Segovia

By MAX NORDAU

ONE DAY, my wife, reading from the morning paper, remarked to our daughter and myself, "Tonight there will be a guitar concert at the Ateneo. An odd thing, isn't it? We mustn't miss it."

"A guitar concert! At the Ateneo? Strange!" I said. "I suppose that there will at least be an accompaniment of castanets and small drums. Will there be dancing? Will *cañas de manzanilla* be served?"

"Nothing is said about that."

"And just who is the artist?"

"Somebody by the name of Segovia—Andrés Segovia."

"I don't know him, but as it seems to interest you, we will go."

I love local color; every national peculiarity and the picturesque captivate my imagination. The guitar is the Spanish instrument *par excellence*, and to listen to its music is part of the sensations which Spain offers. This rare occasion to be initiated into one of the national customs was not to be missed.

At ten that evening we went to the Ateneo. I was familiar with the big Hall, for I had previously had the honor of addressing a select audience in it. Tonight it was full to capacity, and I reflected that evidently the guitar—like bullfights, or anything "flamenco"—had an enthusiastic following here in Spain.

I had always linked the guitar with *La Feria de Sevilla*, with the "*las cuevas del Albaicín*" of Granada, with the perfume of verbena, and with the cabarets. As far as the guitarist tonight was concerned, I was prepared to see a dark, haggard man with pronounced features, a vividly colored belt around his slim hips, a *sombrero Córdoba*s on his head, and a cigarette in the corner of his mouth.

Andrés Segovia entered. I was really surprised. The man whom I was looking at was young, tall, elegant—with long, abundant black hair leaving a high forehead free. His face, beaming with smiling intelligence was strongly suggestive of the "Bacchus" of Velasquez or of the "Apollo at the Forge of Vulcan" by the same painter. The large round glasses were an unexpected anachronism, and because of them he made me think of El Greco's "Quevedo and the Cardinal."

My surprise became stupefaction when Segovia struck the first chords from the instrument which he was pressing lovingly to his heart. After all, his guitar, although slightly larger and more accurately constructed, was the same as the guitar known to me, which, in essence, was nothing more than the sister instrument of the Basque fishermen's *bandurria*, or the *guzla* of the mustachioed Serbs, the *cybale* of the Montmartre gypsies, or the accordion of the joyful workmen of Belleville.

A miracle was taking place before me! The guitar, which I had never taken too seriously, was suddenly transforming itself by its first contact with Segovia's hands into a magnificent orchestra—complete, rich, sonorous!—producing *all* the nuances and effects possible from an ensemble under the directorship of a great orchestra leader's baton! This magic guitar sounded like sobbing nightingales, the murmur of Siegfried's forest, or the thundering trombones in a Valkyries' cavalcade. By a prodigious power the masterly artist was giving us the sensation of orchestral magnitude.

The long, fine fingers—inconceivably agile—solicited the strings, sometimes caressing them, putting them to sleep as though by mesmerism, or bluntly summoning them to life with the imperious gesture of the tamer of wild animals. Sometimes the fingers were tickling the strings as might a pageboy in Boccaccio, sometimes tormenting them like a subtle Chinese torturer in Mirbeau's "*Jardin de Supplices*."

In my hallucination I was seeing a flight of Murillo's angels issuing from the rosette of Segovia's guitar, and, in a celestial turmoil, sending themselves to the ceiling of the grand Hall.

Once more I was conscious of the fact that matter is nothing and that the spirit is everything. Stone—heavy, inert, primitive—is always able to be subjugated by the spirit. The stone follows all the commands of the soul and becomes what the soul directs it to be. In Samson's hand an ass's jawbone becomes an heroic weapon; the dark Brittany forest sings at the order of the sorcerer Merlin; the tusks of a brute pachyderm is worked with gold and becomes the chryselephantine for a Pallas Athene by Phidias. A block of white stone becomes Michelangelo's "Pietà." A log becomes the *Virgen de Montañes*, or a baby's bust. Formless metal becomes a bronze by Donatello or Verrocchio; a lump of clay becomes a statuette by Clodion.

A rudimentary sound-box of no pretentious appearance, which one might consider only fit to compete with the naïve and persistent whisper of a cricket in ecstasy, becomes, when animated by a Segovia, a palace apt to receive and harbour princes such as Bach, Beethoven, and Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Mendelssohn.

This proves decisively that there are no inferior and no superior musical instruments. There are only poor musicians and great artists. The same is true of languages. One argues about barbaric tongues in which it is impossible to express any high idea, and of cultured languages in which may be explained the most delicate and complicated mental operations. What a big mistake!

It is not the language that produces the thinker and the poet; it is they who create, refine and elevate the language. While Dante was creating the "Divine Comedy" he felt the urge of excusing himself for writing a poem in dialect. But after the incomparable Florentine had finished his masterpiece, the rudimentary and maladroit idioms of the illiterate became the language that later made illustrious the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Metastasio, Alfieri, Leopardi, Carducci and d'Annunzio. This language possesses such a nobility that one does not speak of it without taking off one's hat!

It pleased Segovia to choose the guitar as an instrument to manifest himself, and the guitar became a perfect organ to express incomparably all the moods of the artist's soul—whether they were masterly euphonies that rage like hurricanes of passion or murmuring whispers singing of tenderness. Imagination itself becomes woven with golden threads and dreams are of sparkling silk.

To this end, for Segovia the guitar is sufficient. Had he chosen the violin as his interpreter, his name would have been coupled with that of Sarasate; should the 'cello have been chosen his name would stand beside that of Delsart. As a pianist he would compare with Liszt, Tausig, Rubinstein and Paderewski. He elected the guitar and he became Andrés Segovia.

Did he take the instrument out of its modest station and ultimately elevate it to aristocratic rank? I do not think so, for Segovia's art is not to be taught nor learned. It is the gift given by Nature to its favorite—the *quid divinum*.

May he let generously profit all those who profess the religion of the Beautiful; may he permit to ever more numerous audiences the benefit of his concerts. I have no doubt that his renown will soon embrace the two hemispheres.

Segovia's concerts have been my greatest impression in Spain, and Andrés Segovia will always remain for me a remembrance which I will never recollect without a profound aesthetic emotion.

EDITORS' NOTE: This remarkable article was written by the eminent philosopher, author and lecturer, Max Nordau, in Madrid, March 20th, 1919, after having heard Segovia for the first time. The inspired writing of the author puts into words that which we all feel but cannot express. The original French has been translated by George Giusti.

the miracle which is Segovia

By CARLOS VEGA



EVERY TIME I have tried to write about Andrés Segovia, I have ended by giving up the task. Fifteen years ago I published in *El Hogar* and *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, a few pages entirely unworthy of his greatness. For fifteen years I have waited vainly for the moment when I might feel able to do justice to the theme "Andrés Segovia." And now as I write, I wonder if I shall at last achieve the impossible.

There are only a few artists of Segovia's stature in the world today. It would not be difficult to characterize and define his place among them, to describe his personality as a musician, to give a chronological account of his rise to fame, outline on a map the itineraries of his journeyings, relate the incidents of his career, trace the curve of his prominence in the history of his instrument, dedicate a chapter to his personal life—this could be done. Good books about artists have been written thus. But I know Segovia very well—well enough to realize that I do not know the intimate mystery of his destiny, well enough to know that the story of Segovia could not be encompassed in any book which I might write—just as the real immensity of the world escapes the quadrangles of the planisphere.

Segovia is an artist, but an artist dedicated to the guitar. Those who understand art do not always appreciate what it means to achieve real artistry on this instrument, and those who know the guitar and nothing else cannot always evaluate the quality of Segovia as an artist. He is then admired by halves. Only those who are connoisseurs of art as such, and at the same time have a special knowledge of the guitar, can even remotely comprehend the miracle which is Segovia.

Segovia is an interpreter, but an interpreter who is able to extract from the written page all the beauties of thought and feeling which the composer wished to perpetuate by the myriad signs which make up our deficient musical notation, an interpreter who is able, through the notes written on a page, to penetrate the depths of a personality and the essence of an epoch, to grasp the archetonic concept behind another's creation and the subtleties of his style, then finally to translate the message with an infinite sensitivity and grace, as though guided by hidden voices in which were harmonized the utterances of all the greatest men in the history of art. In this respect Segovia is unquestionably a genius. Let analysis grind its harsh gears and it will be seen that genius is a sort of science which transcends the scientific.

Segovia is a guitarist—a guitarist without whom the history of the guitar today would lack meaning. If every reference to Segovia were removed from the history of the guitar, he would be present without a name—in the vacuum produced by his absence. The prestige which Segovia has brought to his instrument has attracted many eminent composers, and a flood of talent which might otherwise have been lost has been guided into channels that have enriched the repertory not only of the guitar, but of music as a whole.

Segovia is an adaptor. A great quantity of old and modern music, originally composed for other instruments, has been added to the repertory of the guitar (it is hardly necessary to recall the *Chaconne*), and there it has remained, as though it had always been intended for this instrument.

Segovia is an able creator of original compositions, most of them not known to the public. In composition he is the modern harmonist, the skillful artificer, the melodist expressing in his creations the pristine essence of his eternal Spain.

But in Segovia, with all these gifts, there is something more: his moral sense, his concept of the morality of the man and the artist. And still further, there is the orbit of his development, an orbit that might be represented by the image of a bow in permanent tension and an arrow tracing an uninterrupted flight from the child-nonentity to the supremely-fulfilled adult. How can one know what must have been that time of incubation and aspiration, the exquisitely sensitive soul springing like a flower among the brambles, taming the rough material and every year striving to recreate a new and more profound spirit from the spirit which developed the year before, accumulating ever greater knowledge and dexterity, ever greater power with each new conquest, and with each new satisfaction feeling itself tormented by a new thirst? What ambitious yearning after beauty! What powerful and long-enduring ambition! His plans were brought to fulfillment with effort, it is true, but they were conceived without violence, for the development of this natural spirit, this spirit laden with the message of millenniums, has been constantly watched over by fate.

And yet, Segovia the man is a robust, normal, sociable person, seeking happiness and fortune, winning and losing them and then with struggle and suffering finding them again. What can one know of him with certainty when it is probable that he himself is not sure of the same thing? Why try to write?

Another might write a good book but not I, for I know Segovia too well. Besides, the attempt to evaluate in detail a figure of his magnitude would leave to posterity only a modest document of the present epoch, a measurement which would tomorrow be a cage imprisoning fantasy. When a man bursts through the limitations of human capabilities, his is the recompense of exaggeration, and from this—legend is born.

EDITORS' NOTE: Carlos Vega is a very eminent musicologist of Argentina who has written and compiled several books concerning Argentinian music and dances. Among these may be mentioned, "Danzas y Canciones Argentinas," "Panorama de Música Popular Argentina" and "Bailes Tradicionales Argentinas." He is also the Editor of "Fraseología Musical," is one of the faculty in the Institute of Argentine Literature, and Chief of the Section of Indigenous Music in the Argentine Museum of Natural Science. The very able translation of this article was made by Miss Eithne Golden, who has maintained throughout the beauty and feeling of the original.

Segovia and the guitar

By THEODORUS M. HOFMEESTER, JR.

TO THE THOUSANDS of adherents and admirers of the classic guitar Segovia represents the greatest living exponent of this instrument. To those who are not familiar with the guitar or its history he is a phenomenon whose interpretation of Bach is unequalled. Whereas those of the first group think of him as a guitarist first and last because of their interest in the instrument, those of the second group think of him primarily as a great artist, albeit perhaps misled in his choice of instrument. His audience ranges from admirers of kindred instruments who come to see a technician perform miracles, to admirers of his musicianship, regardless of what instrument he plays.

Segovia's artistry transcends mere instrumentalism; he would have been just as great if he had elected another instrument. A contemporary musician has said that the two greatest living artists today are Casals and Segovia, both Spaniards.

This variance of opinion obtains in other instrumental fields but not to the extent that it does in the case of the guitar. Several factors contribute toward this state of affairs: (1) there are not enough concert guitarists of world renown, (2) there is a certain amount of preciousness attached to the instrument especially by its admirers, (3) there exists a misconception that the guitar is poor in important literature of its own and must perforce depend upon transcriptions, and (4) there are not enough good teachers of the instrument.

The dearth of concert guitarists is of course directly traceable to the lack of qualified teachers. Segovia, keenly aware of this situation, is engaged in writing a method for guitar supplemented with a set of phonograph records by himself. He also has several promising pupils. However, until such time that there are enough good teachers throughout the world the guitar will be unable to compete with other instruments as a serious means of musical expression.

Perhaps the ones that hinder the progress of the guitar the most are those whom Segovia calls "those who hardly know the elements of do-re-mi or the theory of music." Curiously enough, these people professing to love the instrument the most, through their earnest but misguided effort stamp the guitar as an instrument unworthy of the concert stage or universal appeal. The false aura of preciousness surrounding the instrument, coupled with inadequate performance, has caused the cognoscenti and critics, using the standards set by other instruments as an index, to disregard it as a serious musical instrument.

This brings us to the question of the literature for the guitar. When original compositions are performed they are not generally recognized as such by the public, or even the critics, because of the obscurity of the composers. Sor and Tárrega, although well known to followers of the guitar, are totally unknown to the general concert audience. Segovia's superb transcriptions are accepted as a final proof that the guitar must depend upon other sources for its literature. A curious example of this reasoning is that Segovia's transcription of the Bach Chaconne is considered by some critics as a tour-de-force better left to the violin, whereas these same critics consider the Busoni piano arrangement of it as standard equipment of the pianist. Also nearly unknown are the great number of original compositions for the guitar by modern composers mostly inspired by the mastery of Segovia. The repertoire of the guitar has been enriched by over four hundred compositions by the efforts of one man alone.

There are other guitarists of concert merit but their influence has been either local or so limited in scope through circumstances beyond their control, that upon Segovia has fallen the whole task of impressing the guitar on the world as an instrument worthy of the name "musical." This constitutes the uniqueness of Segovia in the musical world today.

The greatest challenge and responsibility now facing him, in the opinion of this writer, is the training, guiding, developing and bringing before the public new talent who in turn will do the same, so that the great tradition created by him shall not die out. Not until enough concertists appear before the public and enough teachers are developed can the guitar maintain the position it now so tenuously holds through the sheer efforts of one man alone, Segovia.

to Andrés Segovia

"My dear and incomparable Andres:
Why has your music and your intense love for music given me this mysterious nostalgia which displays the darkest of all the aspects of sadness? I am asking—and I know! . . .

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO
this 22nd day of March 1922."

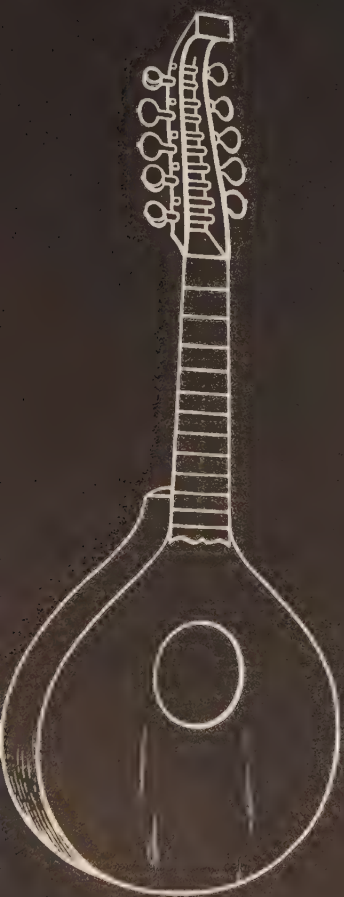
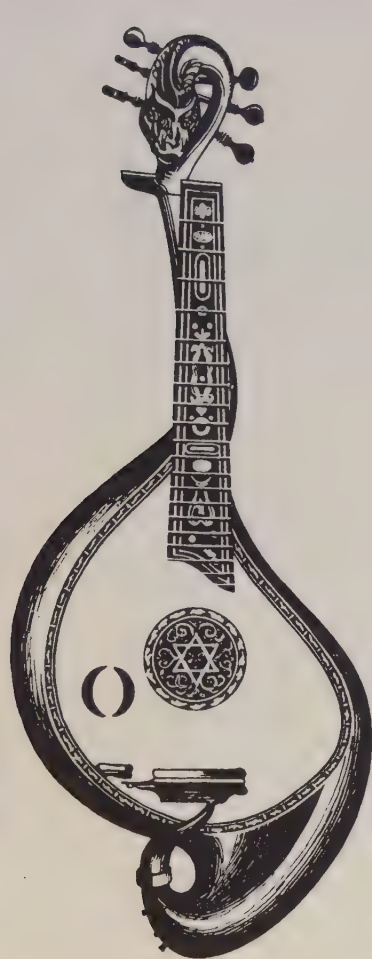
"Warm greetings, my dear friend, coming from so far and yet always so near; you, 'discoverer of new harmonies, you, who are like the builders of musical instruments of yore, who died with their secrets.' (Have you ever considered the lyre of Leonardo, which was made out of a horse's jawbone? Is your instrument actually a guitar?)

I offer you, for a laugh, the wisely humorous representation of the elephant who was guided by the young boy—Amor.

Right now I suffer excruciatingly, yet, the first chord you strike will heal me.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO
5-11-1932"

EDITORS' NOTE: The notes given above were written to Andrés Segovia by the famous author, poet, statesman, warrior, philosopher, musician and musicologist, Gabriele d'Annunzio. The originals are in French, and have been translated by George Giusti.



the Museum

The ARAI Guitar Collection

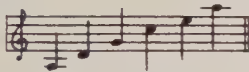
belonging to Arai, of Taos, New Mexico.

1 • THIS EXTRAORDINARY INSTRUMENT

has puzzled those who have examined it, and the owner hopes that some reader of *The GUITAR REVIEW* may be able to throw some light on its origin and history.

Except for the top, the instrument is built in the form of a snake. The snake's head forms the peg box and its tail curls back onto the bridge; the whole animal is possibly meant to suggest the G-clef. In cross-section the body is oval, and is made of curved strips of wood extending from the 7th fret to the ivory ring near the tip of the tail. These strips are tapered in both directions, similar to the strips used in constructing the Neapolitan mandolin. At the ivory ring there are about thirty of these strips coming together.

The sounding-board is flat, with a rose in the sound-hole, while two crescents form F-holes under the sympathetic strings, which have a separate bridge. Under the sixth string a soundpost has been set. The strings fasten to studs on the serpent's tail; four of them are held in his teeth, while the others, including the sympathetic strings, pass through the mouth to the pegs. The finger-board is of thin ebony profusely ornamented with red and white ivory and mother-of-pearl. It is the narrow mandolin-type bridge. Mr. Arai believes that the tuning would be:



Mr. Arai suggests that this instrument is entirely a freak and probably the only one of its kind. He believes that it probably was the work of a Jewish apprentice (from the "Star of David" in the rosette), that he worked in Italy (from the craftsmanship) and that possibly this was built as a "thesis." The decorations on the finger-board are similar to others seen by Mr. Arai in ancient synagogues in Europe. Characteristics of Lute, Chitarra Battente and violin construction may be found in the instrument.

2 • LYRE GUITAR English, circa 1800

This instrument, being identical in craftsmanship, color and decoration with the Harp-Lute (see No. 3), it may be assumed that both instruments were made in the same shop. The Harp-Lute is signed "Buchinger, No. 443, Strand, London."

Both instruments are black, with decorations in gold leaf. The bridges and finger-boards are alike, ebony with ivory frets. The Lyre-Guitar is seven-stringed; the strings are fastened to iron pegs which necessitated a square-holed key to tighten. The "horns" of the Lyre, the ornate base, and the "Roi du Soleil" are all gilded.

These instruments, as well as the Harp-Lute and the Harp-Guitar (4), have a hole in the back, the purpose of which is not entirely clear.

In *The GUITAR REVIEW*, Vol. 1-No. 3, (p. 10), this hole was called a sound-hole. Mr. Arai disagrees with this, and believes that the purpose of the hole was to enable the performer to fasten the instrument to a button on his coat.

3 • HARP-GUITAR, sometimes called LUTE-GUITAR Harley, London

This instrument is different from the one illustrated in *The GUITAR REVIEW*, Vol. 1-No. 3, in that it has eight strings instead of seven, and there is no mechanism by which the pitch of the strings can be altered.

The rose on this instrument is missing, as are the metal pegs, which were of the key-turned type.

The cross-section of the neck is curious in that it has a thinner section at the upper edge to accommodate the thumb, as is shown below:



4 • CITTERN(E) OR CETERA

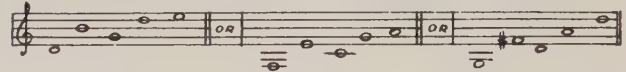
Sometimes called the English Guitar. Probably this instrument is not directly allied to the guitar family, although it shows some kinship with the *Chitarra Battente*. Kurt Sachs and Galpin believe that it is a descendant of the pear-shaped lyre of the 11th and 12th Centuries.

The frets are made of gut strings which fit into grooves cut into the finger-board and are held in position by means of small brass studs on the back of the neck.

The later English *Citterns* had a fan-like metal tuning-machine which required a key similar to the old-time watch-key in order to tighten the strings.

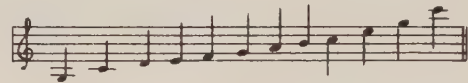
The bridge, as well as the small ivory pegs for fastening the strings, is missing. The instrument may have been adorned with a rose. In English literature it has been referred to by Ben Jonson and John Ford, among others, as the "Barbers' Cittern," from the custom in vogue among the barbers of the period (17th and 18th Centuries), when this instrument was most popular, of having them in their shops for waiting customers to play upon.

The method of tuning varied; both French and Italian methods were used:



5 • DITAL HARP, HARP-LUTE, or HARP-GUITAR By Buchinger, London

This instrument had twelve strings, tuned as follows:



It is reported to have been invented by Edward Light, of London, who took out a patent in 1816 for an improvement on this instrument, calling it a British Harp-Lute. His invention consisted of little thumbkeys, "ditals" (to distinguish them from pedals, or foot keys). The "ditals," when pressed, caused an eyelet through which the string passed to pull the string down on the fret, thus shortening it and raising the pitch a semitone. In the Arai Collection specimen, there are three of these eyelets; two are probably missing. The eyelets on this specimen are not controlled by keys, but must be turned by hand.



6 • SPANISH GUITAR

The label reads "Jose Recio. Calle de 18....." (The written parts have faded; the date probably 1820 or 1830.)

This is Mr. Arai's favorite guitar and is the one he uses daily. The tone is particularly good and very sonorous. The Spanish bridge was put on by Mr. Arai; the original had holes and pegs, which were so worn that the strings could not be held in the holes. The instrument is of mahogany throughout, except for the spruce soundboard. The body is over four inches thick, more than the average for a concert guitar. There is an ivory button and a "telephone dial" below the bridge for the flamenco player to tap. The circles on this dial, the knobs on the pegs, and nuts are all made of ivory. The marquetry around the sound-hole is in colored woods and mother-of-pearl.

concerning the chaconne of Johann Sebastian Bach

By Marc Pincherle, the eminent French teacher and instrumentologist, who has written much on the history of the violin and violin music. This letter was written to Andrés Segovia for a recital of his in Paris, June 4th, 1935. It was sent to the GUITAR REVIEW by Mr. Sophocles Papas, of Washington, D. C., and was printed in the Town Hall program of the recital by Segovia on March 2nd, 1947.

YOU ASK, my dear Andrés, that I should present to the public your transcription of the Chaconne. It seems absurd, in reality, that a musician of your standing should be defended against a possible suspicion of disrespect to J. S. Bach. Yet, a certain type of literature having taken possession of the Chaconne in company with the Ninth Symphony and the Kreutzer Sonata, has made it taboo. Grim zealots may rise to protest in the name of the old cantor and seek to prohibit precisely what he, himself, would have been the first to approve.

I admire the Chaconne profoundly, yet I have seldom heard it played without a sense of discomfort. This dissatisfaction was wholly unrelated to the musical splendour of the composition itself, to its nobility and pathetic content which reveals itself at once to the reader; to its rich variety, its marvelous balance as well as its ingenuity in the treatment of the violin. In spite of all this, it is rare that a performance corresponds to our expectation, so great is the contrast between the frail resources of those four strings and the intensity of the violin—a pure soprano voice—and the orchestral fullness demanded by the composition.

A Joachim or an Ysaye could succeed in reconciling these contradictions and a few other privileged artists since their day, but each time the impression given was that of a success permitted only to genius from which the ordinary honest interpreter of repertoire was necessarily excluded.

Something of this sort must have been in the minds of those fervent admirers of Bach: Mendelssohn, Ferdinand David and Schumann, for when David played for the first time the recently discovered Chaconne in the winter of 1840¹, Mendelssohn rushed to the piano to lend it the support of an accompaniment which, later, he edited and published in London, 1847. Schumann followed suit in 1854 published accompaniments to the six Sonatas or Suites while the piano accompaniments were enlarged by Wilhelmj into orchestral scores.

Many other experiments were made in the desire to make the execution of the Chaconne accessible. F. Herman split the difficulties between two violins without bass. Brahms made an arrangement for piano (left hand), the fifth of his Etudes published by Breitkopf. Raff made another arrangement, this time for two hands. Finally, we are familiar with the all-too-sumptuous arrangement of Busoni. It remained, however, for that master of the bow, Jeno de Hubay, to dispossess his own instrument by giving us a transcription for full orchestra in which the various instruments divide among themselves the polyphony originally assigned to a single violin.

Those readers who may consider such liberties illegitimate need only be reminded of the practices customary among musicians at the time of Bach; and, indeed, of the casual way in which the master himself modified the destination of his works

—changing an adagio in legato style from violin to harpsichord, transferring a prelude for solo violin to an organ accompanied by an orchestra.

Among the instruments to which Bach devoted particular attention was the lute, close relative to the guitar. Scholars (among them N. D. Bruger and H. Neemann) have inventoried the works that exist in several instrumental versions, for violin solo with lute, for lute and violoncello, but in most cases, these researches have failed to reveal which of these versions was the original, and which, the transcription. Is it inconceivable that the Chaconne, perhaps, might turn out to be among the compositions with a double version and that further research might bring this fact to our knowledge?

Who can say that a direct connection with the guitar may not be brought to light? The very Key of D, in which the Chaconne is written, is the perfect tonality for the guitar; the entire harmonic *schema* is based on progressions that are typical of Andalusian popular music, a thing which is characteristic throughout the composition but most striking in the whole of the last page. This Andalusian music is expressed traditionally on the guitar.

It is not unlikely, moreover, that the Iberian origin of the Chaconne might have suggested to Bach the idea of assigning it to a Spanish instrument, one which his universal curiosity could not ignore since it had become the fashion in every country of Europe due to the travels of such masters as Campion, de Visee and Corbetta.

Obviously, it is not on so frail a hypothesis that we can form a conviction. What really counts in the balance, the sole argument of weight likely to influence our opinion as to whether or not the Chaconne was composed originally for the guitar, is the clear evidence that the composer wrote as though he had no other instrument in mind. No re-arrangement is required, everything springs out with amazing spontaneity. The chords so laboriously sawed out by the violin in arpeggio or closed, present themselves here with a single stroke; the imitations retain their independence of line and of color; the arpeggios provide a harmony of an even weave above which the melodic designs appear in full relief. Perhaps the violin can affirm its superiority in a few legato variations, in certain high passages where the strokes of the bow give vigor and poignancy to the phrase. Almost all the rest is better suited to the guitar which—in addition to its other advantages—can claim that of adding the lower octave under the written note, thus providing a deep bass capable of sustaining the majestic structure.

Enough said. The whole question is one of ear, or musical sensibility, and your hearers will form their own judgment. My object has been simply to reassure those among them who have not studied these questions and who, not yet knowing you, might, in their distrust, be patient enough to read to the end what I have written. To these, I would say that the delight they will experience in listening to you is a legitimate delight.

If it is a crime of "lèse-Chaconne" to present it breathless, wheezing, thwarted and loaded down with distracting difficulties, what a debt of gratitude do we owe to you who have made it harmonious, ample, balanced, and who have given us at last what is equivalent to the most perfect mental satisfaction in its performance. To you we present our profound thanks.

MARC PINCHERLE
Secretary of the "Société Française de Musicologie"

¹ It had been edited in 1802 by Simrock, then by Decomb, but nobody had paid any attention to it.

an appeal to Concert Goers

Dedicated to Andrés Segovia

BEFORE

*Strive
To arrive
Five*

*Minutes in advance, be discreet
Take your seat
Without treading on other people's feet.*

*Should you be so unfortunate
Or inconsiderate
As to be late,*

*Show your good will
By standing still
Until
The music ends, and do not fill*

*The air with your rustling,
The seated with tussling,
Hustling
And bustling.*

DURING

*Give the Artist a chance;
Enhance
His effort to entrance*

*You with his art
By taking part
With all your heart,*

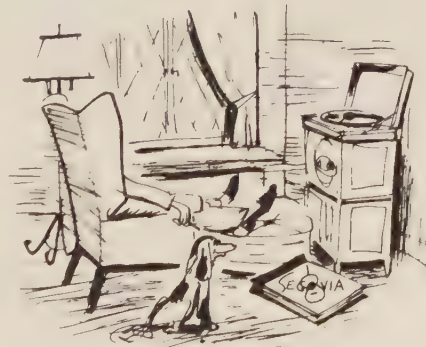
*Giving him silent attention
And that concentration
Which is the listener's obligation*

*And which all Artists crave.
Applause for endings save.
Please do not wave*

*A hand, an arm, nor beat
The time with fingers or with feet:
Keep quiet in your seat.*

*Your program do not rattle
Nor allow your tongue to tattle
Or to prattle.*

*If you must clear your throat
Or cough, be pleased to note
That it can be done
Without confusion
If you will only hide
Your mouth behind a wide
Thick handkerchief, whence the sound
Will be muted and bound
(It has been found)
And will not interrupt
With shock abrupt
Of vulgar vociferation
The listener's concentration
And the Artist's inspiration.*



AFTER

*If you must leave before the end,
Do not offend
The Artist and those who attend*

*To the music by inconsiderate,
Deliberate
And indelicate
Interruption. Anticipate
The final piece. Effectuate
Your exit then, lest you exasperate*

*Your neighbor. Choose
And use
That pause between
Two pieces, when applause will screen
An exit neither heard nor seen.*

*But, friend,
If you will condescend
To stay until the end,
You will offend*

*No one with your rustling,
Tussling,
Hustling
And bustling.*

AN APOLOGY TO THE READER

*Forgive the crime
Of composing this rhyme:
A lifetime*

*Of strain
And pain
At concerts will explain
And will help to construe
For the sake of the few
This plea long overdue.*

*Take only what is true
And what applies to you.*

POSTSCRIPT TO IMPRESSARIO

*These lines explain the reason why
I seldom buy
A ticket; and I prophecy*

*(Impressario, beware)
That many will prefer an easy chair
At home, a good recording, and that rare
Unbroken silence where*

*The subtlety,
Nobility
And clarity,*

*With shades of phrasing—all
Can sound without an intervening wall
Of noise as in a concert-hall,*

*And where the thought
Of great Artists are caught
Undistraught.*

J. B. W.

Illustrations by Gregory d'Alessio

recordings



by Andrés Segovia

This list, compiled by T. M. Hofmeister, Jr. and verified by Andrés Segovia, embraces all the recordings made by Segovia up to the date of this issue. Unfortunately most of them are not obtainable now, but we have been assured that some will be reissued when the scarcity of materials is overcome. The entire list is given, however, as an item of guitar history.

<i>Sonatina in A major</i> , F. Moreno Torroba	Victor Red Seal 1298-A
<i>Courante</i> , J. S. Bach	-B
<i>Petite Valse</i> , M. M. Ponce—arr. Segovia	Victor Red Seal 1824-A
<i>Mazurka</i> , M. M. Ponce	-B
<i>Fandanguillo</i> , F. Moreno Torroba	Victor Red Seal 1487-A
<i>Preludio</i> , F. Moreno Torroba	-B
<i>Tremolo Estudio</i> , Francisco Tárrega	Victor Red Seal 6767-A
<i>Fandanguillo</i> , Joaquín Turina	-B
<i>Prelude and Allemande</i> , J. S. Bach	Victor Red Seal 7176-A
<i>Fugue</i> , J. S. Bach	-B
<i>Theme Varié</i> , Fernando Sor	Victor Red Seal 6766-A
<i>Gavotte</i> , J. S. Bach	-B
<i>Suite in A minor—17th Century</i>	
<i>Prelude and Allemande (1-2)</i> , L. S. Weiss	His Master's Voice D B 1565
<i>Gigue (5)</i> , L. S. Weiss	D B 1565
<i>Suite in A minor (17th Century)</i>	
<i>Sarabande (3)</i> , L. S. Weiss	His Master's Voice D A 1225
<i>Gavotte (4)</i> , L. S. Weiss	D A 1225
<i>Study in A major</i> , Jean Delphin Alard—arr. Tárrega	
	His Master's Voice D A 1553
<i>Prelude</i> , J. S. Bach	D B 1553
<i>Folies d'Espagne (Tema y Variaciones)</i>	Gramófono S A E
<i>Parte 1</i> , arr. M. M. Ponce	Barcelona D B 1567
<i>Parte 2</i> , arr. M. M. Ponce	D B 1567
<i>Folies d'Espagne (Tema y Variaciones)</i>	Gramófono S A E
<i>Parte 3</i> , arr. M. M. Ponce	Barcelona D B 1568
<i>Parte 4</i> , arr. M. M. Ponce	D B 1568
<i>Canzonetta (from String Quartet in E Flat major)</i> , F. B. Mendelssohn—arr. Segovia	His Master's Voice D B 3243
<i>Vivo y Energico</i> , M. Castelnuovo-Tedesco	D B 3243
<i>Allegro from Sonata III</i> , M. M. Ponce	His Master's Voice -A
<i>Cancion y Postlude</i> , M. M. Ponce	-B
<i>Nocturno</i> , F. Moreno Torroba	His Master's Voice -A
<i>Serenata Espanola</i> , Joaquín Malats	-B
	Decca Album 384-29M—
<i>Music of Albéniz and Granados</i>	Personality Series
1— <i>Granada</i> , Isaac Albéniz	Decca 29154-A
2— <i>Tonadilla</i> , Enrique Granados	-B
3— <i>Danza Española No. 10</i> , Enrique Granados	Decca 29155-A
4— <i>Torre Bermeja</i> , Isaac Albéniz	-B
5— <i>Danza Española No. 5</i> , Enrique Granados	Decca 29156-A
6— <i>Sevilla</i> , Isaac Albéniz	-B

THE FOLLOWING HAVE BEEN MADE BUT NOT YET RELEASED:

<i>Estudios</i> , Fernando Sor	—Decca
TWO ALBUMS OF MUSIC BY J. S. BACH	
Album 1	
<i>Prelude—Corrente, Sarabande, Bourrée, Fugue, Gavotte</i>	Musicraft
Album 2	
<i>Chaconne</i>	Musicraft
PLANNED:	
<i>Sonatina</i> , M. M. Ponce	Musicraft

a Letter

GREATNESS AND MODESTY!

That is my personal impression every time, whether listening to his playing, or having a conversation with him, or simply following year by year with great interest his brilliant career and his exceptionally productive activities.

I lived as a guitarist a good many years before Segovia's name was heard at all, but I have also had the good fortune to live many years since the name of this great musician has been on the lips of every guitarist who has dedicated his life and spare time to the study of the classical guitar and classical guitar music.

Segovia achieved something that was the aim of every one of his predecessors, i.e., he made not only the general public, but even music critics and composers guitar-conscious. He succeeded in doing this in a very big way, not only by his dynamic activities, but through his very popular records, which can be found in the house of practically every guitarist.

He raised the art of guitar playing to an unprecedented height, clearly demonstrating the only way of gaining recognition for this instrument from those who in times past denied the right of the classical guitar to a place among members of the violin-piano family, and of guitarists to a chair in any *Conservatoire*.

But the greatness of Segovia is still more impressive in view of his natural modesty. This is not only my own impression but that of all those who have had a chance to see him and talk to him.

Segovia always avoids making himself the subject of conversation. While a guest of honour at the Annual Dinner of the P.S.G. held at the Spanish Club in London, he never uttered one word about himself or his recitals. He listened, instead, very patiently to our guitar program, and to my remark about his tremendous success in Russia and the most laudatory reports from my friends there on his recitals, he just said: "Russians are so hospitable and so appreciative. I met there several outstanding guitarists and enjoyed their playing."

I would like to conclude by emphasizing that Segovia lays down the best principles for those guitarists whose zeal oversteps the permissible, especially when extreme self-satisfaction bars their way towards further progress: "Knowledge and timber should not be much used, if ever, till they are seasoned!" And...this "seasoning" in the case of a guitar, is a very long process, measured not by months, but by years, years of persistent everyday practice, in order to move forward step by step.

Segovia is never idle. He does not count hours, he just practices as long as it is necessary for his requirement for a day. Therefore he is always progressing and always improving.

It has been said, that genius is infinite painstaking, that it is nothing but labor and diligence, and we have a living example of this in the person of that great guitarist, Andrés Segovia.

Expressing to him my admiration, I wish him very many happy returns, many years of success and inspiring activities.

Dr. BORIS A. PEROTT

President of the Philharmonic Society of Guitarists
London, June 10th, 1947

5 anecdotes



by
Andres Segovia

to Paquita

1

Allegretto

grazioso e leggero

C. I C. II

C. V C. V

humoristico

p legato con espressione

C. VI C. IV C. IV C. VI C. II

rit.

a tempo

mf *p* *mf*

This page contains ten staves of musical notation for a piano piece. The notation is written in a single system, with each staff representing a different part of the composition. The music features a variety of chords, scales, and fingerings, with dynamic markings such as *mf*, *p*, *poco ten.*, *p grazioso*, and *humoristico*. The piece concludes with *poco rall.* and a final chord.

Con grazia

[illegible]

C.VII
 C.III
 C.V
 cresc. -
 poco -
 f
 p
 C.V
 3
 6
 rall. -
 p a tempo
 C.V
 C.II
 humorístico

3

Lento malinconico

The musical score consists of six staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo and mood are indicated as *Lento malinconico*. The score includes various musical notations such as chords, fingerings, and dynamics.

- Staff 1:** Starts with a *p espr.* (piano, expressive) marking. It features a series of chords and melodic lines with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4) and a *C. IV* (C major, 4th position) marking.
- Staff 2:** Continues the melodic and harmonic development, with a *C. VII* (C major, 7th position) marking at the beginning and a *C. III* (C major, 3rd position) marking towards the end.
- Staff 3:** Includes a *C. VIII* (C major, 8th position) marking and a *C. I* (C major, 1st position) marking. The dynamics shift to *p tranquillo* (piano, tranquil).
- Staff 4:** Features a *C. IV* (C major, 4th position) marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.
- Staff 5:** Includes a *C. VI* (C major, 6th position) marking, a *C. VII* (C major, 7th position) marking, and a *C. V* (C major, 5th position) marking. The dynamics are *p tranquillo*.
- Staff 6:** Concludes with a *C. IV* (C major, 4th position) marking, a *C. IV* (C major, 4th position) marking, and a *C. II* (C major, 2nd position) marking. The dynamics are *molto espr.* (molto expressive).

[illegible]

4
to Aparicio

Molto tranquillo

The image displays three staves of musical notation for the piano accompaniment of Debussy's 'L'Espresso'. The notation is in a single system, with each staff containing a series of chords and melodic fragments. The first staff begins with the instruction 'sotto voce' and 'mf'. The second staff is marked 'p' and 'chiaro'. The third staff is marked 'p' and 'pp'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first staff also includes the markings 'C.X -' and 'C.VIII'. The second staff includes 'C.V -'. The third staff includes 'C.VI -'. The notation is in a single system, with each staff containing a series of chords and melodic fragments. The first staff begins with the instruction 'sotto voce' and 'mf'. The second staff is marked 'p' and 'chiaro'. The third staff is marked 'p' and 'pp'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first staff also includes the markings 'C.X -' and 'C.VIII'. The second staff includes 'C.V -'. The third staff includes 'C.VI -'.

5

Allegretto vivo

mf

C.IV

C.IV *C.II* *C.IV* *C.II*

C.IV *C.II* *C.VI* *C.IV*

p

un poco rit.

C.VII *C.VI* *C.IV*

a tempo

poco rall. *mf*

C.IV ————— C.IV —————
 C.II ————— C.I —————
 C.IX ————— C.VII ————— C.VI ————— C.VI ————— C.IV —————
 C.II ————— C.II ————— *deciso* ② ③ ④ —————
 C.II ————— *p legato* ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ —————
 C.IV ————— C.I ————— *p* ————— C.VII —————
 ② ③ ④ C.II C.II —————
p grazioso ③ ————— ④ ⑤ ⑥ *p*

C.II — C.III — C.V —
 C.V — C.III —
 C.V —
 C.IV — C.IV — C.II —
 C.IV — C.II —

4/4 4/4 4/4 4/4 4/4 4/4 4/4 4/4 4/4 4/4

p p p p p p p p p p

f

poco

deciso

p legato

C.II

C.VII

C.VI

p espr.

C.V

C.IV

C.IV

p

Lento

C.IV

C.II

C.II

a tempo

C.III

C.III

C.III

p

C.III

C.III

C.III

p

C.V

C.V

C.V

pp

En apreciación a la espléndida cooperación recibida de nuestros lectores en los países de habla hispana y comenzando con este número, *The GUITAR REVIEW* publicará un suplemento aparte en español, para ser distribuido en España y toda la América Latina. Dicho suplemento consistirá en general de tópicos de interés para los lectores de esta revista en todos los países de habla hispana.

Comenzando con este número, será publicado “*LA GUITARRA Y YO*,” por Andrés Segovia, en su forma original española. La primera parte de dicho artículo inicia nuestro suplemento español.

Esperamos que esta innovación sea aceptada por nuestros lectores de habla hispana con el mayor interés y como prueba de nuestra sentida gratitud por el maravilloso apoyo y buena acogida obtenida por *The Guitar Review* en los países vecinos de la América Latina lo mismo que en la madre patria.

As a slight token of our great appreciation of the splendid cooperation which we have received from our subscribers in the Spanish-Speaking countries, *The GUITAR REVIEW* will publish, commencing with this issue, a separate part, or insert, in Spanish, for distribution in Spain and Central and South America.

This insert will generally consist of our leading article or any article which may be of particular interest in Spanish-speaking countries. The present issue will most naturally include Part One of “*THE GUITAR AND MYSELF*” by Andrés Segovia, in the original Spanish.

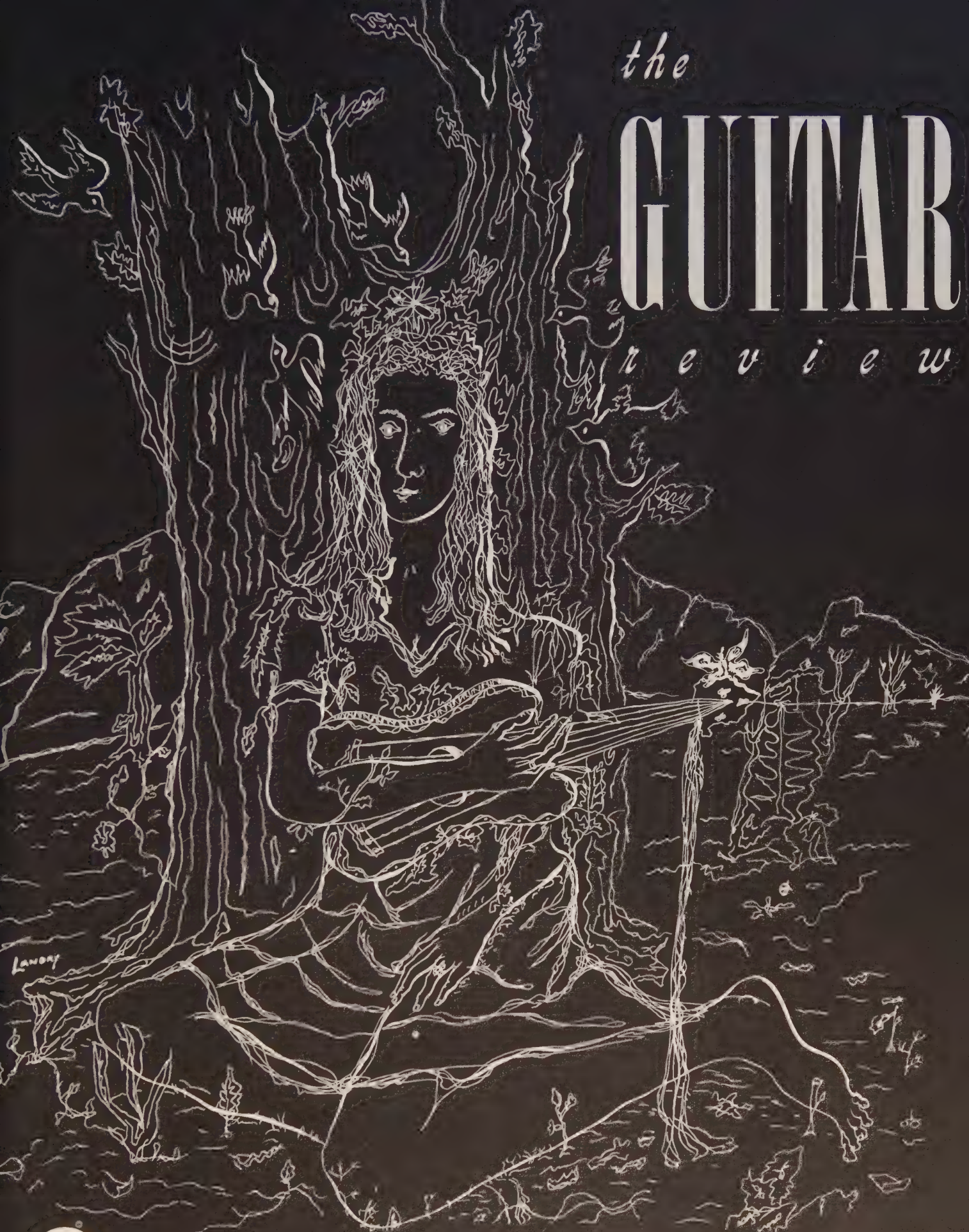
We hope that this innovation will be accepted as representing our gratitude for the wholehearted support and encouragement which we have received from our neighbors south of us and from our friends in Spain.

The Guitar Review

the

GUITAR

review



50¢

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CONTENTS

Cover

Music Supplement Layout

Landry

Louis Koster

ARTICLES

The Memoires of Makaroff

Jesus Silva

The Guitar in Portugal

New Light on Paganini

Emilio Pujol

Emilio Pujol

A. Alver

Rose L. Augustine

DEPARTMENTS

The Editor's Corner

The Museum

Academy

The Chronicle

Fr. Mulders

V. Bobri

G. d'Alessio

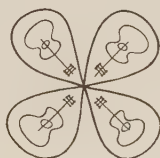
MUSIC

Vespertina

Invocación

Manuel Ponce

Emilio Pujol



Application for entry as second-class matter pending. Contributors' views are not necessarily those of the editors.

All manuscripts, music or drawings submitted will be given careful consideration but lack of space prohibits us from printing more than a portion of the material sent us. Any unused items will be returned upon request.

Owing to the extremely large number of his engagements, which have taken him to three continents, Andrés Segovia has been unable to complete the continuation of "The Guitar and Myself." It is therefore with great regret that we are forced to omit it from this issue.

the editor's Corner

When the GUITAR REVIEW was first published, we called it "An International bi-Monthly" and fondly hoped that it would be just that. If at that time it sounded like mere flamboyancy on our part, it can now be said that it was more in the nature of prophetic vision, for the REVIEW has become decidedly international. We have subscribers in every continent, and we are glad of this for two reasons. The major reason is that we know now that our beloved guitar is everywhere—and in the hands of devotees who have the same ideals which we have. The second reason is that our publication goes to these guitar lovers of their own choice, for while we would gladly have solicited subscriptions in all other countries, there has been no way for us to do so. We still do not know definitely by means of what grapevine telegraph the REVIEW has become known in such diverse localities as Beirut, Singapore, Tanjong Pandan, Cairo, Moscow and Oslo, but the important fact remains that the REVIEW does go to these places and we get letters from our readers there which really gratify our souls.

But there is another manifestation of the interest which the REVIEW has aroused, and this manifestation is one which makes us very proud indeed. The mightiest names in the present-day history of the guitar not only write us letters of congratulation and praise, but without exception offer us their unstinted aid in ways which we would never have dared ask of them. Consider these names: Segovia. We all know how much he has done, and incidentally, the Segovia Number, in spite of the fact that it was a larger edition than usual, has been completely sold out and a Second Edition is now being printed. Segovia will be with us again in future issues. Emilio Pujol. This great guitarist is with us in this issue and will be in others. Manuel Ponce, also in this issue, with a composition written especially for us, as is Pujol's—music which can only be had by means of the REVIEW. Luise Walker, the Austrian virtuoso guitarist—there will be contributions from her in very early issues. Guillermo Gomez will contribute to us, and, we are very happy to say, so will Vicente Gomez. From Suzanne Bloch we hope to have shortly an article on the mysteries of "Tablatures," on which she is an authority—perhaps the authority. Adolfo Luna, the well-known Argentine guitarist and composer has sent us some exciting compositions.

This does not end the list—it merely gives you an indication of the direction in which we are headed—upward! With the help of the great names we have given here, the help of the others whose names have not yet been given, and with the help of everyone who is now reading this, we can go far in this upward direction, and it is with gratitude that we thank all of you and promise you the GUITAR REVIEW will continue steadily in that one direction—upward!

PAUL CARLTON

the memoirs of Makaroff



Translated from the Russian by Vladimir Bobri and Nura Ulreich. These recollections come from the pen of the famous Russian guitar enthusiast, Nicolai Petrovich Makaroff (1810-1890), who embodied them upon retirement from military duties, in his "Fullhearted Confessions" (ZADUSHEVNAYA ISPOVED). In this work, which attracted much attention and underwent many editions, he gives most interesting reports of celebrated guitarists and guitar-makers, his own experiences in mastering the instrument, and much other information that proved an inexhaustible fount for subsequent Russian writers on the subject. Editor's Note: For valuable assistance in connection with Makaroff, THE GUITAR REVIEW is indebted to Dr. Boris Perott, President of the Philharmonic Society of Guitarists of London, who met the Russian guitarist at his death bed.

In the preceding installment, Makaroff, anxious to purchase a superior guitar, sought out two of the best guitar makers in Vienna, Fisher and Stauffer. From the former, he ordered the best possible guitar that could be made, with expense no deterring factor. Then he looked up Stauffer, and learned that the guitar maker had left Vienna for Prague some years before. However, Makaroff learned that one, Schertzer, an apprentice of Stauffer's lived in Vienna. From Schertzer, he also ordered a guitar, with the same stipulations. Several months later the guitars were delivered. Fisher's displeased him. Schertzer's however, delighted him. The guitar was of a larger than usual size, and its tone had great beauty. He noticed also, that, placed lengthwise inside the instrument, were two iron rods...

(CONTINUED)

This clever idea, so skilfully realized, was based on the same principle as the iron straps under the sounding board of the piano. The use of the two rods relieved the sounding board from the burden of carrying the full tension of the strings. This was now thrown completely onto the two rods. The top of the guitar, which previously had been restrained by this tremendous tension, was now completely free to vibrate. This explains the strength and richness of tone which ensued. After two months of use, Schertzer's guitar acquired a remarkably powerful tone, such as I had never before heard in any guitar. In addition to this, Schertzer had also introduced another improvement, a double lower back. This too, was of the greatest importance, increasing the richness of tone in the following manner:

During the performance, the back of the guitar rests against the body of the performer. The sound becomes muffled, since

vibrations are absorbed by the clothing. The second back is left free to vibrate and to reflect the full tone of the instrument.

Another innovation was the use of mechanical pegs. Although this had already been used by other makers, I had never before had any on any guitar before this one. They made tuning easier and more accurate.

Thus, my efforts were crowned with full success. My beloved instrument suddenly made a great stride on the way to perfection, something it had not been able to achieve in the last twenty years. With delight I sent the 50% bonus I had promised him. In addition, I sent him my deepest thanks for his innovations in guitar making which improved the instrument by so much. The thanks I sent him were not only for myself, but also in behalf of all sincere lovers of the instrument.

On the 2nd of August, I boarded the ship in Stettin which was to take myself, my family and my three new guitars to my home in Russia. As soon as we became settled in our country home in Tula, I again began to exercise with renewed enthusiasm. Learning the new Mertz pieces I had brought home was delightful. After two months of concentrated practicing, I had solved the problem of guitar harmony. This, as I mentioned before, was the addition of an extra bass Sol (G), increasing the harmonic possibilities. As soon as I was satisfied that my idea was correct, I wrote to Schertzer, asking him to make three new ten-stringed guitars, two for myself and one for one of my amateur friends. Again I promised him the additional 50% for full satisfaction.

Five months later, the guitars arrived safely from Vienna. However, only one of the three was better than the guitar I received from him in Berlin. Still, I was quite pleased and sent him the promised prize money. Moreover, I recommended him to amateurs who wanted new instruments and persuaded each of them to send Schertzer similar bonuses. At the same time, I was corresponding continuously with Mertz and was acquiring from him those manuscripts of his which he did not care to publish. In this manner, each year I received three to four new manuscripts. These were a valuable addition to my rare and already extensive library.

However, in spite of my profound interest in the guitar, I could not help feeling that the guitar as an instrument had come to the end of its life cycle. The realization was very hard

to take. I was aware that the pianoforte was constantly being improved and developed, as was also being done with instruments of lesser importance. No one seemed interested enough to improve the guitar. Perhaps this lack of mechanical development was one of the reasons why it was so little in use, or rather, why it had fallen so low. In addition, the death of Giuliani had been a severe blow, since with him the talented guitar composers had ceased to exist.

Was the guitar really doomed forever, I wondered? Is there anything which can be done to prod and stimulate it into renewed musical significance? Are no more technical improvements on it possible? Are the talented guitar composers gone forever?

Competition is a great lever which prompts progress in all fields of human endeavor. It would be wise to find a way to use it and thereby stimulate the influence of the guitar in the musical world. How to muster the guitar-makers, guitar composers and musicians for a mutual effort in the same direction? Thinking along these lines brought me finally to a definite conclusion. The idea of a contest came to my mind. I undertook it with a kind of painful hope and feverishly began to bring it to fruition. In March 1856 I wrote the program of the contest.* Inspired only by my impersonal love for music and especially guitar music, and in order to create interest in the competition, I established four prizes:

1. For the best composition for the guitar, 800 Francs (200 rubles).
2. For the second-best composition for the guitar, 500 Francs (125 rubles).
3. For the best-made guitar, 800 Francs (200 rubles).
4. For the second-best guitar, 500 Francs (125 rubles).

The rules on the basis of which the prizes were to be distributed were as follows:

RULES FOR GUITAR COMPOSITION:

1. Guitar compositions must be original or fantasies on the basis of known tunes. Their chief qualities must be originality and grace of musical thought, in particular the correct development and perfection of the musical idea. They should also incorporate the new ideas in style, taste and brilliancy of effects, so that the entire composition is wholly within the spirit and resources of the instrument. They should also reflect all the musical possibilities and qualities peculiar to the guitar.
2. Compositions must be written for the six or ten-stringed guitar for solo playing or with the additional accompaniment of a piano or quartet.
3. Every composer has the right to present more than one composition. He may also win both prizes, if his compositions are judged to be the two best.
4. Preference will be given to those compositions which are played at the time of judgment in the presence of the Jury. They may be played by the composer or by any other guitarist present.
5. No composition can receive a prize unless it has been established that it can be played by the best artists. This provision is necessary since there have been, and are, compositions which could never be played by anyone, including the composer himself. These are simply musical fantasmagorias and are excluded from the contest.

RULES FOR GUITAR MAKING:

1. The guitar must be large and preferably ten-stringed. The four extra strings are to be basses, contre D, C, contre B and contre A. The Terce-guitar will not be accepted.
2. The qualities of the guitar must embody the following: Strength of tone, depth and melodiousness; the tone must also be mellow, tender and sustained or singing, i.e., the longest possible continuity of sound. The instrument must lend itself to making good vibratos, legatos and portamentos.
3. The neck of the guitar must be perfectly flat, wide enough,

particularly at the screw and comprise two full octaves. (Editor's note: The neck here described is that of the detachable type, popular at the time with German guitar makers. It is held in place by means of a screw at the heel of the neck, passing through it and the block inside the body of the guitar. This screw also performs an additional function, in that when the instrument is properly designed, it is possible to adjust for "action" by its means.)

4. The strings must be placed low yet not so low as to give rise to a "buzz" on being played as is so often the case.

5. The pegs should be mechanical, however, wooden pegs will also be accepted.

6. The guitar must be marked by fine workmanship and graceful simplicity at the same time. Surface decorations, when they do not serve to improve the instrument musically, will not have any additional value for the competition.

The contest will be held at Bruxelles, where all compositions and guitars must be dispatched before October 1856, the time of the competition. I myself translated the rules into French and had them translated into German.

THE rules were first published in the Russian Newspaper, "St. Petersburg News" within a few days after I sent them. Soon after, they were published abroad in several French and German newspapers. I then prepared myself to be ready to travel abroad again.

By this time, my guitar technique had reached a point of artistry. I felt that I was approaching the goal of musical art which is the *sine qua non* of the virtuoso, something which few possess—the ability to perform well not only at home but under all conditions and circumstances and before every kind of an audience. This skill of being complete master of his instrument, so that he can pour forth his musical feeling, is possessed by very few musicians. There have been great virtuosos for whom playing in public was real torture. Chopin was one of these.

Before leaving, I took part in the Concert of the Amateurs in the University Hall. My playing was disregarded by the music critics. The proverb about prophets in their own countries holds good even in the field of music. This, despite the fact that some of my friends, who are guitar lovers had recognized the qualities of my technique.

In July 1856 I again went abroad to go to Aachen, where I wanted to take a course of sulphur baths. There I met many Russians with whom I had a good time. I was also visited by two guitarists—Jansen and Fisher. The latter, a very young and very blond little German, was considered a great guitar maestro on the shores of the lower Rhine. But, alas, his playing was little better than an exaggeration in all respects of the usual German guitar technique, resulting in a mere scratching of strings. He had great rapidity and force, but no clearness of tone, purity or softness. He played with unvaried fortissimos and with constant buzzing of the strings. Furthermore, he smoked the worst possible cigars. In response to his insistence that he wished my opinion and advice, I finally told him that he must put his guitar away for some time. Then he must go to London and listen to Schultz, or to Bruxelles, to listen to Zani de Ferranti. Finally, he must come back to his guitar and try to imitate all the qualities of these two great guitarists. Mere rapidity and force is not enough for a good performance.

Fisher advised me to hear the three German guitarists; Schtilling in the city of Fuldt, Brandt at Wurzburg and Franz at Munich. Thus, instead of preparing for the Contest, I went to look up these people. On my way, I stopped off to see the friend of my last trip, Mr. Kamberger. He thought I would only lose money and time in going after these three guitarists. He knew them well, and told me that they did not deserve my interest or attention. I followed his advice and went to Bruxelles, where I secured a very cozy apartment.

In connection with my contest, I came in contact with Mr. Damke, a profound musician and master of counterpoint, who

*EDITORS' NOTE: Rules of contest appeared in "St. Petersburg News" of April 5th, 1856, No. 78.

had previously lived in St. Petersburg. He met me with open arms and helped me in a most useful and logical way. He immediately introduced me to the best artists and the Professors of the Conservatory. Among these were Cervée, Leonard, Blaz. Bender, Kuffre and many others. They were all happy to accept my invitation to be judges at the Contest. Mr. Damke also gave me the excellent advice to organize my own concert, in order to introduce myself as a guitarist to the general public. Mr. Geinburg, Director of the Philharmonic Society of Bruxelles, offered me a hall for this purpose. It was an excellent auditorium. Naturally, I accepted both the advice and the hall. I gave the concert on Sunday, Oct. 23rd at 1 P.M. About 400 people were attracted to the concert. All the sincere music lovers of Bruxelles attended. I played alone, with no accompaniment. My guitar sounded so well, that people entering the lobby of the hall, could not believe that it was a guitar, but instead mistook the sounds as those of a piano. The real musical furore was reached when I played my *Mazurka* and my *Venetian Carnival*. In these, I employed a special technique developed by me and unknown to all other guitarists, i.e., the theme is played on the Basses, while the most rapid trill is being performed on two strings by four fingers. My success was tremendous. When I finished, a great crowd of admiring and exclaiming people had surrounded me. Artists, students, musicians, professors, etc., all shook my hands and embraced me. I was asked to repeat my *Mazurka*, which I did. Then I played an unpublished piece of Mertz, one of his bravado *Fantasies*, called *Elixir d'Amour*, which I consider one of the most brilliant guitar pieces.

One of the most enthusiastic persons present, was Mr. Adan, a real fanatic of both music and the guitar, and a friend of the Belgian Minister of Finance. According to him, he played the guitar from the time he was sixteen years old. He had transcribed all the *Sonatas* of Beethoven for the guitar. He had heard all the famous guitarists such as Carulli, Giuliani, Legnani, Sor, Aguado, Schtoll, Zani de Ferranti and Huerta, but not one of them had impressed him with his playing as I had. The morning after the concert, the courier from the Ministry of Finance brought me a large envelope in which was a *Rondo* for the guitar by Mr. Adan, dedicated to me. Together with this was a letter from him full of the sincerest praise and admiration of my playing.

This was my third and most successful public appearance. This time, the guitar was not abused in the concert like some poor relative, who is invited to sit at the end of the table out of sheer pity. By no means, this time my guitar was the lord of the manor, and ruled unquestionably, over the entire concert hall, completely independent for once of the assistance of local semi-celebrities or the favor of newspapermen. It was the guitar alone, whose sounds filled the large hall, attracting true and sincere lovers of music. These came, not because of cheap advertisements in periodicals which sell mediocre performances of clever musical clients, but because they were induced through their love for music and because of their musical intellect which was higher than usual.

And now, are you curious as to how large my expenses were for organizing this concert? For printing posters, including mailing to the addressees—6 francs. (Far from our St. Petersburg prices, although just as far from the high paths of our Russian posters.) To the caretakers of the Philharmonic Society for taking care of the chairs and benches in the hall—15 francs. All in all it amounted to 21 francs or 5 rubles and 25 kopecs in Russian money.

Soon after my concert the Jury for judging the contest was formed; and I invited all the members for a luxurious dinner at Dubost's. There were nine of us. I must say a few words about that dinner, because never before nor since have I had such a magnificent repast, throughout its twelve courses. We started with famous Ostende oysters, followed by a soup made of turtles and lobsters served with Strassburg pirog—a type of meat pie. Then came fish and wild fowl, ending with a delicious

dessert, coffee and liquors. With the oysters we had two bottles of Chabli. The following courses were accompanied by 6 bottles of a wonderful old Bordeaux and 4 bottles of Champagne. How much would you think all this luxury should have cost me? Only 149 francs which was equal to 37 rubles, or about 4 rubles per man.

Finally, in October, we held the first meeting of our Jury in my apartment. I opened the meeting with a short speech and then we proceeded with the election of the President. I was unanimously elected. During this first meeting, we worked out the rules and conditions in regard to the dispatch, acceptance and return of compositions and guitars from and to their owners. We also established the date of the competition, December 1st, although this was later postponed to December 10th. Our resolutions passed at these meetings were immediately published by many Bruxelles' newspapers and later reprinted by French and German publications.

Meanwhile, I was daily receiving a large number of compositions for entry in the Contest. These came from all quarters of Europe—France, Germany, Spain, Poland, Holland and Austria. In all, I received over sixty compositions from thirty competitors. From many of them, I also received letters in which I was called the benefactor of the guitar. They praised my own musical talent addressing me with grand titles, such as Baron, Count, Prince, etc. Some sent me posters for their concerts along with the compositions. Others were simply ridiculous and meaningless in what they wrote. Mertz had sent me four of his compositions while I was still at home. I had been in constant correspondence with him since the day we met. In each of his letters there was much sincere and deep feeling towards me. What touched me most about him, was his remarkable modesty. He did not seem to be conscious of the wonderful quality of the music he composed or of the extent of his own talent. How different he was in that respect from so many of his comrades in art! In his last letter, which I received abroad, he told me about his long illness. After that came another letter written by his wife, in which she told me that he was not able to write himself and that he was feeling worse daily. This information came as a great shock to me, since I loved that gifted, modest composer and great guitarist with my whole heart. In October, a black bordered letter arrived from Mrs. Mertz with the final sad news. It brought hot tears to my eyes. Even now, while writing these lines, I feel the tears blind my sight and deep sadness tortures my heart. Not only I, but all guitarists of the world should mourn the death of Mertz. His loss is irreparable.

Shortly before the Contest, my guitar again had a brilliant period of success—a complete victory and regeneration for that forgotten instrument. It came about through my new friend, Mr. Damke, who introduced me to two ladies—passionate lovers of the music of Mozart and Beethoven. They were the Baronesses Danetant, the wives of two brothers. At their homes, regular musical gatherings were held. These were attended by all the famous musicians of the country as well as foreign visitors. At one of these musical evenings, Cervée and I were invited to play the guitar. I played two pieces by Mertz, the *Elixir d'Amour* and another. My playing was heartily applauded. I was invited to play again on another occasion. This evening was especially important since it was the occasion for one of the most brilliant gatherings of the Season. Among the performers, were Cervée, who was superb in his own three pieces for the cello. Then beautiful, young Countess Rossi, a daughter of the famous Rossi-Zontag, sang two incomparable songs. This was followed by Monsieur Damke, who played *Allegro*, from his latest Symphony for the piano. It was a four-hand piece and he was assisted by his wife, a pupil of Henzelt. After this, I played a piece by Mertz on a famous theme from "Pirate." It was a brilliant and melodious piece. It has one section written entirely in harmonics, which sounded especially beautifully and sweetly on my guitar. Thundering applause was my reward after I had finished playing the piece, a part of this rightfully belonged to my deceased friend.

Towards the end of the *soirée*, Cervée played again, this time, his own brilliant *Souvenir of Warsaw*. Barely had the last sounds of his music faded, when the charming hostess approached me with an irresistible smile. "In order to end this *soirée*, we all appeal to you once more to take your beautiful instrument and delight us with the bewitching tones that you know how to coax from it," said she. "Why Baroness," I answered, "how dare I play after the cello playing of Monsieur Cervée? My music will be an outrage." All my arguments along these lines were in vain. I had to obey our beautiful hostess. As I was preparing to strike the first chords, Mr. Damke approached me and whispered, "Please play your *Symphonic Fantasy*." However, I denied his wish, since I thought my *Fantasy* too long and too serious for the moment. I told him I would play instead my *Venetian Carnival*. It was not as serious but extremely effective. He wished me success. Again I pressed my "beloved" to my heart, glanced over the brilliant gathering of magnificently dressed men and women, mentally called for help on the shadows of the great guitarists—the deceased Giuliani and the living Schultz—and began to play. I finished the performance with my heart thundering loudly in my chest. I realized that never before had I performed the *Carnival*, that blinding, radiant firework, better than this time. It is impossible to describe the ovation and applause which followed the final chord of my playing. It was a tidal wave of the most sincere admiration and enthusiasm. Many rushed forward to clasp my hands. The sister of my hostess, Baroness Danetant, remarked aloud to Mr. Damke, "I would never have believed that the guitar could produce such marvelous effects, had I not heard it myself."

These two performances, in addition to my concert at Bruxelles resulted in completely reversing the contention of some people, that the guitar is not a concert instrument. A silly idea. Every instrument can become a concert instrument, provided the instrument is an excellent one of its kind, and that the performer is the best available. In addition, it is necessary that the program should be cleverly and artistically arranged and that the concert hall itself should correspond in size and acoustics with the instrument to be used. But how can one ever win an argument with old-fashioned conservative skeptics of music?

During my stay in Bruxelles, I was visited by many amateur guitarists, as well as other musicians. Among them were two young Spaniards from Gibraltar—a pianist and a violinist. They tried to persuade me to go to Spain, assuring me that their countrymen would welcome me throughout the land. Attracted by their youthful enthusiasm, I was considering a visit to their poetical country; however my plans were changed for rather prosaic reasons.

Another interesting person often visited me—Mr. Yradier. Also Spanish, he was the liveliest, gayest and most outspoken fellow I had ever known. He laughed at the slightest provocation. When he spoke he gesticulated with his hands. He would pound out his own compositions on the piano or would play and sing Spanish folk songs on the guitar, snapping his fingers, using his heels, whistling, etc. He was preparing for the contest when a strange event put an end to his aspirations. He had been working on his composition, when I played for him at his invitation, Mertz's *Fantasie* from "Montechi." He appeared very shocked, when I had finished. Suddenly he exclaimed, "You killed me!" Then he showed me a piece of paper covered with musical notations. "Here," he said, "I began to work on a composition on exactly the same theme from 'Montechi,' which you have just played. I only feel now, that I could never be able to write anything equal to it in beauty. Therefore, I simply give up." And he did.

Four days before the end of the Contest, I had more visitors. My old friend Coste of Paris brought four of his compositions for the contest. A Spanish guitarist, named Chibra came for the same purpose. Chibra had been born in Seville, but he had lived in London and Paris for the past twenty years. Abroad, he had written a large opera which had proved a

failure when produced. He entered a composition for the contest. As a composer he proved to be very mediocre. It was true that his music had originality and was quite different from anything written by Giuliani or Mertz. It was also true that the pieces were very melodious and sweet, more so when he himself played them. Their main defect was an over-all monotony in general and in details. The style was poor, and suitable only for dancing. The harmony was thin and pale, the tonality impossibly boring, the key never rising above two or three sharps. This seems to be the palladium of all poor guitarists, on whom a key with one flat, let alone two, makes the same impression as water on hydrophobes. However, for the sake of a varied repertoire, which should include samples of different styles and manners, I learned two of his compositions. I enjoyed playing these; almost without exception, everyone, especially the ladies, liked them. I shall never forget the real furore they aroused when I played them on the boat during my trip aboard in 1875.

Now I would like to say a few more words about Chibra as a performer on the guitar. This is something which was most unusual and remarkable. As is the custom with almost all Spanish guitarists, he had grown very long nails on his right hand, which he held in an oblique position while playing, not perpendicularly, as guitarists usually do. Moreover, he did not actually strike the string with the nail, but simply pressed it on the string, slipping off from the string onto the neck of the guitar. In this manner, he was able somehow to draw remarkably tender, deep melodious sounds from the instrument, the equal of which I had never before heard from anyone; not even from the great Zani de Ferranti, who was known for the softness of his playing. The vibrato, when performed by Chibra, was really divine, his guitar actually sobbed, wailed and sighed. Chibra only showed these remarkable qualities in slow tempos as in *largo*, *adagio* or *andante*. The moment he had to play *allegro* or *presto*, the reverse side of the medal became evident. Then it became impossible to slip from the string to the neck, instead it became necessary to strike the string. This caused a disagreeable, metallic sound, quite contrary to the velvety tones of his wonderful *adagios*. In a word, Chibra's performance could give his listeners the greatest delight for a few days, but not over any extended length of time since both his manner and his compositions became tiresome. The art of music is like cooking, one cannot live only on monotonous sweets. At times, pepper and mustard are required to stir the taste.

When I returned home from Bruxelles, the news reached me that Chibra had given a concert in one of Bruxelles' music halls, but had not had much success, in spite of a large audience. I was sincerely sorry to hear that, since I consider him one of the most talented guitarists of his time. However, I must finish my story about the guitar contest.

The organization and preparation of the contest had given me much trouble and a good many headaches. In addition, it was very expensive for me, since I had to pay for the transportation of the instruments as well as the compositions. The most disagreeable and difficult task, was the process of deciphering the compositions, most of which disclosed ignorance and lack of talent. There were two or three which were exceptions to this, besides the compositions of Coste and Mertz. Only a few guitars were entered, however, in the competition. One came from Schertzer in Vienna, one from Argusen of St. Petersburg, one from Paris from the successor of Lacotte-Eirich, one from Prague and two from Munich. There were more from Vienna, (I do not remember by whom) which came too late to participate in the contest.

At last came the grand day for the awarding of prizes. At 8:00 P.M. all the members of the panel came to my hotel apartment. I opened the conference. We decided to vote after debating. Of 64 compositions, we found only 40 worthy of participating in the competition. Of these 40 the following compositions were judged worthy of prizes:

Four compositions by Mertz.
 Four compositions by Coste.
 Two compositions by Komarny.
 One composition by Kühnel.

This made a total of 11 compositions. Before the contest, I had made a statement that I would not consider the death of Mertz a hindrance to the admission of his compositions into the contest, and that in the event that one of them should win, the prize should be sent to his widow. My opinion was wholeheartedly supported by the other members of the panel. Alas, on the very last day of the contest, I discovered that a plot was being engineered to overthrow the accepted decision. I do not like to mention the name of the person responsible for this. Because of personal antagonism against me, he had decided to take revenge on me by attacking me through my devotion and loyalty to the music and memory of Mertz. He protested against our awarding to Mertz the well deserved prize. However, all of his charges against Mertz were fittingly overcome by my just and clear explanations and arguments. These evidently had a good effect on the rest of the judges. In spite of this, my heart was beating hard when we began to count the votes for the prizes. A great burden fell off my shoulders, when I counted them and found that Mertz was found worthy of the first prize for compositions. Coste had received the second prize.

I immediately sent a messenger with a note to Coste asking him to come with his guitar, since the judges wished to hear both of his compositions in order to decide which of them was more worthy of the prize. Coste came immediately, his face shining with joy. He began to kiss and embrace me, saying that he considered it the greatest honor to receive the second prize after Mertz, the greatest guitar composer of the time. I introduced him to the judges and after many hearty congratulations he played his compositions. His *Serenade* was recognized as the better piece.

Then we proceeded to examine the instruments and to award the prizes for these. There were no debates on this score. I simply played several chords on each of the guitars. Two of them left the others far behind, a guitar made by Schertzer and another made by Argusen. The first was remarkably good, the best in tone and volume that I had ever heard. The second guitar did not equal the first in tone and depth of sound, but it possessed an extremely pleasant silvery and tender sound. The greatest honor went to Schertzer, not only because of the more excellent instrument, but also because it was he who invented

all of the improvements in the construction of the instrument, while Argusen was only the copyist, so to speak. Finally, I played a piece on each of the prize guitars. After the contest I bought both of them from their owners, sending them a special bonus over the fixed prices. The entire procedure of the contest was pleasant and interesting. It seems that all of the members of the judging panel liked one another. At our parting, I gave a gift to each of them in the Russian manner, i.e., I gave each one of them two pounds of excellent tea, for which I had sent to St. Petersburg. This little token gift seemed to give them the greatest pleasure, for they were all fond of Russian tea.

The next morning, I mailed the money and two letters of congratulations—one to Mrs. Mertz with 800 francs and another to Schertzer with a similar enclosure. I soon received from them answers that were full of gratitude and pleasure. My contest for which I had built up so much hope ended in this manner. Alas! The contest did not achieve what I had had in mind; it did not uncover any new or wonderful composer for the guitar who could fittingly occupy the place left vacant by Mertz. I hope that perhaps someone in the future will be more fortunate than I. However, for the revival of the guitar, I believe I did everything I could, everything one person alone, without any support of sympathizers to encourage and help him, could do. For all of eighteen years, I fought against old-fashioned conservatives, who did not want to recognize the guitar as a dignified musical instrument. I fought against the indifference of the guitarists themselves, against insults and the mockery of fellow musicians and against a thousand and one other hindrances on my course to place the guitar and its music on the plane it so well deserves in the musical world.

My greatest reward, is that in spite of all odds and opposition, my deep love for the guitar has never let my spirit down in the fight for the defense and furtherance of this beloved instrument.

THE END.

EDITORS' NOTE: Further references to the distinguished guitarist, Leonard Schulz will be found in the following works:

"Die Gitarre und ihre Meister," Frits Buek. Pages 35-36.

"Diccionario de Guitarristas," Domingo Prat. Page 289.

"The Guitar and Mandolin," E. Philip Bone. Pages 268-270.

"The Famous Guitarists," Boris A. Perott. "B.M.G." 1931 to 1938.

We wish to thank Dr. Perott for his kindness in sending us this list of references.

Jesus Silva



The fingering in *Vespertina* by Manuel M. Ponce included in the music supplement of this issue, is by the Mexican guitarist Jesus Silva, a pupil of Andrés Segovia, and has been approved by him (Segovia). Mr. Silva was born in Morelia, and grew up in Mexico City. He belonged to the Children's Choir of the *Basilica de Guadalupe* for five years, appearing on various occasions as soloist. He first became interested in the guitar, as a popular instrument, in 1932, and in the following year entered the National Conservatory, where he began his formal music study. It was at this time that he first heard Segovia, and decided to take up the serious study of the guitar. In 1940 he graduated from the Conservatory as Professor of Music and Guitarist, and was given Special Mention by the board before which he took his examinations. Since 1942 he has given many

concerts in the capital and other Mexican cities, and as of this year he has been named Director of the *Escuela Superior Nocturna de Musica*, where he has for several years been teaching the guitar. He is also at present giving brief guitar recitals, accompanied by explanatory talks, in the grammar and high schools of the Federal District.

Of Segovia, Jesus Silva writes: "Since 1933, I have had the good fortune to be able to see Segovia on every visit he has made to this city, and he has generously given me invaluable teaching and advice, as to both the technique of the guitar, and musical interpretation, helping me to find myself artistically, and decisively encouraging me to fulfill my aspirations."

the guitar in Portugal

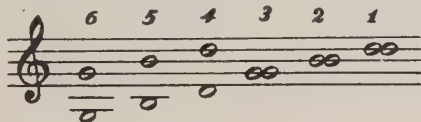
by EMILIO PUJOL

Translated by Miss Eithne Golden

AMONG the most successful projects launched by Ivo Cruz, the distinguished composer, and Director of the National Conservatory of Lisbon, in his effort to broaden the scope of the organization's activities is the establishment of a guitar course in 1946-47.

After centuries of that same indifference which the history of the guitar reveals at various periods in many countries, Portugal, of whose tradition the guitar forms an integral part, is again awakening to its fascination and is striving to adapt the character of its lyric expression to the organic qualities of the instrument. Perhaps the temporary eclipse of eminent guitarists and the disappearance of the guitar from among the instruments most favored by native folk musicians have been the principal causes of the neglect against which the universal artistic culture of today, so deeply infiltrated in Portuguese life, is reacting.

Among the plucked-string instruments played nowadays by the Portuguese people, two different types are outstanding: the *Portuguese guitar* and the *viola*, as the Spanish guitar is called in this country. The first is a derivation of the *cistre* (cithern) introduced into Portugal by the British in the middle of the Eighteenth Century. The box is pear-shaped, with flat top and bottom, and to the fan-shaped set of tuning pegs are attached six pairs of metal strings tuned thus:



It is on this instrument of limited scope and haunting tone quality that the fantasy and dexterity of the Portuguese people have created the diversity of *fados* made known today, through the phonograph and radio, in the most distant parts of the world.

The second of the two instruments, which we might call the *universal guitar*, was for many years relegated in Portugal to providing a mere accompaniment for the *fado*. The name *viola* which, as I mentioned above, is used in Portugal to designate this instrument, is probably a corruption of the Spanish word *vihuela*, derived in turn from the Latin term *fidicula*, according to St. Isidore in his famous "Etymologies."

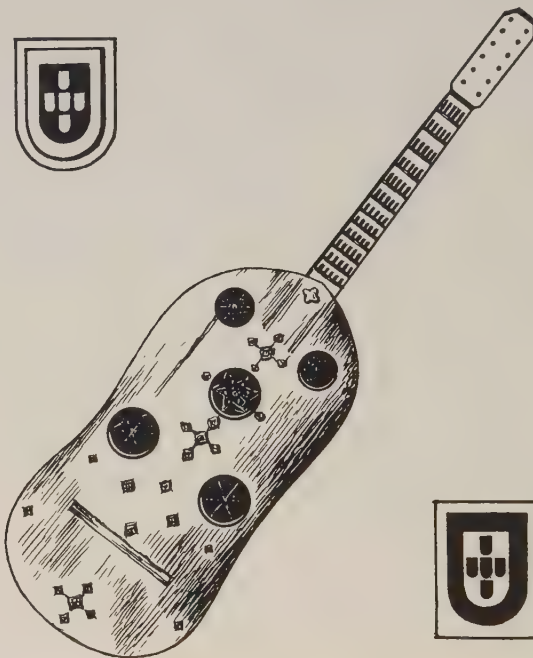
During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, all stringed instruments having a neck were called *vihuela* in the Iberian Peninsula, and this is true not only of those plucked with the fingers or played with a plectrum or bow, but also of the guitars, bandurrias, mandoras, lutes and all other instruments which differed from the harp, psaltery, etc., in having a neck attached to the sound box.

If it is remembered that troubadours and minstrels went from one kingdom to the other at the invitation of their kings and nobles, taking with them their own instruments, and that Spain and Portugal were linked by marriages between royal families who were patrons of the arts and especially of music, it will be seen that Portugal could hardly have been ignorant of the *vihuelas* and guitars, beside harps and keyed instruments, which had reached their height under the protection and favor of an empress like Isabel, born and educated in Portugal.

Terrible fires and earthquakes have deprived us of historic documents testifying to the true significance of Luis Milan as a *vihuelista* at the court of John III of Portugal. All we know is that when the King named him Gentleman-in-waiting, he assigned to him an annual sum of 7,000 *cruzados*. And in the book of *vihuela* music "El Maestro" which Luis Milan dedicated to John III, after saying in the introduction that Portugal was "a sea of music" (thus indicating the high stage of development reached by this art in the Portugal of the epoch),

he adds that in no other country could his book be "better understood or more highly esteemed." As this work was printed with an instrumental notation in the form of ciphers, it is to be concluded that the Portuguese musicians, familiar with such notation, must also have been acquainted with the instrument for which it was used.

Furthermore, the oft-repeated and exaggerated tale of Fray Philippe Cavalen about the ten thousand guitars (perhaps *vihuelas* of four or five pairs of strings) left on the battlefield of Alcacerquivir after the luckless adventure of King Sebastian at the end of the Sixteenth Century would explain the use of the word *viola* to designate the Spanish guitar, at the same time testifying to its place in the early Portuguese musical tradition.¹



In spite of the inclemency with which the years have treated the libraries and archives of Portugal, it is possible, since inventories and catalogues have still to be made, that one day there will be brought to light incontrovertible proofs of the close contact between Portuguese and Spanish instrumental music at a time when the *vihuela* and the guitar were the most representative exponents of the musical spirit of both countries. The National Library of Lisbon possesses one of the very rare extant copies of "El Parnaso" by Esteban Daza (1576), and in the Ajuda Palace there is a richly-bound volume of the "Orpheica Lyra" of Fuenllana (1554). But the most valuable testimony thus far uncovered is the recently-found manuscript, No. 97, of the University of Coimbra, entitled: "Music for Viola by Various Authors, Collected by Ldo. Joseph Carneyro Gavares Lamacense," containing fifteen "Fantasias" in the first, second and third modes. The composers are Monteyro, Barros, Sylva, Gomez and Marques, the first three of unquestionable Portuguese origin. Unfortunately, though the music is written in the same tablature as that used in Spain for the *vihuela* with five pairs of strings, the fact that the time values are not indicated makes interpretation difficult. In any case, the document in itself constitutes an unquestionable proof that in the period when this tablature was used (end of the Sixteenth Century), an instrument called the *viola* was played in Portugal, which, to judge by the musical notation, corresponded to the Spanish *vihuela* or guitar with five double strings.

Doisi de Velasco (1640), Manoel da Paixao (1789) and Antonio Abreu (1799), known for their respective treatises, were all Portuguese.² From that time, the Portuguese guitar having monopolized the favor of the common people, and the opera and orchestra that of the educated classes, the *viola* was reduced to accompanying the *fado* in its various styles. This state of decadence and neglect persisted until recently, when the need for establishing a guitar course at the National Conservatory was brought home to the Portuguese by the echo of new and positive achievements on the part of excellent artists who, pointing to the great works of Sor and Tárrega, have persuaded contemporary composers to write for the guitar.

The students enrolled in the inaugural course at the Conservatory were:

Jose Duarte Costa
Francisco Antonio Milho da Rosa
Maria Antonia Vierling
Valentin de Souza
Adhemaro Barreiro G. d'Acevedo
Herculano de Leive
Regina Junquera
Jose Gabriel Bacolar
Rui Freire d'Andrade
Manoel Freire d'Andrade
Alberto Borges da Cruz
Maria Manoela dos Santos

Each one had taught himself as best he could or studied with teachers unable to give him proper guidance. They were all using metal strings on their guitars. Plucking entirely with the fingernails and making a vibrato on every note and every chord, they produced an effect like that of the Hawaiian guitar, in the worst possible taste. They did not need much urging to change over to gut strings, use a mellower touch, and resort to the vibrato only when the music called for it.

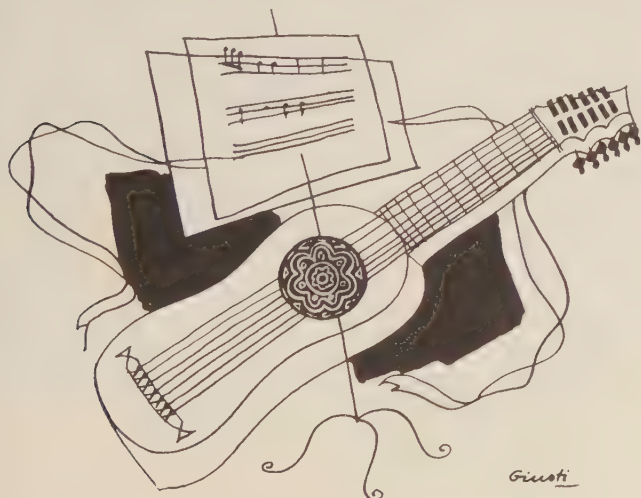
Jose Duarte Costa deserves special mention. Young, highly gifted, an excellent musician, with a broad culture, an aptitude for teaching and the temperament of a true artist, he has been warmly received in his several concerts, and justly praised by the critics. To him is due in large measure the present reawakening of Portuguese interest in the guitar.

At the beginning of last year's course, although I had not sought it, I was offered the Chair of Guitar. A plan of study was drawn up, and classes are to begin again in the month of October. It is my hope that the renewal of this interrupted tradition will one day redound to the benefit of art as a whole and to the glory of Portugal.

THE END

¹Sampayo Ribeiro, "As Guitarras de Alcaccer," Lisbon.

²Certain Spanish and Portuguese chroniclers have attributed Portuguese nationality to Robert de Visée, believing him to have been born in the town of Viséu. However, the surname of this illustrious pupil of Lully, who was guitarist and theorbist at the court of Louis XIV, is of Walloon origin, and the history of Belgium includes the names of many eminent musicians, writers and artists of this name.



new light on Paganini

BY ALFRED W. ALVER

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Continued from the third issue of THE GUITAR REVIEW

III.

PAGANINI'S adeptness in guitar composition and playing thus demonstrated, the briefest survey of his artistic aims will make for the clarity of subsequent deductions. The high-priest of virtuoso-composers did unconscious duty as their mouth-piece when he alluded as follows to the unfavourable impression his rendition of the concertos of Kreutzer and Rode created in Paris:

"I have my own peculiar style; in accordance with this I regulate my compositions. To play those of other artists, I must arrange them accordingly. I had much rather write a piece in which I can trust myself entirely to my own musical impressions." (1)

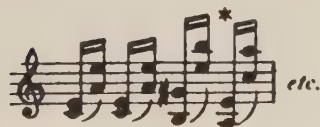
Into this pithy declaration may be read the compression of a most fitting *apologia* on his own behalf and that of disciples. On the strength of it alone, moreover, one might evaluate Paganini's creative aims well enough to obviate a commonplace discussion of the epoch of which he was a true son—the era of musical ferment and cleavage fast approaching the apogee of Romanticism. Beyond this, we would not have to be too far enticed by the spacious liberty of generalities to prelude to the ruling impulse avowed to his secretary. It was eloquently voiced in the unchastened elegance of a most pliant tool, a self-expressive style directed to the ends of bold command and lavish display of tonally dramatic effects. His preoccupation with the discovery of such effects gave token of the initiative of the seeker incorporate with the zeal of the artist, beginning with the resuscitation and recreation of the forgotten expedients of predecessors and the exhaustion of contemporary skill and ingenuity.

Through the interlacing of these strands the fabric of Paganini's music became a thing of varying patterns and prismatic tints; viewed obversely as musical locutions, they immeasurably enriched the language of the violin. The problem before us demands simply that we pass in review such technical phases (irrespective of bowing) which were distinctive in their intensity to Paganini's violin, so far as known to us, and are common to the guitar in the hands of its masters.

The keystone of this parallelism between the two instruments may be set in the *total transformation of the violin at Paganini's hands into a self-contained solo instrument*, supported by its own harmonies in unaccompanied passages. (2) Let a typical contemporary testimony, on which one can scarcely improve, remind us that "it [was when he played without the accompaniment of any other instrument] . . . that . . . he . . . [manifested] all the power of his miraculous hand, and all the wonders of that polyphonic performance of which he alone . . . [possessed] the secret . . . The astonishing commingling of . . . [pizzicati] with the sounds drawn by the bow . . . [excited] the admiration of the greatest masters." (3)

Subsumed under this head, which need not be expanded into tediousness, are the progression of two or more independent parts that reached perfection in his "dialogues" and the rendering of *cantilena* on one string with an accompaniment on the others—two dominant features of which guitar music is compacted. Our inquiry converges in the first place on the reflection on violin chords of the impulse he probably derived from the fingering of those of the guitar, with their wide stretches (and the employment of the *barré*). (4) The influence is marked enough to be noticed perfunctorily by the popular biographer of the master, Prod'homme, who points to several passages in the first of the Caprices (e.g., measures 14-16, 25-26, etc.) that "show he was a guitar player, as the group of chords which he uses are characteristic of that instrument." (5)

Because of their accessibility, the highly prized Caprices favour the culling of instances. The following, from No. 24 (third measure of variation II), exemplifies one of several types of broken chords in a high degree characteristic of the fretted instrument:



(The use of the fourth finger here is noteworthy.) Four-note arpeggios ordered as, say, those in the twenty-fifth measure of the First Caprice:



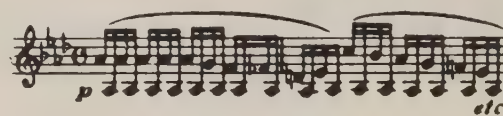
evinced a more striking analogy. This is not to gainsay their violinistic appropriateness and legitimacy. But, *mutatis mutandis*, they wear the guise of guitar arpeggios and when rendered as above indicated their effect clearly echoes the guitar. Common enough though they be after Paganini, one searches in vain for the like in the works of Italian predecessors. Even on the bare chance that Paganini might have been acquainted with the *Ciaccona* of Bach's Fourth Violin Sonata, the flowering of most forms of violin chords, including the one now considered, cannot be denied our violinist.

Should this leave us at all in doubt, we need but ask where save in the works of later composers can we find paralleled rapid skips of the bow over strings, which are no rare occurrence in his music. The swift sounding of notes on non-contiguous strings (such as instanced in the Second Caprice), is most natural, however, to an instrument the strings of which are plucked by independently acting fingers.

The startling, unexampled jump—



appearing in Paganini's First Concerto, seems a most telling bit of analogy, pointing plumb in the same direction. (6) A kindred example may be singled out in Caprice No. 12, the first couple of measures sufficing our illustrative purpose:



Here the repeated *A* recalls the iteration by the thumb of an open bass string of the guitar, alternated with the twanging of higher notes—one of the most common expedients of this instrument. Although the design is not altogether unknown to earlier violin compositions by others, its characteristic elaboration enters rather frequently in Paganini's music both for the violin and the guitar.

For a more exemplary use of a like device bearing the complexion of the guitar, recourse may be had to the first variation on *God Save the King* (Op. 9), which is made up of such measures as the following:



A typical measure this, rendered more apposite by the fact that the mere transposition of the bass *G* to an octave above (to correspond to the open third string of the plucked instrument) would make it appear as an excerpt from an effective guitar solo, wherein the thumb and the first finger would produce the repeated note. Instances of like nature are contained in the Second Caprice.

No less fitting to the technical make-up of the guitar than to that of the violin, and, indeed, suggestive of the plucking by turns of its strings are such measures displaying wide tonal distances as the following from Caprice No. 15 (the fourth measure from the end):



Like a host of others of the same category, the last pattern needs but a trifling change to transplant it from the bowed to the plucked instrument; it is closely akin to a fragment of guitar music, Paganini's and others. More extended passages are met with in his violin compositions, which impress one as having been conceived on the analogy of the six plucked strings of the guitar and are readily playable on them but for the small modifications by virtue of which they are adapted to the violin. An outstanding case in point, which must be omitted here because of its length, is the entire first variation of *Le Streghe*; another, the protracted triplet passages in the First Concerto, where an imitation of the guitar seems to have been intended in so far as the fewer strings of the violin allow.

Again, I am not aware that the "combined" left-hand tremolo, as—



with which the Fourth Caprice opens, is to be encountered in violin compositions before Paganini. It most assuredly permits the guitarist's three right-hand fingers to accomplish without constraint what is allotted to the violin bow.

Space would fail us to include other examples of similar nature which it were otherwise easy to multiply for the sake of stressing our parallelism. But we have already pressed into examination an adequate array of polyphonic effects, developed in Paganini's violin compositions, which are reminiscent of the fretted instrument, and rooted, so to speak, in its own soil. (7) Next in logical order of consideration comes the *pizzicato*, which needs little emphasis as being both the voice of the guitar and a highly wrought feature of Paganini's art. (8)

(To be Concluded.)



(1) George Harrys (Harris), Paganini in seinem Reisewagen und Zimmer, etc. (Brunswick, 1830): *The work of an Englishman who remained with the violinist for about a year as secretary and interpreter, for the purpose of studying him at close range as man and as artist. The above declaration is introduced in Fétis's previously mentioned work (p. 58).*

(2) *The early influence of Locatelli's works (particularly of his Arte di Nuova Modulazione) on the development of the prodigy should not be minimized. It is but fair to note, however, that "it was not until Paganini had attained perfect mastery over his instrument that he began investigating the methods of other virtuosi"* (Emil Naumann, *History of Music*, translated by F. Praeger; London, n.d.; p. 1140.)

(3) G. Imbert de Laphalègue (=Louis François L'Héritier), *Notice sur le Célèbre Violoniste Nicolo Paganini* (Paris, 1830; English translation anonymously published, London, 1830), p. 11.

(4) *The physiological aspect of this receives consideration below.*

(5) Jacques Gabriel Prod'homme, *Nicolo Paganini*, translated from the original French edition by Alice Mattulath (New York, c. 1911), p. 59.

(6) Cf. Locatelli's "Labyrinth of Harmony," his *Twenty-third Caprice*.

(7) *The synchronous demands on bowing constitute a separate chapter in the evolution of Paganini's technique under more mediate influences.*

(8) Karl Guhr, in his *Ueber Paganini's Kunst die Violine zu Spielen* (Frankfort, 1831); the reference here is to p. 11 of the edition Englished by Sabilla Novello and revised by C. Egerton Lowe, London (pref. 1829), believes that although the effect of mingling the sounds of the left-hand pizzicato "was much employed in the earlier Italian schools, in the time of Mestrino (1748-90), yet it became obsolete in the French and German schools."



EMILIO PUJOL, who appears in this issue in a two-fold capacity as author and composer, is a well known concert guitarist and teacher, residing in Barcelona, Spain. He was born in Gradella in the Province of Lorida, Spain, on April 7, 1886. At the age of 14, as soloist on the Bandurria at the Exposition in Paris (1900), he so distinguished himself as to receive the personal congratulations of the President of the French Republic.

Soon after this, he heard Tárrega play the guitar and was deeply impressed. He began to study this instrument under Villarreal, becoming not only an outstanding interpreter, but also an authority on its literature. His method or school amounts to a treatise on the instrument. He is author of an article in the *Encyclopedie de la Musique*, pages 1997-2035. In addition he has written much music for the guitar which is good both musically and guitaristically. His works are very melodious, making frequent use of the Spanish folk theme, while written in a modern idiom.

He is a noted scholar, having done considerable valuable research into old manuscripts. Particularly noteworthy are his transcriptions of the repertoire of the vihuela. This instrument was one for which most of the serious music of the time was written, apart from that music which was written solely for the Church. Our readers may know that the famous Pavaues and other outstanding works of Luis de Milan and his contemporaries, were originally written for the vihuela. In the repertoire of the vihuela are forecast many musical innovations, only much later introduced into Italian and Germanic music. In this old Spanish music, the scales as we know them today are anticipated, and the form "Theme and Variations" is more than suggested. Many equally important developments can be found. Truly the vihuela literature is a fertile and rewarding field of music research. Emilio Pujol has transcribed countless pieces of these great and dignified works, which compare with the finest in Continental European music (apart from Spanish music) for the guitar. He is also well known for his performances on the vihuela.

As for Pujol the guitarist, it must be noted that he plays with the fleshy part of the finger tips and "without nails" in contradistinction to the school of which Andres Segovia is today the outstanding exponent—that of playing "with nails." He frequently plays duets with his wife, who was Mathilde Cuervas before their marriage, a guitarist of note in her own right. They are heard in remarkable performances of the music of de Falla, who said that he preferred his music best of all on two guitars.

In October 1947 he instituted and conducted the first course for guitar ever given in the Conservatory of Lisbon, Portugal. Actually this constitutes a major achievement, for Professor Emilio Pujol now heads the guitar department in this conservatory, the first such chair in the world. The article in this issue by Professor Pujol is the result of another phase of his research and scholarship, his study of the history and literature of the guitar in Portugal. A sincere, indefatigable worker of integrity, he has long maintained a leading position in each of his branches of activity. An outstanding artist, historian, musicologist, teacher, composer and author, we welcome Professor Emilio Pujol to our pages.

ROSE L. AUGUSTINE



Many efforts have been made throughout history to put additional strings to the guitar. However, the guitar could not bear the added tension of these extra strings and the result was invariably a warped body and neck and even complete collapse.

This presented enormous difficulties to the constructor. Only the most skillful of "luthiers" were able to solve all the problems in the building of these multi-stringed instruments. They borrowed the principles of the harp, the lute, the zither, the Ukrainian bandoura and other similarly constructed instruments, thus bringing forth many strange forms of the guitar.

The instruments shown here are the examples of what happened when the "luthiers" of those days strove for guitars of more than six strings. They were constructed sometime between the 18th and 19th centuries and are in the museums of La Scala and Castello Sforzesco in Milan. The bottom drawing shows a cross between the guitar and the bandoura, an Ukrainian instrument very popular in the last half of the 18th century so popular in fact that the Cossacks were never without them, even in time of battle. The bandoura is one of the very few surviving instruments of this type still in use in Ukraine.

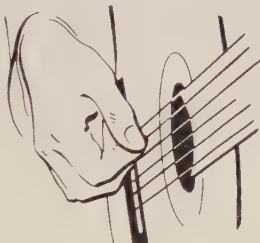
F. MULDER

Academy

By VLADIMIR BOBRI

A perfect tremolo! What guitarist would not be delighted to hear this comment upon his playing. And he would be justified in feeling pleased, since the ability to play the tremolo well is invariably the sign of considerable technical development of the right hand, achieved by countless hours of practice. The tremolo on the guitar is an attempt to sustain the tone. Well executed, it very nearly approaches a continuous tone, and is extremely effective. It has a great popular appeal, as witness the fact that Segovia, after playing a concert of superbly selected music, is always obliged to play *Recuerdos de la Alhambra* before his audience is satisfied. Nearly all of the major composers for the guitar have written tremolo studies or introduced tremolo passages in their compositions. No self-respecting flamenco player will exclude the tremolo from his repertoire. For a student, the mastery of the tremolo usually presents considerable difficulty. It is essential to start learning it in the proper manner, since faulty habits developed at an early stage are very difficult to correct later. For the benefit of beginners, we shall summarize in this short article the opinions and advice of the masters. By looking at the drawing of the hand, the student will see how compact the hand looks and how the fingers are curved inward. For a perfect hand position we refer the student to a photograph on the cover of the Segovia Issue of the GUITAR REVIEW. It will pay to study this photograph carefully. It shows clearly the length of the nails, which is very important for the production of a strong, clear tone, as well as the curvature of the fingers.

It is advisable in playing the tremolo to use a minimum of the fleshy tip of the finger, producing the tone almost entirely with the nail. The secret of a good tremolo lies in the ability of the performer to control his fingers in such a way that the tone produced by each individual finger is of equal force. This is most difficult to achieve, due to several factors: First, the natural tendency of the index finger to move more freely; second, the somewhat difficult alternate articulation of the medium and the ring finger; and third, the inherent weakness of the ring finger.



In analyzing the problem of a good tremolo one comes to the conclusion that since speed is an essential factor (the Tárrega Tremolo Study is usually played at about M.M. 144) the fingers should stay as close as possible to the strings, in order that the arc described by each finger in striking the string may be reduced to a minimum. The student should pay particular attention to this point, and at first should practice very, very slowly, if possible in front of a mirror, so he can make sure that his fingers do not fly in all directions and at different elevations, and that the hand itself remains steady and relaxed. Before playing the tremolo proper, it is recommended to play different forms of arpeggios, since the tremolo should be regarded as an arpeggio on a single string. Playing the tremolo on one string, using the formula p-i-m-a or p-a-m-i, is very beneficial, since it trains the thumb to exert the same pressure on the strings as the other fingers. The advice of Segovia given the author years ago was to play rapid arpeggios until they were perfectly even and then to practice the tremolo. In the *Metodo para guitarra* of D. Aguado, as well as in the *Escuela Razonada de la Guitarra* of Emilio Pujol (published by Romero y Fernandez of Buenos Aires), the student will find abundant material for arpeggio study. The following studies are of great benefit:

F. Sor, Etudes 10 and 17 (*Segovia fingering, published by Magnet Music Inc.*)

Carcassi, Etudes 2, 7, 13, 19 from "25 Estudios" as fingered by Miguel Llobet (*recently reprinted in Argentina by Antigua Casa Nuñez*).

The following studies should prove to be good preliminary material before the student undertakes the study of the tremolo proper:

D. Aguado, Etudes 23.

Giuliani, Op. 1.a First Part (*Verlag Josef Weinberger, Leipzig*).

Here is a partial list of the works in which the tremolo is continuous throughout the composition or appears in some passages:

F. Tárrega, *Recuerdos de la Alhambra, Sueño, Gran Tremolo De Gottschalk, Tremolo de Thalberg*.

Emilio Pujol, *Paisje (Estudio de Trémolo)*.

M. Ponce, *Estudio* (Schott's Segovia Series No. 131), *La Folia de España. (Antigua Casa Nuñez)*

M. Torroba, *Oliveras, melodía trémolo* from *Tres piezas características (Antigua Casa Nuñez)*

I. Savio, Study No. 25. From 25 Estudios seletos (*E. S. Mangione, S. Paulo Brasil*).

The number of compositions with important tremolo passages is considerable, but the limitation of space forbids our offering a complete list.* In any case, for purposes of study it will suffice to enumerate only a few.

Recently we received a copy of Luise Walker's *Daily Studies*.

Among many other fine studies, there are several tremolo exercises of great value to the student. By planning intelligently the material to be studied, beginning with arpeggios and practicing regularly every day, not too much at a time (say half an hour on arpeggios and half an hour on various formulas for the tremolo), taking great care to see that the position of the hand is correct, one can expect fairly good results within a few months.

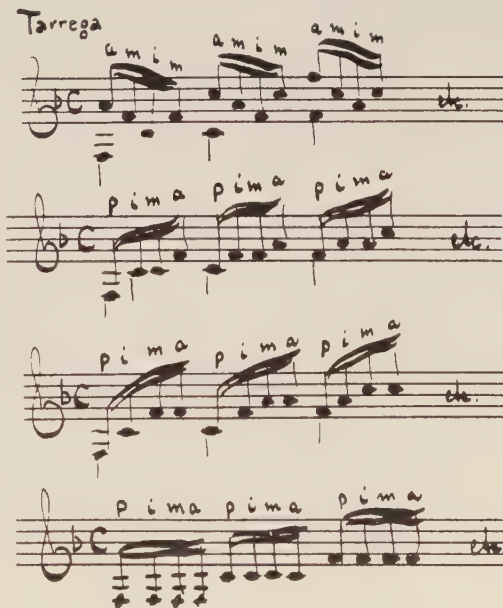
In conclusion, we would like to repeat the three most important rules:

1. Keep your nails sufficiently long, about 1/16 inch beyond the tip of the finger. (Nails that are longer than this will sound too metallic and will retard the speed.)

2. Keep the fingers as close to the string as possible at all times.

3. Practice very slowly.

*We are indebted to Mr. Frederick Mulders for his valuable assistance in selecting the musical examples on this page.





the Chronicle

NEW YORK

Society of the Classic Guitar
Gregory d'Alessio—Secretary
314 East 41st Street
New York 17, New York

Inaugurating its 1947 Fall-Winter season, the S. C. G. held a small recital in Caravan Hall on October 28, 1947. Players included: V. Bobri, M. Markovich, F. Zabal, G. d'Alessio, L. Moramarco, G. Schoen, F. Mulders, Edith Allaire (voice and guitar), Jack Bell (flute), and V. Gabaeff (piano). A highlight of the evening was the dancing and castanet playing of Vela Montoya, famous throughout the U.S.A. for her interpretations of the Spanish dance. Plans for regular recitals of this sort with the guitar as the dominating musical factor have been formulated, in addition to regular dinners and perhaps one or two concerts by famous guitarists in a concert hall of recognized status in the musical world.

Suzanne Bloch, lutenist and composer, was the guest of Harriett Johnson, Music Editor of The New York Post, on Nov. 9 in a special program emanating from radio station WLIB, New York. Miss Bloch's composition for orchestra, *Lachrymae*, dedicated to the displaced children of the world, had its first performance on Nov. 17 and 18, at City Center, by the New York City Symphony, Leonard Bernstein conducting. Miss Bloch is the daughter of Ernest Bloch, composer.

Richard Dyer-Bennett, known as the "Voice of Minstrelsy," gave one of his well-known recitals in Town Hall on Nov. 8. Mr. Dyer-Bennett in his usual expert singing style with extremely creditable guitar accompaniment sang folk songs of German, Scottish, Irish, English, and American origin.

In his first major concert here since 1944, Rey de la Torre, brilliant young Cuban guitarist, appeared before an audience at Town Hall on November 10, 1947 in a program notable for its variety of musical viewpoints and the first New York performances of the composer J. Nin-Culmell's *Six Variations on a Theme* by Milan and *Zarabanda Lejana* (To the Vihuela of Luis Milan) by Joaquin Rodrigo. The other numbers on Mr. de la Torre's program included: John Dowland (*Four Pieces*), Mozart (*Variations on a Theme*), Torroba (*Suite Castellana*), De Falla (*Homage to Debussy*), Grau (*Corranda*), Llobet (*Three Catalanian Airs*), Cervantes (*Two Cuban Dances*), Albéniz (*Leyenda, Sevilla*). Mr. de la Torre's remarkably sensitive interpretations of the musical items of his program were so well received by the enthusiastic audience, that the artist was called back for four encores.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dorothy Perrenoud, pupil of Mr. Sophocles Papas of this city was presented early this year in a program of guitar music sponsored by the Columbia School of Music. Her program follows: Sor-Segovia (*Two Etudes*), Tárrega (*Mazurka*), Bach-Segovia (*Prelude*), Haydn (*Andante*), Ponce (*Waltz*).

ST. PAUL, Minnesota

Albert Bellson, music publisher, announces that his friend, William Foden, the great American guitarist who died in St. Louis on April 9, 1947 finished arranging, just before his death, some forty guitar solos of Christian Music, each from one to six pages each.

TAOS, New Mexico

This little spot in the American desert where the Arts shine brightly along with the sun, includes a circle of guitar enthusiasts. Prominent among them is Arai, Dutch guitarist, who reports the existence of a guitar group in nearby Santa Fe, the Santa Fe Guitar Club, Oliver La Farge, President, 647 College Street, Santa Fe, New Mexico. Early this year, Arai presented a program of guitar solos before the School of Music of Baylor University in Waco, Texas. His program follows: Pierre Atteingnant (*Pavane*), Luis Milan (*Pavane*), L. S. Weiss (*Sarabande*), J. S. Bach (*Menuetto*), J. S. Bach-Arai (*Sarabande*), Sor (*Etude*), Tárrega (*Recuerdos de la Alhambra*), and Arai (*Nocturno Sevillano, Canción de Anhelos, and Danza Mora*).

CHICAGO, Illinois

The Chicago Classic Guitar Society
E. C. Burgess, Secretary
7215 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Ill.

In March of this year, this guitar group presented a program which included the following: de Visée (*Air*), Segovia (*Etude*), Pick (*Prelude, Arabesque*), all performed by E. C. Burgess.

Three Divertissements by V. Celli for violin and guitar, (Alexander Bacci, violin, A. Erwin Nicolai, guitar) followed, to be concluded by Frederic Mulders with S. L. Weiss (*Prelude, Sarabande, Gigue*), Tárrega (*Mazurka*), Ponce (*Mexican Song*), and *Paso Doble* and *Soleares* in Flamenco style.

In May, Warren Thurow played compositions by Pick (*Rhythmic Sketches, #1 and #2, Serenata*), Richard S. Pick followed with three of his own numbers (*Two Preludes, Romance, Romantic Page*), and Frederic Mulders concluded the solo presentations with a Catalan Popular Song (*Anon.*) Malats (*Serenata*), de Falla (*Homage to Debussy*). As a novelty, Win Stracke sang and Richard S. Pick accompanied on the guitar in a group of American folk songs: *Cherry Tree, Venezuela, Wanderin', and Watercresses*.

Mr. Theodore Hofmeester, member of the Chicago Classic Guitar Society, visited New York in July and happened to arrive on the very day when an informal musical function of the S.C.G. was scheduled, which of course Mr. Hofmeester attended. This took place at Nura Ulreich's studio, where the Summer musical activities of the S.C.G. are held.

HOLLYWOOD, California

The American Guitar Society
Vahdah Olcott Bickford, Secretary-Treasurer
2031 Holly Hill Terrace
Hollywood 28, California

Vahdah Olcott Bickford presented the seventh and eighth recitals of a series devoted to the guitar solos of Dionisio Aguado (1784-1849) on Sept. 28 and Oct. 26 respectively. Mrs. Bickford, in the first of these recitals played: *Etude in G Major*; *Octave Etude in A Minor*; *Etude #2 in F Major*; *Andante Etude in C Major*; *Two Valses*, Op. 3, #3 and Op. 3, #4; *Contre Danse*, Op. 13, nos. 1, 2, and 3; *Contre Danse*, Op. 11, #10; *Andante and Valse*, #6, from "Diez Andantes"; and *Menuett Op. 12, #4*, from "Seis Menuetts."

In the second of these Aguado recitals, Mrs. Bickford played: *Two Etudes in C Major*; *Two Valses*, Op. 3, #5, and Op. 3, #6; *Menuett*, Op. 13, #2, (B Major); *Andante and Valse*, #7, from "Diez Andantes"; and *Variaciones* (Dedicated to Augustin Campo).

Vincente Gomez, classic and Flamenco guitarist, has already supplied background guitar music to the film, "Duel in the Sun." He has also completed the same chore in another picture called "The Kissing Bandit." "I have high hopes," he writes, "that the guitar will be allowed to play an important part in the film." He writes also of the fondness of his friend, Groucho Marx for the instrument. No doubt the entire movie colony has already been indoctrinated, as who would not be by his infectious guitaristic persuasion? He also informs us that he expects to be in New York soon. The September issue of the British magazine, B.M.G., gives over its cover to a portrait of Gomez, and an inside story by Wilfrid M. Appleby which fills almost a page. The piece by Mr. Appleby is laudatory of Mr. Gomez' virtuosity with the guitar, but no more so than that eminent player deserves.

ARGENTINA: Buenos Aires

On August 15th Yolanda Davis gave a recital which according to press notices was very successful. She played music by Schumann, Handel, Durand-Cisneros, Gomez-Crespo, Llobet, Nives-Prat and Muñoz.

For his Fall Concert season, Andrés Segovia presented three concerts at the Teatro Colón in this city. First concert: Al. Scarlatti (*Preámbulo*, *Sarabanda*, and *Gavota*), Dom. Scarlatti (*Sonata*, *Haendel* (*Aria Variada*), Rameau (*Allegretto*), Hayden (*Minuetto*), Castelnuevo-Tedesco (*Sonata*, *omaggio a Bocherini*), J. Turina (*Fandanguillo*), Granados (*Tonadilla*, *Danza*), Albéniz (*Torre Bermeja*, *Sevilla*). Second concert: Frescobaldi (*Aria Variada*), M. Ponce (*Sonata Romántica*), H. Villalobos (*Dos Estudios*), Castelnuevo-Tedesco (*Tarantella*), Turina (*Fantasia*), O. Esplá (*Antaño*), Granados (*Danza en Sol*), Tárrega (*Estudio*). Third concert: F. Sor (*Andante y Allegretto*, *Tres Estudios*, *Tema Variado*), M. Torroba (*Sonatina*), J. S. Bach (*Chacona*), Castelnuevo-Tedesco (*Capriccio*, *omaggio a Paganini*), Alex. Tansman (*Mazurka*), M. Ponce (*Impresiones Ibéricas*), Albéniz (*Granada*, *Leyenda*).

AUSTRIA

Professor Luise Walker, president of "Bund de Gitarristen Oesterreichs," writes from Vienna, that interest in the guitar in her country is being restored as the late war retires more and more into the background. A major handicap at this time is a shortage of everything for the guitar, including guitars themselves, which, because of the hazardous war, were lost or ruined. As soon as conditions permit, Prof. Walker will make a large concert tour which will take her to many countries. Since 1940, Prof. Walker has been teaching the guitar in a Vienna conservatory of music, and in June of this year, published a book entitled *The Daily Training*, containing scales for guitar and daily exercises. Other books of music for the guitar which have been published recently by V. Hladky of Vienna are listed here-with: *Mauro Giuliani*—Ten pieces Op. 43—by Otto Schindler, *Ferdinand Sor*—Exercises, short pieces, and Etudes—by Carl Dobrauz, *Franz Hazenöhr*—Four short pieces—by Luise Walker, *Arthur Johannes Scholz*—Sonata e/moll. Op. 127—Short solos—by Luise Walker. In preparation: *Ferdinand Sor*—Short Musicpieces, and Etudes Vol. 2—by Carl Dobrauz, *Franz Hazenöhr*—Suite in 4—by Luise Walker, *Arthur Johannes Scholz*—Small Solos—by Luise Walker.

Ernest Zelezny, Vienna guitarist, gave a concert on Oct. 9, 1947 in Schubert-Saal. His program included: J. S. Bach—*Sarabande*, Double. J. Ph. Rameau—*Menuett*. F. Sor—*Menuett*, Grand Solo Op. 14. M. Ponce—*Andante espressivo*. Al. Uhl—*Preludium*, Notturmo Bagatelle. H. Berlioz—*Walzer*. H. Albert—*Etude*. J. Albéniz—*Leyenda*. E. Granados—*Danza N5*. F. Tárrega—*Venetian Carnaval*.

We have also received a letter from the Professor of the State Conservatory, Karl Scheit. He is actively engaged at present in training concert artists as well as teachers. In 1945 he was bombed out and

lost everything, including his very valuable music library. He is rebuilding his collection now and would be very grateful to exchange guitar music and related literature. Here is the address of Professor Karl Scheit for any of our readers who might be interested: Rathausstrasse 19/28, Wien, I, Austria.

Economic conditions in Vienna are of such a character that we understand that any kind of food packages sent to Vienna to our guitar friends would be exceedingly welcome.

Mr. Scheit is offering the GUITAR REVIEW his cooperation and promises several articles of great interest to our readers as well as his unpublished transcriptions from the original tablatures of S. L. Weiss.

Professor Scheit also informs us that several works for the guitar will be shortly released by the *Universal Edition*, a publishing firm in Vienna.

BELGIUM

Franz de Groodt broadcast over Radio-Omroep, Brussels on Sept. 27, and played guitar in a chamber music quartet. Numbers by Bevilacqua, von Weber, Diabelli, and Franz Schubert were rendered.

BRAZIL

As one of Brazil's greatest artists, our own Olga Coelho was selected to sing for President Truman on his recent visit to Rio de Janeiro. Olga Coelho has given concerts in Chile, and Buenos Aires. At this writing, she is in Rio.

FRANCE

Ida Presti, the eminent French guitarist, has been playing in Le Habañera in the Opera Comique, Paris, for the past three months. Efforts are being made by the representatives of Miss Presti to clear the way for a concert tour of the U. S.

GERMANY

Excerpt from a letter to the Society of the Classic Guitar, New York: "Six months ago, I left Munich, for the city had lost its beauty. Because of my health, I wanted to move to a more restful spot where I would be allowed to work undisturbed. It is good to hear that a guitar society has been formed in New York, and that Andrés Segovia is its Honorary President. I feel sure that this will turn to the advantage of our beloved instrument." Signed Hermann Hauser, (13b) Reisbach a/Vils, Germany—U. S. A. Zone.

GREAT BRITAIN: London

Philharmonic Society of Guitarists
Boris A. Perott, Pres.

Baron's Court, London, W. 6

From the excellent bulletin issued regularly by the P.S.G., we learn that the big news for guitarists in Great Britain is the series of "concerts to be delivered there by Andrés Segovia. His schedule includes: November 25th—London Broadcast, December 3rd—Harp-enden Music Club, December 7th—Cambridge Theatre, Orchestral, December 9th—Bradford Music Club, and December 12th—Welwyn Music Club.

Outstanding in guitaristic activities in P.S.G. circles is a visitor from Turkey, Bulent Nisancioglu, who has been heard in many concerts arranged by that organization. Besides playing in the punteado style, Mr. Nisancioglu intersperses his programs with many Flamenco numbers. Fourteen year old Julian Bream, Britain's youngest guitar virtuoso, has proved to be the mainstay of programs put on by the P.S.G. At a meeting on July 12th, he played compositions of Tárrega, Fortea, Sor, Clavero, Mertz, Albéniz, and Turina. Others who played at the same meeting, were Mr. Turner, Mr. Smith, Mr. Bream (senior), and Miss Vollers. Soloists who appeared in a program broadcast by B.B.C. on August 30th, were Guglielmoni, Freeman, Levy, and young Bream, playing Beethoven, Legnani, Carcassi, Tárrega, Bach, Sor, Llobet, and Albéniz. Again over B.B.C., a guitar program was heard on October 10th. Music as overtures for two plays was composed especially for this occasion, in the style of the 17th century. An ensemble composed of Julian Bream (first guitar), D. Dupré (second guitar), M. Levine (third guitar), and S. Martinez (fourth guitar) was the feature of this musical event.

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The Cheltenham Guitar Circle

Secretary, Wilfrid Appleby

At a meeting of the C.G.C. in June, tribute was paid the late Ernest Shand (1864-1924), the greatest British-born composer for the classic guitar. After an address by Mr. Appleby on the composer's guitaristic activities, a program of Shand solos and duets for the guitar followed. Soloists were Mrs. Kay Appleby, Miss Joan Prior, Mrs. Saunders-Davies, Mr. Appleby, and Mrs. D. M. Daniels, playing *In Sately Measure*, *Meditation*, *Fragment*, *Chanson*. *Prelude and Im-*

promptu, Legende, Berceuse, and Divertimento. Duets played were *Les Deux Amis*, and the 2nd Movement of *Premier Concerto*, (op. 48). In July, The Circle presented another program by its regular players, and featured a new composition by Eduardo Bensadon of Buenos Aires, entitled *Dos Estilos Criollos* (1. *Embrujao*—2. *Recordando*), which was played by Mr. Appleby.

Manchester

Manchester Guitar Circle
Pres.—Jack Duarte

Manchester enjoyed a visit by Lt. W. Glover recently, who sang Calypsos, and played Flamenco and Ancient Music. In the same session, Terry Usher, Jack Duarte, and D. Pettinger played several guitar solos.

In far off Ceylon, a branch of the P.S.G. has been formed by Mr. Ernest de Saram and his daughter Winniatha.

At the Indian Military Academy in Dehra Dun, India, Fl./Lt. Scudder played guitar solos which were well received by a large audience.

HOLLAND

Arai, the Dutch guitarist-composer now in Taos, New Mexico, reports that he has seen an advance copy of a music catalogue published by a firm in Amsterdam, in which the Bach *Partitas* are offered for public sale. In the near future, he writes, we may also have other publications, and for this, guitarists will be indebted to Prof. Hans Lerrink, who is a leader of the guitar movement in Holland. Eleven sheets have been received, and they include the following composers: Sweelinck, Derosier, Pietro Miloni, Gaspar Sanz, Francisque Corbetta, some anonymous works, an *Air* by Bach, and others. Some of these have never before been published.

Dutch guitarists have lost two of its best players, Herman Reeskamp and Piet van Es.

Piet van Es was born in January 1896 at Rotterdam. He was a pupil of Emilio Pujol and wrote an album of six guitar solos. Herman Reeskamp was forty-six years of age and appeared regularly as a soloist for Radio Hilversum.

A guitar magazine is published in Holland under the editorship of Ries de Hilster, named "Mandolinata." In spite of its name most of the articles are about the guitar. It issues a four-page music supplement. The September issue contains two solos by Sor.

Ries de Hilster appeared on Sept. 24 for Radio Hilversum. His program included *Andantino* by Sor, and *Adelita* and *Danza Mora*, both by Tárrega.

On August 13 Koos Tigges broadcast from the same station playing *Sonatina* by Turina.

Mr. Ries de Hilster, who is our Holland correspondent, informs us of the successful tour of Andrés Segovia in Holland and sends clippings. Due to lack of space we cannot give many details, but the following extract from the large Holland newspaper *Goois Dagblad* commenting on his performance in Huize Kareol in Hilversum October 28, 1947 shows the general admiration and spirit in which all his concerts were received: "... He (Andrés Segovia) puts the music under a microscope and each little sound, each nuance shines forth in its full beauty and significance against the background of silence of the spellbound audience..."

ITALY: Alessandria

On Sept. 28, 1947, guitarists of both amateur and concert standing assembled here in a reunion, the 9th of such annual events. With a view toward uniting guitarists all over the world, the International Union of Guitarists (Unione Chitarristica Internazionale) was formed, with Professor Romolo Ferrari as President of the Central Provisional Committee. Guitarists, societies and other interested parties are invited to join at 100 lira a year, to be paid to the Unione Chitarristica Internazionale, Via Selmi 71, Modena, Italy.

From the Italian magazine, *L'Arte Chitarristica*, edited by Berben in Modena, we learn that contemporary Italian guitarists who are active in concerts throughout the Italian peninsula include Giuseppe Farrauto, Carlo Palladino, Leonida Squarzone, Benvenuto Terzi, and Bruno Tonazzi.

LEBANON: Beirut

On May 22, 1947, a guitar recital was given in the Université Americaine de Beyrouth by Vrouyr Mazmanian in company with Mlle. Leyla Younes, Mlle. Camille Abadie, and Mr. H. Abadie, pupils of M. Mazmanian. The program presented was as follows: Luthiste Anglais Anonyme 16th century (*Pavane, Gaillarde et Bourree*), Berg-erettes Francaises 18th century (*Jeunes Fillettes, La Romanesca*), Luthiste Francais Anonyme (*Pavane*), Tárrega (*Maria Gavotte*), de Visée (*Prelude, Gavotte, Menuet, Sarabande et Bourree*), J. S. Bach (*Deux Preludes et Menuet pour le luth, Rondeau et Polonoise de la suite en Si mineur*), I. Albéniz (*Leyenda*) F. Tárrega (*Caprice*

Arabe, Recuerdos de la Alhambra), F. Sor (*Menuet*), Malaguena, and Granadinas.

The above program is that of the first guitar recital ever heard in Beirut and the most important Lebanese newspapers hailed it as a "musical event of prime importance." We are informed by our correspondent John Abela of that city that Vrouyr Mazmanian is Beirut's only teacher of the classic guitar and that but for the missionary work of M. Mazmanian many Lebanese would never know of the beauty and musical potentialities of the fingerstyle method of playing the guitar.

MEXICO: Mexico City

Second Concert (early this year)—Andrés Segovia—at Bellas Artes. The program: Bach (*Chaconne*), Rameau (*Allegretto*), Haydn (*Andante, Minuet*), Sor (*Variations on the Theme by Mozart*), Torroba (*Sonatina*), Ponce (*Impresiones Ibéricas*), Albéniz (*Mallorca, Sevilla*), Bach (*Preludio*) Tárrega (*Tremolo Study*).

Sergio Flores, 11 year old Mexican guitar prodigy, performed in a concert at La Sala "Schiefer," Mexico City, June 19th, 1947. His program included: Sor (*Minueto, Variations on the Theme by Mozart*), Tárrega (*Serenata Arabe, Danza Mora, Españoles*), Torroba (*Fandanguillo*), Granados (*Danza #5*), Malats (*Serenata Española*), Albéniz (*Leyenda*).

A guitar organization known as La Sociedad de Amigos de la Guitarra has been formed here, according to an announcement received by us from its secretary, Guillermo Flores Méndez. The other officers of this newly-formed Society are: President, Jose Rangel Covarrubias, sub-secretary, Jorge Reyesvera, treasurers, Roberto Méndez V., Galo Herrera, members of the board, Eustolia A. de Alvarado, and Nazario Flores G. On October 30th, 1947, the inaugural program of La Sociedad took place at the Palacio de Bellas Artes. The players included: Guillermo Espinosa playing F. Sor (*Minueto de la Sonata Op. 25, Estudio en mi menor*), Roberto Méndez V. playing G. Gómez (*Danza*), F. Schubert (*Deseo*), Jorge Reyesvera playing N. Coste (*Estudio en mi menor*), J. S. Bach (*Preludio*), F. Sor (*Estudio Núm. 9*), Galo Herrera playing M. M. Ponce (*Canción Gallega*), J. Malats (*Serenta Española*), Guillermo Flores Méndez playing G. Sanz (*Pavanas*), J. S. Bach (*Sarabanda*), I. Albéniz (*Leyenda*).

RUSSIA

In a letter to this magazine, Mr. A. V. Popoff, Professor of guitar and other instruments in the Tomsk Conservatory of Music, Siberia, informs us that there is a noticeable increase in interest toward the guitar by the public. Prominent among Russian guitarists, are Ivanoff-Kramskoi, Kutznetsoff, Rijoff, Sneguireff, and others. In an April recital, the guitar was heard with orchestra in a *Valse*, composed by Ivanoff-Kramskoi, and in a *Quartet* by Schubert. In the city of Tomsk, the pupils gave a recital for the general public in the Hall of Tomsk Conservatory. This recital was dedicated to the lute music of the 16th and 17th centuries, and was organized by Mr. Popoff, who preceded the musical event with a short talk on the subject. The recital was well attended.

This department of the GUITAR REVIEW is open to news of guitar activities, personalities, recitals, societies or anything else of guitaristic interest, from anywhere in the world. All items will be carefully considered. None can be returned, and only those which, in the judgment of the Editors are suitable, will be printed.

SPAIN

Emilio Pujol, the celebrated Spanish composer and guitarist, has promised as complete cooperation with the GUITAR REVIEW as is possible, depending on the amount of time at his disposal. A concrete example of Mr. Pujol's willingness to lend his illustrious name and efforts to this magazine has already been manifested. The GUITAR REVIEW is preparing for early publication, Mr. Pujol's first contribution, a composition entitled *Invocation*. "The problem of the GUITAR REVIEW," he writes, "is to be able to attract the interest of the average reader and at the same time, satisfy the elect." To Mr. Pujol has gone the great honor of occupying the first chair for guitar instituted in any great Conservatory. He is giving a course for guitar at the Conservatorio Nacional, Lisbon, Portugal, beginning in October, 1947. We hail this great achievement and hope that it will be the forerunner of other such historical events.



digitada por
Jesus Silva
Revisada y aprobada
por A. Segovia

V ESPERTINA from DOS VIÑETAS

Manuel M. Ponce

The musical score is written for guitar in 2/4 time, key of D major. It consists of seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features various guitar techniques, including triplets, slurs, and fingerings. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *cresc.* (crescendo). The score is marked with 'C.I', 'C.II', and 'C.III'.

C. II

cresc

M.C. II

tempo I

f

p.

p.

espressivo

The musical score is written for two parts, C. II and M.C. II, in a key of one sharp (F#). The notation includes treble and bass staves with various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and fingerings. The score is divided into several systems, each containing multiple staves. Key markings include 'C. II' at the top left, 'M.C. II' in the middle, and 'tempo I' indicating a change in tempo. Dynamic markings such as 'cresc', 'f' (forte), 'p.' (piano), and 'espressivo' are used throughout the piece. The notation is complex, featuring many beamed notes and slurs, suggesting a fast and technically demanding piece.

C. III - - - - -

cresc.

animato

calmo

M.C. III 2 1 4 3 2 1

M.C. III - - - - -

M.C. III

p.

p.

p.

p.

arm. 12

The musical score consists of eight staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a 'C. III' marking above. The second staff continues the melody with a 'cresc.' marking. The third staff introduces a 'C. I' marking and an 'animato' tempo instruction. The fourth staff features a 'calmo' tempo instruction and includes fingerings (1-4-2-1) and a '3' marking. The fifth staff has 'M.C. III' markings and fingerings (2-1-4-3-2-1). The sixth staff continues with 'M.C. III' and fingerings (4-2-1-4-1-2-4-1). The seventh staff features a 'p.' (piano) dynamic marking and fingerings (4-2-1-4-1-2-4-1). The eighth staff concludes with a 'p.' dynamic marking and an 'arm. 12' marking. The notation is dense with various musical symbols, including notes, rests, and accidentals, and includes performance instructions like 'cresc.', 'animato', 'calmo', and 'p.'.

a Maria Nogués

INVOCACIÒN

Emilio Pujol

The musical score for "Invocación" by Emilio Pujol is written for guitar in 2/4 time. It consists of eight staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various dynamics such as *p* (piano), *mp* (mezzo-piano), *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *pp* (pianissimo), *sf* (sforzando), and *leg rit.* (leggero ritardando). Articulations include accents, slurs, and breath marks. Fingering is indicated by numbers 1-4 on the fingers and 5 on the thumb. The score also includes various musical notations such as *ma sonoro*, *espressivo*, *cedendo*, *dolce*, and *a tempo*. The score is divided into sections labeled C.II, C.VII, C.III, and C.V. The first staff begins with a *p* dynamic and a *ma sonoro* marking. The second staff features a *f* dynamic. The third staff includes a *ff espressivo* marking. The fourth staff has a *mf* dynamic. The fifth staff includes a *dolce sf* marking. The sixth staff features a *leg rit.* marking. The seventh staff includes a *mf* dynamic. The eighth staff ends with a *p* dynamic.

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la guitarra en Portugal

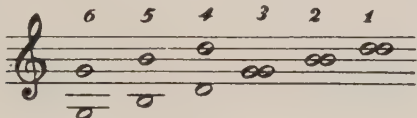
por EMILIO PUJOL

ENTRE las mas plausibles iniciativas con que el M^{tro}. Ivo Cruz, ilustre compositor y director del Conservatorio Nacional de Lisboa, está superando la categoría de dicho centro docente, merece destacarse la de haber creado oficialmente en el curso 1946-47, la cátedra de guitarra.

Tras una época de secular letargo, como en diferentes períodos y países la historia de este instrumento nos repite, Portugal, que lleva en el seno de su tradición el culto a la guitarra, siente hoy de nuevo su atracción fascinadora y una gran avidez por ajustar el carácter y expresión de su lirismo a sus cualidades orgánicas. Tal vez el eclipse temporal de instrumentalistas eminentes y el desarraigo en el folklore nacional de este instrumento hayan sido las causas primordiales de ese abandono contra el cual reacciona la moderna cultura artística universal fuertemente infiltrada en la vida lusitana.

Entre los instrumentos de cuerdas pulsadas que hoy son practicados por el pueblo portugués figuran dos tipos diferentes: la *guitarra portuguesa* y la *viola*, nombre con el que se designa allí, la guitarra española.

El primero es un derivado del *cistre*, introducido en Lusi-tania por los británicos a mediados del siglo XVIII. Sus contornos laterales son en forma de pera; el fondo, plano; y la pala en abanico, sujeta seis pares de cuerdas metálicas afinadas en la disposición siguiente:



Es en este instrumento de limitado ámbito y nostálgica sonoridad, en el que la fantasía y habilidad del pueblo ha creado la diversidad de "*jados*" difundidos hoy a través del gramófono, orquestinas y emisiones radiofónicas por los mas alejados países.

El segundo, al que podríamos llamar *guitarra universal*, relegado en Portugal desde un tiempo a esta parte al simple acompañamiento de esos "*jados*", es el llamado allí, *viola*, por corrupción probable del vocablo español "*vihuela*" que es a su vez, derivado de la expresión "*fidícula*" en latín según afirma San Isidro en sus famosas "Etimologías".

Durante la Edad Media y Renacimiento, todos los instrumentos de cuerdas provistos de mango en la península ibérica eran llamados "*vihuela*", y no solamente las *de mano*, *de arco* o *de plectro* eran consideradas como tales, sino también las guitarras, bandurrias, mandoras, laudes y cuantos instrumentos se diferenciaban del arpa, del salterio y demas congéneres por constar de un mango adherido a su caja de resonancia.

Si se tiene en cuenta pues que antiguamente, trovadores y ministriles pasaban de un reino a otro solicitados y cedidos reciprocamente por sus respectivos monarcas o magnates llevando consigo sus propios instrumentos y que España y Portugal vivieron entrelazados por casamientos entre príncipes que fueron protectores de las bellas artes y especialmente de la música, no se puede creer que en Portugal se ignorasen las vihuelas y guitarras al lado de arpas y instrumentos de tecla, cuando en España habían adquirido su apogeo bajo la predilección y protección de una emperatriz como Isabel, nacida y educada en Portugal.

Devastadores incendios y terremotos nos han privado de documentos históricos demostrativos de la verdadera significación de Luys Milán como vihuelista en la corte de Juan III. Solo se sabe que al nombrarle este monarca gentilhomme de cámara le asignó 7.000 cruzados anuales. Lo cierto es, que en el libro de música para vihuela, "*El Maestro*", que Luys Milán dedicó a Juan III, después de decir en el *Prólogo* que Portugal es el mar de la música, (con lo cual da a entender el desarrollo de este arte alcanzado en dicho país) añade que

en ningún otro lugar podría ser su libro *mejor entendido ni estimado*. De ahí que tratándose de una obra impresa en una grafía instrumental como es la cifra, siendo esta inteligible a los músicos portugueses hay que suponer que también había de serles familiar el instrumento.

Por otra parte, la tantas veces repetida y exagerada información de Fray Philippe Cavenal que refiere como el en campo de batalla de Alcazarquivir después de la desdichada aventura del rey Don Sebastian a fines del siglo XVI quedaron abandonadas diez mil guitarras (acaso vihuelas de cuatro o cinco órdenes) explicaría la designación de nuestra guitarra por el vocablo *viola*, a la vez que atestigua su existencia en la vieja tradición musical portuguesa. (1)

A pesar de las inclemencias con que los años han azotado las bibliotecas y archivos portugueses, como todavía quedan inventarios y catálogos que hacer, es posible que algún día salgan a la luz eficaces pruebas del íntimo contacto que la música instrumental portuguesa tuvo con la española en tiempo en que la vihuela y la guitarra eran los mas representativos exponentes del espíritu musical de ambos países. La Biblioteca Nacional de Lisboa posee uno de los rarismos ejemplares de "*El Parnaso*" de Esteban Daza (1576) y en el Palacio de Ajuda existe un lujoso ejemplar del "*Orphenica Lyra*" de Fuenllana (1554). Pero, el mas valioso testimonio hasta hoy lo aporta el reciente hallazgo del manuscrito N^o. 97 de la Universidad de Coimbra cuyo título es: "*Cifras de viola por varios autores, recolhidas pelo L. Joseph Carneyro Gavares Lamacensa*" conteniendo quince "*fantasías*" del primero, segundo y tercer tono. Los autores son Monteyro, Barros, Sylva, Gomez y Marques, nombres los tres primeros, de indubable procedencia portuguesa. Desgraciadamente, aunque su música esta escrita en tablatura igual a la española para vihuela de cinco ordenes, el hecho de que falte encima del pentagrama los signos de valores hace problemática la interpretación. De cualquier modo, el documento en sí, constituye una evidente prueba de que en la época en que se usaba la tablatura en que va escrito (fines del siglo XVIII), se practicaba en Portugal un instrumento al que llamaban *viola* que por su escritura se correspondía con la vihuela o guitarra española de cinco órdenes de cuerdas.



Portugueses fueron los Doisi de Velasco (1640), Manoel da Paixao (1789) y Antonio Abreu (1799) conocidos por sus respectivos tratados. (2) A partir de esa época, la *guitarra portuguesa*, adueñada del favor popular y absorbidas las esferas cultas de la música por la ópera y la orquesta, quedo relegada la *viola* al acompañamiento de *fados* en sus diversas estilos. Su decadencia y abandono ha subsistido hasta que los ecos de nuevos y afirmativos éxitos de excelentes artistas que apoyándose en la obra genial de Sor y Tarrega han logrado el aporte de valiosos músicos contemporáneos, han despertado la atención portuguesa con la necesidad de crear una cátedra en su primer Conservatorio Nacional.

Los alumnos inscritos en ese curso inaugural, han sido:

José Duarte Costa
Francisco Antonio Milho da Rosa
María Antonia Vierling
Valentín da Souza
Adhemaro Barreiro G. d'Acevedo
Herculano de Leive
Regina Junquera
José Gabriel Bacolar
Rui Freire d'Andrade
Manoel Freire d'Andrade
Alberto Borges da Cruz
María Manoela dos Santos

Cada uno de ellos, habiase iniciado y guiado según su propio criterio o siguiendo los consejos de maestros sin clara orientación. Sus guitarras estaban encordadas con cuerdas de

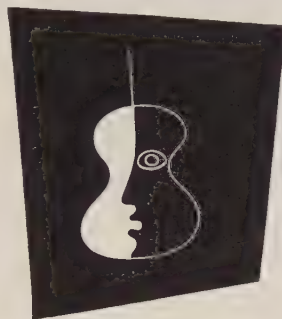
metal. Pulsadas con pura una y vibrando cada nota y cada acorde, daban a la sonoridad en general, un sentido hawaiano del peor gusto. Poco fué necesario para que las cuerdas fuesen de tripa, la pulsación mas suave y el vibrato solo aplicado en las momentos requeridos por la justa expresión.

Merece citarse aparte José Duarte Costa. Joven aún, generosamente dotado para el arte, excelente músico, culto, con facultades para la enseñanza y temperamento de artista, ha sido calurosamente aplaudido en diferentes conciertos y justamente elogiados por la crítica. En el se debe en parte por la irradiación de su fervor, el actual resurgimiento de la guitarra en Portugal.

La enseñanza de esa cátedra, en cursos abreviados de tres meses, me fué ofrecido a principios del curso pasado sin esperarlo a título de méritos. Se ha hecho un plan de estudios y a principios de octubre, se reanudarán las clases. Mis deseos son al reanudar esa tradición interrumpida que pueda ser un día en provecho del arte y para gloria de Portugal.

(El fin)

- (1) *Sampayo Ribeiro* "As guitarras de Alcaccer", Lisboa.
- (2) Algunos cronistas españoles y portugueses han atribuido a Robert de Visee, nacionalidad portuguesa creyéndole nacido en la ciudad de Viseu. El apellido del ilustre y exquisito discípulo de Lully que fué guitarrista y teorista en la corte de Louis XIV, es de origen Walon y es en Bélgica donde se encuentra el origen de toda una genealogía de este nombre en la que figuran eminentes músicos, literatos y artistas.



Al publicar la primera edición de la REVISTA DE LA GUITARRA, la llamamos "una revista internacional", con la esperanza de que llegaría realmente a serlo. Si esta aspiración parecía al principio exagerada, el tiempo nos ha probado que nuestra revista es verdaderamente una revista internacional, y que nuestro sueño se ha convertido en una placentera realidad.

La REVISTA DE LA GUITARRA tiene suscriptores en todos los continentes, lo que nos indica que por todas partes hay personas interesadas en la guitarra de la misma manera que estamos nosotros interesados en ella... todos devotos a un mismo fin. No sabemos de que modo y forma nuestra REVISTA se abre camino, pero si sabemos que nuestros lectores y suscriptores nos escriben desde puntos tan lejanos como Beirut, Singapur, China, Japon, Siam, Tanjon Pandam, Cairo, Turquía y Siria, Moscú y otras ciudades de la U.R.S.S., los Países Bajos, Dinamarca, Suecia y Noruega, y otros países en donde la guitarra ha hecho historia, como lo son España, Italia y Francia.

Pero aún hay otras manifestaciones de gran interés que nuestra REVISTA ha logrado. Consideremos que hemos logrado reunir bajo un solo techo los nombres mas prominentes del mundo guitarrístico: Andrés Segovia, de fama mundial, y a quien la REVISTA honró con una edición especial (Edición #4, primer volumen)—edición que fué agotada tan pronto salió y que fué publicada de nuevo. Podemos estar seguros de que Andrés Segovia contribuirá con frecuencia a nuestras páginas.

Emilio Pujol, otra figura luminaria del mundo guitarrístico y quien está con nosotros en esta misma edición, también nos ha prometido honrar nuestras páginas con interesantes con-

tribuciones. Otra figura de fama internacional que aparece en nuestras páginas es Manuel Ponce, el célebre compositor mejicano que ha escrito obras para guitarra de primera magnitud. En esta misma edición de la REVISTA, en nuestro suplemento musical, se encontrará la nueva composición del maestro Ponce, titulada "Vespertina", digitada por el conocido guitarrista mejicano, Jesús Silva. De Méjico también obtenemos comunicaciones y esperamos en el muy cercano futuro publicar algunos de los trabajos del ilustre y bien conocido Guillermo Gomez. Otro Gomez que contribuirá a la REVISTA DE LA GUITARRA es el amable y gentil Vicente, Vicente Gómez, quien también ha logrado remontar la guitarra a una posición muy alta en los Estados Unidos. Vicente Gómez es el único guitarrista de fama mundial que ha logrado ofrecer en carácter de concierto no solo la música clásica sino también el género flamenco. La REVISTA cuenta, además, con los esfuerzos de Luise Walker, profesora de la Academia del Estado en Viena. Adolfo Luna, famoso guitarrista argentino, ha honrado esta revista con muchos de sus trabajos que aparecerán pronto en nuestros suplementos musicales. Suzanne Bloch, notable exponente de los misterios de las "tablaturas", va a darnos un artículo sobre esta materia.

Esta lista de personajes interesados en la guitarra no termina aquí, pues muchos y muchos mas que ni el tiempo ni el espacio permiten mencionar son los colaboradores que aparecerán en nuestras páginas con frecuencia, y no dudamos, que con un concertado esfuerzo de todos nuestros suscriptores y amigos podamos hacer de la REVISTA DE LA GUITARRA una publicación digna de la admiración de todos aquellos interesados en la guitarra, el instrumento que todos amamos y apreciamos.

Jesús Silva, notable guitarrista y compositor mejicano, discípulo de Andrés Segovia, ha arreglado y dígitalo para guitarra con el consentimiento y apoyo de su maestro, la composición musical del maestro Manuel Ponce, titulada "Vespertina", cuyo arreglo especial aparece en el Suplemento Musical de esta Revista.

Nacido en el Estado de Morelia, ha vivido la mayor parte de sus años en la ciudad capital, Méjico. Silva empezó sus estudios musicales en el coro de la Basilica de Guadalupe, del cual él formaba parte, logrando con su entusiasmo presentarse como solista por un espacio de 5 años.

En el año de 1932 Silva comenzó con gran ahinco el estudio de la guitarra, ingresando luego en el Conservatorio Nacional de Música. En este mismo año Silva conoció y escuchó por primera vez a su futuro maestro, Segovia, quien se encontraba en Méjico en jira de conciertos. Segovia se interesó grandemente por el inspirado artista mejicano, a quien por un largo tiempo dió clases y consejos que le fueron de gran utilidad en el futuro.

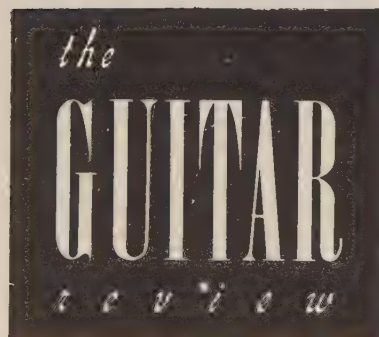
Graduado en el año de 1940 como Profesor de Música y Guitarrista, Silva dedicó gran parte del tiempo a tocar conciertos en todas las ciudades principales de Méjico, donde logró despertar gran interés por la guitarra. Desde entonces ha consagrado todo su tiempo a la enseñanza de la misma.

De Andrés Segovia dice Silva: "Desde el año de 1933 cuando tuve la suerte y oportunidad de conocer al gran maestro Andrés Segovia, he desarrollado una técnica e interpretación musical basadas en los consejos e inspiraciones del gran maestro y las cuales me han ayudado grandemente al estudio de la guitarra".



A consecuencia de una larga serie de conciertos que llevaron al ilustre maestro Andrés Segovia por tres continentes, él no pudo completar la continuación de "La Guitarra y Yo."

Así lo sentimos muchísimo que estamos obligados a omitir este artículo de este número.



THE GUITAR REVIEW

(La Revista de la Guitarra)

409 East 50th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

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LA REVISTA DE LA GUITARRA ha mantenido desde su primera edición un ideal y calidad única. Es por eso que ha ganado la admiración de todos los países y la simpatía y cooperación de tan conocidas figuras en el género musical como lo son ANDRES SEGOVIA, EMILIO PUJOL, MANUAL PONCE, GUILLERMO Y VICENTE GOMEZ. Son ellos los que han cooperado con sus esfuerzos y ayuda moral, a dar a conocer por este medio, sus ideales y aspiraciones con respecto al tradicional y querido instrumento, la guitarra.

Sin embargo, financieramente nuestros esfuerzos nunca han sido lo suficiente para cubrir los gustos de publicación, y por lo tanto nos vemos ahora obligados a aumentar el precio de nuestras próximas ediciones. Dicho precio será de \$4.50 en el país, por las próximas seis ediciones y \$5.00 para el extranjero. No dudamos que nuestros suscriptores acepten este pequeño aumento de buena fé, para así poder garantizar la existencia continua de nuestra revista.

A todos aquellos interesados en obtener suscripciones, rogamos remitan inmediatamente usando la forma adjunta para dicha suscripción, especificando claramente con cual edición y volumen desean empezar. Nuevos suscriptores a la revista pueden por un tiempo limitado comenzar con el volumen primero, pero esta oferta es limitada, pues no quedan muchos ejemplares de dicho volumen. La edición No. 4 (Segovia) del primer volumen, será publicada de nuevo a petición de muchos de nuestros lectores que desean obtener copias adicionales. Esta edición será idéntica a la anterior y su precio será de \$1.00 para el país y de \$1.10 para el exterior.

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the

Miguel Llobet, 1878-1938

GUITAR

review



\$1

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CONTENTS

Cover Miguel Llobet

Antonio Petruccelli

The cover of this issue is executed in the style of an old-fashioned lithograph and was taken from a rare photograph loaned us by Guillermo Gomez. The original has an inscription which, translated, reads: "To the artist and master, Guillermo Gomez. Memories and regards. Miguel Llobet. New York, June 19th, 1917." Cover designed and executed by Antonio Petruccelli.

Music Supplement Layout

Antonio Petruccelli

ARTICLES

The Guitar and Myself (Autobiography) Part Two

Andres Segovia

Falla in "arabia"

J. B. Trend

A Letter

Carl Sandburg

New Light On Paganini (Conclusion)

A. W. Alver

The Sonata of Terry Usher

Emilio Pujol

Obituary—Manuel M. Ponce

The Editors

Notes on the Music Supplement

Emilio Pujol

Adolfo V. Luna

Segundo Contreras

DEPARTMENTS

The Editor's Corner

The Museum

The Chronicle

G. d'Alessio

G. d'Alessio

MUSIC

El Alamo y el Doncel

Emilio Pujol

Las Folias de Espana—Second variation

F. de Fossa

Rondino

Manuel M. Ponce

Bailecito

Adolfo V. Luna

Himno a Tres Voces

Dionisio Aguado

Application for entry as second-class matter pending. Contributors' views are not necessarily those of the editors.

All manuscripts, music or drawings submitted will be given careful consideration but lack of space prohibits us from printing more than a portion of the material sent us. Any unused items will be returned upon request.

the editor's Corner



In our previous editorial we wrote with great pleasure of having become a truly international publication, with subscribers and well-wishers in all parts of the world. Since that time we have had more letters and more subscribers from the very outposts of the world, and we are very proud—as we should be. But our pride has not caused us to overlook or forget that it is not entirely our magazine per se which is the recipient of this wide interest, and it is not only our joy and satisfaction in publishing what has turned out to be a welcomed periodical that makes us willing to give up all our free time in order that we may publish the GUITAR REVIEW. It is for the same reason that our subscribers write to us—we all worship the same divinity, the guitar.

Even an illiterate person could write an editorial about the guitar, for the mere cataloging of its virtues and superiorities would take up as much space as this Editor's Corner allows. It would even be pleasant reading to us, for most of us think of the guitar in much the same manner as a married couple think of their firstborn child, and the baby's first "Goo!" gives the fond parents no more of a thrill than that which we get when we lightly touch the guitar and evoke the dulcet tones of a chord (usually E major, that first one).

Parents of newborn babies can easily be excused if they do not act rationally, and if they feel that a few baby gurgles augur a brilliant future for their child there is no reason why they shouldn't. They may even be right. But we, as guitarists, should not be that easily satisfied with what is merely a pleasant sound. The many perfections of the guitar make it almost impossible to produce from it a sound that is not pleasant, but we must realize that the perfections of the guitar are only an aid to us and are not in themselves sufficient to automatically give full musical expression.

These very perfections have actually been detrimental to the guitar; they have "popularized" it, for it is so easy to get a pleasant effect from the guitar with very little trouble, as a result of which we have our singing cowboys—with a repertoire of three chords—who are convinced that they are guitar players, and who have, unfortunately, convinced others that they are. To them the guitar is merely an adjunct to their good looks and whatever yodelling ability they may have; a ukelele could be used as well but a guitar looks better.

It is possible to accuse many serious guitarists of doing just the opposite; they do not consider the guitar as a means to an end but as the end in itself. They may have real technical skill, and are able to meet their notes when due, but somehow the result is a little bit short of being just what it should be. These guitarists put the entire onus on the guitar, trusting to its perfections to make their efforts real music. To an uncritical mind it may sound like music, but the least critical would only need to hear Segovia play for one brief minute to be fully aware of the vast musical difference.

The guitar is capable of practically everything that an orchestra is, but an orchestra, to be good, must have a conductor of musical taste, and the conductor of our miniature orchestra, the guitar, must also be a musician, one who can listen to himself critically and can enforce discipline upon himself.

One who can do these things and who can develop his musical taste sufficiently can be another Segovia. He will, at any rate, be headed in that direction.

PAUL CARLTON



the Guitar and Myself

By ANDRÉS SEGOVIA

TOWARD MADRID

*"Senor Alcalde Mayor,
No prenda Ud. a los ladrones
porque tiene Ud. una hija
que roba los corazones."*

So ran the popular song:

*"Honorable Mr. Mayor,
Do not arrest all the thieves
for your own daughter
is a thief of hearts."*

Indeed for a whole year I remained in Cordoba enslaved by a pair of beautiful black eyes. The eyes were those of my tiny and charming Giralda, Maria de M. A return ticket to Seville lay unused in my pocket, a silent witness to the instability of a "firm" decision.

In spite of that, there came a time when the ties that bound me to Seville had to be snapped violently. One who has not lived in the atmosphere of that enchanting city can hardly conceive of the sorrow one feels at leaving it. For my own part, after the passing of thirty-six years, I admit that mists of melancholy still rise in my heart at the memory.

It is true that the Sevillians punished me severely for my over-long stay in their midst. That this should be so was in the nature of things. I was an artist and every artist must melt into thin air and reappear before the fascinated eyes of his admirers only after the passage of time, and then, must remain among them only long enough to reawaken their enthusiasm quickened by absence. Wandering brother-artists, take my advice and do not delay your pilgrimage in any one city however warm a welcome you may receive, that is unless you intend to build your nest and found a family. In that case, forget the public that applauded you on your arrival; seek no more to win its approval or you will face bitter disillusion. An anecdote illustrates this point which, even at the risk of digression, I must tell.

Our glorious Spanish poet, don José Zorilla, was invited by the city of Granada and was received officially with exuberant enthusiasm. Festivities were given in his honor, the highest authorities of Church and State vied with one another to praise him, he was named the adoptive son of Granada, crowned as the prince of poets; grandeur and simplicity were subtly mingled by representatives of the nobility and by the simple

crowds acclaiming him in the streets. No poet could dream of higher honors. Touched and flattered by the apparently limitless liberality of the sons of Granada, the poet kept postponing his departure from day to day. Then came the reaction—he had stayed too long. On the walls of the city, printed in giant characters appeared the cruel and malicious words: "Vate vete"—Bard, depart!

When I first arrived in Seville the music of my guitar charmed the hospitable people of that city and profoundly moved their hearts. The recital that I gave in the home of Raphael de Montis was followed by others, concerts public and private in theatres, for the members of musical societies, in the residences of the principal families of the city. All these recitals were remunerated with a generosity that was out of all proportion to the deserts of the immature artist that I was at the time. With my pockets full of money, receiving on all sides expressions of so much affection, I felt that I was living in the best and happiest of worlds. The Sevillians, moreover, spread far and wide the news of my unprecedented talent. Local poets dedicated to me their verses and ladies, their smiles. Only those clothed in the magisterial toga of the critics displayed caution and restraint. Their notices of my concerts were designed as encouragement to a beginner rather than as approval of a mature artist. They usually concluded with the advice that I should play before the musical authorities in Madrid; these would give the final verdict on the true value of my art.

Meanwhile, from all other mortals surrounding me, I received only the most enthusiastic expressions of delight in my company and in my art. They could not hear often enough the music of my guitar.

This delightful initiation into the joys of popularity had lulled, momentarily, my premature longing for world wandering and I rested too long in the beloved arms of Seville. If the harsh words, *Vate, vete* failed to appear on the walls of the city, the public gave a sign no less significant which, if negative, was unmistakable. It simply lost all interest in my concerts. I had announced two of these. At the first, the audience consisted of a group of friends that I, myself, had invited. At the second, not even those friends were present. As Juan Lafita remarked, making merry over my discomfiture, "No one was present at Andrés' first concert, and, at the second, the public diminished atrociously!"

Vexed and humiliated by this unanimous desertion, worried, too, by the failing health of my purse, I realized that I must

appeal promptly to the public of other cities. Consequently I approached the balcony where my beloved habitually awaited me and said:

"My dear, I am leaving for Madrid."

Tears filled her eyes and, with fluttering lashes, she protested:

"No, Andrés, you must not leave me. Do not go away. Stay in Seville. We will help you—all my family will help you—to find work that will enable you to live in comfort. In a few years we shall be old enough to get married. Dismiss from your mind, once for all, that absurd idea of running around the world with your guitar. Keep it for the delight of our home. Otherwise you will be unhappy. Besides...you might forget me!"

I argued that I could not resist the call of my destiny.

"My love for you is as passionate as yours for me, but our points of view are different. You feel that our happiness consists in immobility, that we should remain rooted to the soil like trees whereas I think that we should be free like birds flying to seek fresh horizons. You will see that I will make my name famous before the end of those few years that we must wait in order to marry. Then we will fly together over the whole surface of the earth."

But she was not to be convinced and when she realized that my decision to leave Seville was definite, her tenderness suddenly turned into fury. A storm of words was poured down upon my head, with lightning flashes of indignant glances; menaces thundered and finally, with her pretty little lips closed tight in rage, she announced: "You will receive no news of me, then, until you return to Seville!" With that parting shot, she slammed the shutters in my face with a bang.

I have always noticed that Providence comes to my rescue in the most critical moments of my life and I hope firmly that there will be no change in this magnanimous custom. On this occasion, Providence was impersonated by a mining engineer, an amateur of music, who invited me to give some concerts in Huelva. Needless to say, I accepted the offer with gratitude. I shall not prolong these memoirs unduly by describing this brief episode, save to note that, thanks to him, I replenished my failing purse and was able to start on my next trip.

Yet in order to try out my luck in Madrid, I needed more money than I possessed, so, on the way to the capital of Spain, I stopped off at Cordoba, hoping that my friends in that city might collaborate for the organization of two or three concerts after which I could proceed to Madrid with the required funds. The moment seemed opportune since the favorable newspaper reports from Seville had influenced those of Cordoba, and had predisposed the detractors of the guitar to take a more sympathetic attitude. The public is easily swayed in its opinions relying as it does on the erratic verdict of the press, and even when recognizing the fickleness of the source, with its tendency capriciously to make or break reputations, men allow their sentiments to be lighted or extinguished, their judgments to be formed or shaken by the mere power of the printed word.

Thanks to this ready credulity in newspaper reports, many citizens of Cordoba who had been formerly adversaries of the guitar, now suddenly opened their intelligence to the point of considering the instrument a worthy interpreter of musical beauty. They even went so far as to take up its defense against its more stubborn detractors.

Among the latter, the most irreconcilable enemy of my instrument was don José "Laredo" who stood like a stone wall in the way of my humble projects. The man was small, rotund, with a high-pitched feminine voice that contrasted with his abundant gray beard. Though he worked in the bureau of taxation, he insisted that music was the delight of his heart. Alas, his love was not reciprocated. In order to temper the aridities of his profession he gave himself the pleasure of playing the piano, but those who heard him play were more inclined to suppose that the sweetness of his profession must have tempered the aridities of his music. Like many another man who

fails to master the technique of music, he turned to musicology, that cold refuge of those whom the Muses rebuff. No personal investigation was given the subjects treated; the simpler and more limited scope of his work consisted in the gathering of second hand data on minor authors, and relating these "discoveries" in lectures for fashionable ladies. Connoisseurs smiled, knowing that his opinions were borrowed from recent publications or gleaned from an exchange of letters with his brother, don Francisco, a violinist.

During one of don José's tiresome lectures, a bored journalist left the hall and there, ran into a friend of the lecturer who, fearing lest he might be too late, asked anxiously: "Has he finished?" "Alas," replied the journalist, "he finished long ago, but he is still talking."

I had applied for the hall of the Provincial Conservatory of Music for my recitals, but don José, who was a member of the Board of Consultors, vetoed the plan with vigor. "We must not contaminate ourselves by giving the slightest encouragement to the ambitions of this foolish boy," he insisted. "The guitar is all very well in its place for the humble uses to which the people, with sure instinct, have relegated it, but it lacks the qualities of a mature musical instrument." Then with a dramatic gesture, he said, "The concert hall of the Conservatory is not a movie house; it is not a variety theatre; it must maintain high ideals of true musical art and every performance that takes place within its walls must be of the noblest artistic excellence." After a brief pause, he added, "In a few days Monsieur Alfred Cortot and my brother don Francisco who together are touring Spain and giving a series of concerts, will stop here in Cordoba and confer on this Institute the high honor of giving a concert. Do you think it would be seemly that such a memorable event should be preceded in that same hall by one of such mediocre musical significance?" Someone tried to put in a word in my favor, saying, "But this boy has had the most outstanding success during the past few months in Seville!" "Seville!" exclaimed don José, "Seville is far below our noble Cordoba in all that concerns the cultural traditions of Spain!"

Don José succeeded in blocking my own humble efforts at the time and even managed to alienate the sympathies of many persons who had been favorably disposed toward my work and who proposed to obtain from the government authorities some aid to relieve the distress entailed by my artistic novitiate. Looking back on those days, I like to think that don José unwittingly collaborated with the design of my destiny and contributed to the strengthening of my character. Today, at the age of fifty-four, I can boast that I have never solicited nor received any aid from my government, whether royalist, republican or dictatorial, nor from any personage of importance anywhere. After passing through the bitter trials of apprenticeship which every young artist must affront with courage, sometimes to the point of heroism I discovered that God always provided for my necessities, thus happily replacing the meagre munificence of Mayors, Ministers or millionaires. Instead of being tied down by crippling obligations incurred through cold subventions or capricious liberalities, I found contracts strewn on my path and God gave me the health and capacity to fulfill them freely and with joy.

Alfred Cortot and don Francisco Laredo arrived in Cordoba a few days thereafter, and gave their concert in the hall of the Conservatory. Though I was then in my eighteenth year, this was the first concert of serious music presented by a Master in his Art that I had ever attended as listener. The effect was overwhelming, comparable, it seemed to me, to a great religious experience. Cortot immediately charmed and won his public. His long black hair which partly covered the right side of his face, seemed to my fascinated eyes to be inseparable from his talent, an exterior sign of the fertility of his mind. I remember to this day the overpowering energy contrasted with mystical tenderness with which he played the *Légende de Saint Francois De Paul* by Liszt. The grave and noble chant which

serves as theme now sustained by full chords, now maintaining itself against menacing waves of scales and arpeggios, drew a fervent response from the musically immature hearts of his auditors. That miracle of sound created on a piano by a master of technique and an artist of high talent, seemed, to my delighted ears, to make that other miracle of the saint walking on the water through the grace of God, appear the lesser of the two marvels.

The public, enchanted, expended its energy in applause for Cortot but with economy so as to save a little for don Francisco. The talent of the latter was better adapted to filling a lucrative job of administrator or teacher than for the high calling of a pure musical artist. And, indeed, when at last disillusion clipped the feathers of his wings, he folded those wings of virtuosity and landed in a directorial chair in the Conservatory of Madrid. Music, from that time on, was silent in his soul.

On the eve of my departure, some friends invited me to join them at one of the Andalusian taverns of the town, owned by don Paco. A narrow hall led to a large patio. Its tiled walls were covered with posters depicting bull fights of the past, evoking memories of popular joys long ago faded. In the center of the patio a jet of water from a clear fountain sprinkled the surrounding plants and flowers while some twenty little tables filled the rest of the space for the use of the customers. Don Paco, bald, fat and witty, wound his way among the tables, grinning at his clients and occasionally butting into their conversation with tact and humor. Behind the counter, stood a heavy piece of furniture with shelves bearing wines and liqueurs, and at its center was an alcove in which had been placed, as though offered to the veneration of the public, the huge head of a ferocious Miusa bull slain some years earlier by the famous *toreador*, Lagartijo. A metal plaque beneath this relic informed the public as to the date of this memorable event, the full pedigree of the noble beast, his courage in combat with other details of the historical event.

Our party consisted of eight or ten friends who were in the habit of meeting almost daily. The *manzanilla* having warmed our blood, we called for its natural complement, the *flamenco* with guitar accompaniment. In a reserved room opening out of the patio Pedro Antonio, called the "Niño de Jerez," a well known popular singer from Seville, with his no less famous accompanist on the guitar, Miguel Borrull, joined our party. I whispered to my friends not to tell the newcomers who I was, for, even supposing that they might have heard of me, they could not know me by sight.

The "Niño de Jerez" cleared his throat lustily, then abundantly soaked it with *manzanilla*, after which he tipped the brim of his wide Andalusian hat over the right side of his face, stretched out a furrowed hand to draw attention, while singing, to the dolorous character of the chant. The usual "temple" or brief introduction announced the theme, then his voice rang out magnificently in the yearning strains of a "solea":

*A mi puerta has de llamar,
Y no he de bajarte a abrir
Y me has de sentir llorar.*

*At my door you will stand and knock,
And to open I shall not descend,
And from there you will hear me weep.*

As he finished, a delirious "olé" rang out. The "Niño de Jerez" had conquered his hearers by expressing all the poignant sadness of thwarted love. Meanwhile the guitarist, in a noble rivalry of emotion, drew from his instrument rich and sonorous sounds, passing from the most subtle nuances and delicate half-shades of sound to the most vigorous rhythmical stress, now making the rhythm of the accompaniment coincide with the grave accents of the melody, now using contrasting rhythms or again, alternating "rasgueos"—a rapid tremolo—with dry

percussions on the sounding board of his instrument. Sometimes he muted the sound of the strings seeming to sink into a pool of dark silence, then emerged once more, resonant and alluring. As the singer pronounced the last sorrowful complaint of the *copla*, the guitarist softened and subdued his sounds to the point of transforming the accompaniment into a far-away and gentle murmur. His fingers hardly touched the surface of the strings. Little by little, in perfect accord with the expression of the song, the guitarist intensified the force and resonance which mounted in a mighty crescendo to end in a furious *rasgueado*, a palpitating tremolo, that seemed to tear into countless sonorous particles the melancholy voice of the guitar.

Miguel Borrull noticed the interest with which I had been watching him. "Young man, do you play yourself?" he asked. "Just a little, but I would not dare even to tune my instrument in the presence of my friend and teacher Andrés Segovia," I answered, pointing to Roberto Ramaugé. The latter was a painter from the Argentine, an enthusiast of the guitar, but whose incompetent fingers were scarcely able to spell out or stutter a few silly little pieces.

Miguel Borrull arose and saluted him. "I have heard high praise of your talent and am happy to meet you. I understood that you came from Granada but the few words I have heard you utter would make it appear that you are a South American. However, as there are many competent *tóroes* in Mexico, it is quite possible that there may be some excellent guitarists in that country." Offering his guitar to Ramaugé, he added courteously: "This instrument is a precious pearl. It was made by Manuel Ramirez. Try it, I beg, and allow us to delight in your art."

Ramaugé, perplexed, cast anguished glances at the rest of us. I came to his rescue, saying to Borrull, "Excuse him please! My master plays only from notes and besides, the strings of your instrument are not in condition to allow the display of his technique and free style of playing. I will try to conquer my own timidity and play for you some of the pieces he taught me."

So saying, I took the guitar and began to prelude in a rapid succession of scales and arpeggios to give flexibility to my fingers. Borrull listened in amazement, grasped his head in his hands and exclaimed: "Jesu, how then must his master play?" From then on he ceased to pay any attention to what I was doing but fixed his staring eyes upon Ramaugé. Had I been transformed into Orpheus himself, and realized on my guitar miracles of technique and of emotion, Miguel Borrull would have remained impervious to any sensations of surprise or admiration. Each difficult passage that I overcame with agility and precision, each phrase that I played with the intention of touching his heart, served merely to increase the intensity of his admiration for the hidden genius of the man he believed to be Andrés Segovia. He kept snatching the guitar from my hands and offering it to Ramaugé.

Ramaugé, never yet having been thus solicited, nor urged with such insistence to play the guitar, began to forget his own limitations and several times was on the point of yielding to persuasion. The joke was in danger of turning back on ourselves. I made every effort to prevent Ramaugé from playing, and the struggle between the two of us was evident but incomprehensible to Borrull. Finally the latter turned upon me in fury:

"Young man, learn that in the presence of the captain, the common sailor holds his tongue. Learn that God is greater than his saints. Get me?"

Fearing to carry the joke too far and offend Borrull should he discover the fraud, we broke up the party, Pedro Antonio, the Croesus of our group, paying the artists and each of the rest of us paying for his drinks.

Passing in front of the counter on our way out of the tavern, we heard don Eduardo Jovero thundering, as usual, against the *flamenguismo*, the bull fights and all who attended them.

"It is precisely these things that will be the ruin of Spain," he shouted, "This taste for sanguinary emotions whetted by the sight of the bull fights debases the sensibility of the Spanish people. Science and art are despised but they gaze in adoration at a toreador such as 'Guerra' or 'Lagartijo' and underestimate the merits of an Echegaray, a Salmeron, a Cajal, a Benavente..." Then pointing contemptuously at the bull's head, he shrieked in a passion of *bullphobia*, "Is it not a disgrace to see the head of this Miura exposed in the place of honor instead of, instead of..." Slyly the proprietor of the Inn spoke up: "How right you are, don Eduardo," he said, "We should have put, there, instead, the head of Benavente or that of Cajal!"

The next afternoon I took the train for Madrid. A small trunk containing more books and music than clothing, a well-worn hand bag carrying my supper with my toilet articles, these with my guitar case, completed my luggage and, indeed represented all my worldly possessions. In contrast to this poverty of material goods, what an abundant luxury of hopes and illusions were mine at the time, what absurd dreams and aspirations stirred my heart and fired my imagination.

The porter opened the door of a compartment. I climbed in, chose a safe place for my guitar, sat down and began to watch my fellow passengers. The first to fall under my discreet visual scrutiny was a man of a vulgar, heavy type with a narrow wrinkled forehead, eyebrows as thick as underbrush almost concealing eyes as fierce as those of a wild boar; a thick, fleshy nose which seemed to secrete black fumes; an expression of discontent and impudence on lips that resembled two large sausages; enormous ears, red and hairy and as offensive as a loathsome spider.

I averted my gaze from this repulsive creature to let it rest upon a more alluring object. Immediately opposite me I noticed the lovely face of a young girl. She was accompanied by her parents. The mother was a woman of a *certain* age which she tried unsuccessfully to disguise; the father was a man of distinguished appearance, intelligent but prematurely aged by some physical infirmity. His eyes did not seem to rest on the external aspect of things nor yet to concentrate on the inner life of the mind, but wandered vaguely as though submerged in the vapours of an unhealthy and troubled spirit. The daughter was already beginning to fight the tendency of her small, graceful body to develop all too rounded curves, but her face was beautiful, attractive and illumined by a pair of large blue eyes beneath a calm brow. Her expression was intelligent and kind. Promising myself to examine her later in more detail, I glanced at my other two fellow travellers. One was a priest of heavy build and smiling countenance, who seemed content with his lot on earth; the other was a boy whom the priest constantly reprimanded in an effort to temper his excessive vitality.

Slowly the train got under way. Fellow travellers outside of Spain pay little attention to one another and may sit together for days without exchanging a word. In our country such isolation would be considered a sign of bad temper or lack of education. In those days the closed compartments of the trains became veritable news centers or debating clubs. By the end of a journey, those whom hazard had united separated like old friends anxious to meet again and to resume the arguments so hotly disputed, ready, if occasion presented itself, to fly at one another's throats or come to blows.

"Is that a dead child you are carrying in that box?" asked the repugnant individual pointing to my guitar case which, in reality, had something of the appearance of a coffin.

"Ave Maria!" exclaimed the priest.

"Abominable!" remarked the lady.

I reassured them. "It is only a guitar, but I like to disguise its true shape."

"How absurd," exclaimed the young girl, "to conceal so gay an instrument in so funereal a case!"

"My guitar is not so gay, perhaps, as its sisters, for I do not

impose upon it the mere task of accompanying dancers and singers, nor is it ever heard in "jotas" or "flamencos." I play upon it only what you might call abstract music."

Contemptuously, the man with the heavy eyebrows broke in:

"You must be one of those who play from notes. I have a friend, a hairdresser, who plays waltzes and polkas on the guitar and I say to him, 'Old man, you are so given to touching the faces of men that you are becoming effeminate; without wine, women and song, what can be the use of a guitar?'"

"You are mistaken in that," interrupted the priest. "Once I heard don Julian Arcas play the guitar and it seemed as though heaven were descending upon us. We listened to him in amazement, especially, when in the treble, he imitated the supplications of a young girl and, in the bass, the grumblings of a grandfather!"

"The guitar is beloved by our people for three legitimate reasons," I said, addressing myself to the young girl rather than to the other travellers. "First, no other stringed instrument can provide a song with complete harmonies as fundamental support, which not only sustain but ornament the melody, and which, as an instrument, is within the technical capacity of the peasant or workman and their heavy fingers. Secondly, it is light in weight and can easily be carried from one place to another. A Spanish soldier 'feeling beneath his feet the roundness of the earth' carries it with him and makes it feel at home in the farthest corners of the world. Thirdly, its timbre possesses a natural melancholy which is not the result of artificial elaboration of manufacturers as is the case of instruments such as the organ where the varying timbres are produced by stops controlling the registers. No, the melancholy timbre of the guitar is something intrinsic, something as personal to it as to you the color of your eyes; in both cases, the charm seems to come from mysterious distances and to touch profound resonances in the soul." Then, turning to the "wild boar" with flashing eyes, I continued:

"But do not imagine that the guitar should be limited to the role of merely accompanying the voice; only an ignoramus could harbor so mediocre a conception. Nor," I concluded, looking this time at the priest, "should we limit the guitar to the inferior type of music played by the naive don Julian who was incapable of attaining to the simple and expressive depth of folk music on the one hand, or, on the other, of rising to the sublime and starry heights where the laws that rule music and all beauty are to be found."

"Atiza," interrupted the wild boar, "I already suspected that this young fellow was a poet."

"Take care, then, for I am the kind that bites," I replied.

The young girl intervened with a smile:

"Is there not a bit of exaggeration in all the qualities that you attribute to the guitar? Yet, even so, the ardor of your enthusiasm attracts my sympathy. Forgive my curiosity, but are you going to Madrid?"

"Yes, Senorita," I answered with a smile. "I am on my way there with the mission of convincing the connoisseurs that my concept of the guitar is not exaggerated. I would like to convince you, too. I shall give my first concert in the Ateneo and would be happy if you would honor me by accepting my invitation to be present, that, from your eyes, I might draw the needed inspiration."

"If possible, we shall attend with pleasure."

"May I then ask your name and address?"

She gave me her card. I read the name, "Maria Querol." There flashed through my mind, instantaneously, a presentiment that I would pronounce that name many times in my life.

(To be continued)

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La Guitarra y Yo

POR ANDRES SEGOVIA

HACIA MADRID

Un año entero estuve sujeto, de pies y manos, a los ojos negrísimo de María de M., mi pequeñita y saladísima Giralda. El billete de ida y vuelta que tomé en Cordoba para ir a Sevilla, lo guardé mucho tiempo, como prueba de la inestabilidad de nuestras "firmes" decisiones.

"Señor Alcalde Mayor
No prenda Ud. a los ladrones
porque tiene Ud. una hija
que roba los corazones."

Sin embargo, no tuve mas remedio que arrancar de un tirón las raíces que me iban fijando al suelo sevillano. Quien no haya estado en Sevilla no sabe la pena que siente el que se aleja de ella. Por mi parte, os afirmo que 36 años mas tarde todavía se levantan en mi alma celajes de melancolía. Cierito que los sevillanos me castigaron por haber permanecido allí mas de la cuenta; pero eso está en el orden de las cosas, puesto que yo era artista, y el artista debe desvanecerse en el aire y reaparecer a intervalos largos y solo por poco tiempo, ante los ojos atónitos de sus admiradores. Compañeros errabundos del arte: no detengais vuestra peregrinación en ninguna ciudad por acogedora y propicia que se os manifieste, a menos que no tengais el propósito de nidificar en ella. Y si tal resolveis, olvidad al público que os aplaudió a vuestra llegada y no lo busqueis de nuevo si no quereis sufrir amargos desengaños. Tomad enseñanza de la anécdota que, aún a riesgo de extender esta digresión, quiero contaros. El glorioso poeta español, don José Zorilla, fué llamado por la ciudad de Granada, la cual ardió en fiestas consagradas a él. Lo nombró hijo adoptivo, lo coronó, le confirió en fin los mas altos honores que un vate se haya atrevido a soñar. Graves personajes del Gobierno, la Iglesia y la Aristocracia juntaron sus sentimientos de admiración hacia el poeta con los del pueblo llano y le hicieron ofrenda de ellos en actos numerosos en los que la solemnidad y la sencillez se mezclaban. Conmovido, y regalado por la inagotable liberalidad de los granadinos, postergó varias veces Don José la ocasión de su partida, prolongando su presencia en Granada bastante mas de lo justo. Y oh, perversa travesura! En los muros de la ciudad fueron apareciendo poco a poco, escritas con grandes caracteres, éstas dos crueles palabras: "VATE, VETE".

Tambien cuando yo llegué a Sevilla no tardó la música de mi guitarra en hallar resonancia afectuosa en el corazón hospitali-

tario de los sevillanos. A la audición que ofrecí en la casa de Rafael de Montis, siguieron, hasta alcanzar el número de quince, conciertos públicos y privados en teatros, sociedades, y mansiones de familias principales. Todos fueron remunerados con mas largueza de la que merecia un artista barbilampino como yo. Con tanto dinero en mi bolsillo y tanta simpatía alrededor mio, me sentía en el mejor de los mundos. La gente de Sevilla se encargó de crear y difundir la fama de que yo no gozaba todavía. Los poetas locales me dedicaron versos y las mujeres, sonrisas. Solamente los que se habían puesto la toga magistral de la Crítica usaron, con razón, de cierta cautela. Sus reseñas acerca de mis conciertos, propias, naturalmente, para alentar a un principiante mas que para lisonjear a un artista veterano, concluían exhortándome a comparecer ante las autoridades musicales de Madrid para que éstas fallaran, en última instancia, sobre la calidad de mi arte. De los demás mortales no recibía yo sinó testimonios de inclinación gustosa a mi guitarra y de afición a mi compañía.

Ese estreno gozoso de mi popularidad fué causa de que se adormeciera mi temprana tendencia a errar por el mundo, en el regazo bien amado de Sevilla, y de que en él permaneciera, como Zorilla en Granada, bastante más de lo justo . . . "Vate, vete". No aparecieron escritas en los muros de Sevilla esas palabras amargas, pero cuando intenté reunir de nuevo a mi público, este las tradujo silenciosamente a un acto negativo, igualmente cruel: su inasistencia a mis conciertos. Dos verifiqué. En el primero no divisé sino a unos cuantos amigos, invitados por mí; en el segundo, ni a mis amigos siquiera. El guasón de Lafita decia, haciendo chanza de mi afición:—"En el primer concierto de Andrés, no hubo nadie; y en el segundo, la concurrencia disminuyó atrozmente . . ."

Escarmentado por tan unánime desaire, y considerando que para reponer la salud de mi bolsa tenía que recurrir a públicos de otras ciudades, me acerqué, pocos dias despues, a la reja donde me aguardaba mi sevillanita, y le dije:—"Prenda mía, me marchó a Madrid."—Las pestañas de sus ojos alietearon mas de prisa.—"No te vayas, Andrés!—Me dijo con los ojos humedos.—No te vayas. Quédate en Sevilla. Los de casa te ayudaremos a encontrar un empleo decente que te proporcione los recursos necesarios para vivir. Y dentro de unos años, nos casaremos. Abándona la idea de recorrer el mundo con tu guitarra; usala solamente para alegrar la paz de nuestro futuro hogar . . . Vas a ser desgraciado y además . . . me vas a olvidar!"—Yo hice esfuerzos para persuadirla de que no tenía mas remedio que obedecer a mi sino—"Mi cariño es tan apasionado como el tuyo—exclamé—y en lo único que difiere del que tu sientes por mí, es que el mio está seguro de hallar nuestra felicidad, no convirtiéndonos en árboles, como deseas, sino en aves buscadoras de horizontes. Ya verás como será conocido mi nombre mientras pasan los años que hemos de esperar para casarnos, y entonces volaremos juntos por todo lo descubierto de la tierra . . ."

Cuando se convenció de lo inquebrantable de mi propósito, cambió su ternura en ira y desencadenó sobre mi cabeza una

tormenta espantosa. Entre miradas fulgurantes y tronar de amenazas, concluyó por decirme, con la boca apretadita de rabia:—"Pues, hasta que no regreses a Sevilla no volverás a saber de mí."—Y cerró la ventana de golpe . . .

La Providencia no ha dejado nunca de prestarme ayuda en los momentos mas críticos de mi vida, y hago votos por que persista siempre en tan magnánima costumbre. Esa vez tomó la apariencia de un ingeniero de minas, aficionado a la música, del cual recibí una carta invitándome a realizar unos conciertos en Huelva. Ni que decir tiene que me apresuré a aceptar su idea. No vale la pena de alargar este relato refiriéndome a ese corto episodio. Baste decir que merced a él, logré fortificar mi anémica faltriquera y disponer del peculio necesario para costear mi próximo viaje.

Pero para tentar fortuna en Madrid era preciso reunir mas dinero del que yo tenía, y camino de la Villa y Corte, me entretuve unas semanas en Córdoba con la esperanza de que mis amigos colaborasen conmigo en la organización de uno o mas conciertos. La ocasión no me parecía desfavorable. Las crónicas de los diarios sevillanos habían repercutido en los de Córdoba, inclinando el ánimo de muchos detractores de la guitarra a mayor mesura y benevolencia. La gente suele mudar de opinión, de acuerdo con el criterio errático de la prensa, y aunque reconozca la veleidad con que esta prohiya y destruye creencias, enciende y amortigua sentimientos y "face a los hombres e los gasta"—valga la transposición de la frase—comulga, sin recelo, con lo escrito en letra de molde. Gracias a esa credulidad gratuita, muchos cordobeses, antes enemigos acérrimos, abrieron de par en par las puertas de su entendimiento para considerar a la guitarra repentinamente con cualidades excepcionales para la música, y hasta para defenderla contra adversarios mas tercios.

Sin embargo, uno de los mas incomprensibles enemigos que tuvo la guitarra en esa época, don José Laredo, se opuso tenazmente a la realización de mis humildes planes. Don José Laredo era pequeño, regordete, de voz femenina muy atiplada y debajo de ella, en sorprendente contraste, barba cerrada y canosa. Trabajaba en el Catastro, y decía que amaba a la música con toda su alma. ¡Lástima grande, porque su amor no era correspondido . . . ! Se dedicaba a los deleites del piano para suavizar la aridez de su profesión; aunque oyéndole tocar, se inclinaba uno a pensar que recurría a los deleites de su profesión para templar la aridez del piano. No logrando domar la condición arisca de la Música, volvió su mirada a la musicología, helado refugio a que suelen acogerse aquellos pretendientes secretamente inconsolables del rigor con que los trata la caprichosa Deidad. Ni que decir tiene que jamás llevó su propio esfuerzo a ninguna investigación histórica; su propósito era mas fácil y limitado: reunir datos de segunda mano acerca de cualquier autor secundario, perdido en el tiempo o en el espacio, y verterlos en conferencias de carácter mundano. Oyéndole disertar, los avisados se sonreían, recordando que la autoridad de sus juicios no emanaba de su propio saber, sino de lecturas frescas, y a veces de un mero cambio de epístolas entre su hermano—el violinista don Francisco—y él. Cierta periodista zumbón que se marchaba aburrido de una de esas públicas lecciones elegantes sobre las obras menores de Telemann o Pachelbel, tropezó, al salir, con un amigo de don José que llegaba a la conferencia muy retrasado.—"Ha concluido ya?"—inquirió el señor con angustia.—El periodista le contestó haciendo un guiño burlón:—"Hace largo tiempo que concluyó, pero sigue hablando . . ."

Yo había solicitado la concesión de la Sala del Conservatorio Provincial de Córdoba para realizar mis conciertos en ella, y don José, que pertenecía a la Junta Consultiva de la Institución, negó su conformidad con particular energía.—"No vamos a contagiarnos de la insensatez de ese joven, y aún a alentarla. La guitarra es irremplazable en el humilde oficio a que el pueblo, con fino instinto, la ha relegado; pero caréce de las cualidades de cualquier otro instrumento musicalmente

adulto"—Y añadía:—"La Sala del Conservatorio no es un Cine, ni un Teatro de Variedades; cumple funciones elevadas en la enseñanza del arte musical, y todos los actos que se celebren en ella deberán tener jerarquía artística. Además—concluyó—dentro de unos dias Alfred Cortot y mi hermano don Francisco, en tournee de conciertos por toda España, vendrán a Córdoba y concederán a nuestro Instituto la honra de actuar en el. ¿No les parece inadecuado que a esa memorable velada preceda otra, en el mismo lugar, de tan escaso valor artístico?"—Alguien se atrevió a levantar su voz en favor mio, y alegó:—"Pero don José, ese muchacho tuvo éxitos resonantes en Sevilla no hace muchos meses"—"Sevilla—rearguyó él—está mas cerca que Córdoba de la España de pandereta y no alcanza a nuestra ciudad en el mantenimiento y vigilancia de sus nobles tradiciones espirituales."

No solo dió al traste, don José, con mis humildes proyectos de entonces, sino que ya había estorbado las buenas intenciones que algunos tuvieron de ayudarme, o, al menos, de conseguir alguna subvención de la Alcaldía, la Diputación o el Gobierno con que aliviar las penalidades de mi noviciado artístico. Cuando recuerdo eso, me sonrio y pienso: "que Dios se lo pague"! De ese modo colaboré, sin quererlo, con otras mañas de que se sirvió el Destino para fortalecer mi carácter. Perdóneseme que hoy, a los cincuenta y cuatro años de edad, me jacte de no haber solicitado ni admitido ningún auxilio de mi Gobierno haya sido monárquico, republicano o dictatorial ni de Potentado alguno de la tierra. Transcurrida esa época de amargas pruebas y de heroico aprendizaje, por la que todo artista suele pasar valerosamente, Dios proveyó a mis necesidades reemplazando la munificencia de Alcaldes, Ministros, y millonarios; en vez de sujetarme con caprichosas dádivas u obligarme con frias suvenciones, derramó contratos en mi camino y me concedió la salud y la capacidad necesarias para darles cumplimiento libre y alegremente . . .

A los pocos dias, en efecto, llegaron a Córdoba Alfred Cortot y don Francisco Laredo el violinista, y dieron su audición en la susodicha Sala. Ese concierto fué el primer oficio religioso de la Música a que yo asistí en calidad de oyente. Cortot conquistó en seguida la simpatía y preferencia del público. Su negra melena, caída en parte sobre el lado derecho de su rostro, parecía parte integrante de su talento y como signo externo e intencionado de la fertilidad de su mente. Todavía recuerdo con que abrumadora energía, mezclada a veces de ternura mística, tocó la Leyenda "San Francisco de Paula" de Liszt. El grave y hermoso canto que sirve de tema a la obra, sostenido a veces por la tierra firme de sólidos acordes, debatiéndose, otras, contra un agitado y amenazante oleaje de escalas y arpeggios, resonaba fervorosamente en el corazón musical, todavía virgen, de cada oyente. Después de ese milagro sonoro, que cumplían en el piano el trabajo y el talento en estrecha alianza, el del Santo, por la gracia del Dios, parecía cosa baladí.

El público, fascinado, para no agotar sus energías en las ovaciones que tributaba a Cortot, las economizaba aplaudiendo con mesura al hermano de don José, el cual se sentía mortificado a causa de ello. Y es que el talento de don Francisco era mas apto para la administración lucrativa de la enseñanza que para el puro ejercicio del arte. Así, andando el tiempo, cuando los desengaños arrancaron las plumas de sus alas de virtuoso, abatió su vuelo en el Conservatorio de Madrid, donde se dió buena maña para hacer su nido, sin larga dilación, en la silla directorial. La música desde entonces guardó silencio en su alma.

La víspera de mi partida me convidaron algunos amigos a beber unas copas de manzanilla en la taberna de don Paco, una de las mas castizas de Córdoba. Un zaguán angosto conducía al amplio patio, cuyas paredes, con zócalos de azulejos, estaban casi cubiertas por carteles taurinos evocadores de alegrías populares ya marchitas. En el centro del patio saltaba bullíolosamente un surtidor salpicando las flores y plantas que en

macetas de distintos tamaños y colores formaban círculo de espesura, sobre el pretil redondo y bajo, alrededor de él. Una veintena de mesitas, para el servicio de los parroquianos, llenaba el espacioso patio. Detrás del mostrador, o serpeando entre las mesas, don Paco, calvo y vivaracho, sonreía a los conocidos, y terciaba a veces en la conversación con aplomo, gracejo y tacto. Detrás del mostrador se alzaba una estantería repleta de botellas de vino y de licores, en la parte superior de la cual y equidistante de ambos extremos, se había practicado un hueco a modo de hornacina y colocado en él, como para su veneración, la poderosa cabeza de un toro de Miura, matado años atrás por el gran Lagartijo. Una chapa de metal dorado puntualizaba la fecha de la memorable faena, el claro linaje del toro, su noble y valeroso comportamiento en la plaza y otros detalles importantes del histórico hecho. Eramos ocho o diez amigos, de frecuentación casi diaria. La manzanilla calentó pronto nuestra sangre y nos pidió complemento de *toque* y de *cante*. Abandonamos la mesita y nos metimos en un cuarto reservado, a donde acudieron, llamados por Pedro Antonio, el Niño de Jerez, *cantaor* famoso de Sevilla, y su no menos celebrado acompañante, Miguel Borull. Rogué a mis amigos que no les descubrieran quien yo era, cosa tanto mas fácil cuanto que, aun suponiéndolos informados de mi nombre, daba por cierto que no me conocían de vista.

El Niño de Jerez carraspeó profundamente para limpiar de flemas su portentosa garganta, la remojó con abundante manzanilla, inclinó su sombrero cordobés de alas anchas al lado derecho de la cara, y adelantó una mano sarmentosa como para subrayar, mientras cantaba, el contenido doloroso de la copla. La cual, después del *temple* de rigor, salió magnífica de su pecho, en la pena de una *solea*:

“A mi puerta has de llamar,
y no he de bajarte a abrir,
y me has de sentir llorar . . .”

Del corazón de todos salió un *olé* delirante. El niño de Jerez introdujo en el canto la melancolía milenaria de su raza. Por su parte, el *tocaor*, en noble competencia emotiva, tanía su guitarra con pasmosa destreza y variedad de matices; ora haciendo coincidir el ritmo del acompañamiento con los acentos graves del canto; ora contrariándolos, con acierto y gusto; ya alternando el rasgueo con secas percusiones en la tapa; ya apagándolo con la palma de la mano para caer súbitamente en negros pozos de silencio, de donde volvía a surgir resonante y avasallador. Cuando en la garganta del *cantaor* parecía expirar el último gemido de la copla, el guitarrista debilitaba la fuerza de su pulsación hasta convertir el acompañamiento en un fondo distante de suaves murmullos; sus dedos sensibles y ágiles apenas herían las cuerdas; pero poco a poco, y siempre acordado con el canto, iba alzándose y creciendo el resonar del instrumento hasta concluir en un rasgueado furioso que parecía romper en mil partículas sonoras las voces melancólicas de la guitarra.

—“Joven, sabe Ud. tocar?”—me preguntó, de repente, Miguel Borull, advirtiéndome el interés con que yo lo observaba.

—“Un poco”—contesté—“pero no me atrevería ni a templar la guitarra delante de mi maestro Andrés Segovia—agregué, señalando a Roberto Ramaugé, pintor argentino aficionado perezosamente al hispano instrumento, cuyos dedos solían tartamudear algunas piecicillas inocentes.

Miguel Borull se levantó y fué a saludarlo con atención y simpatía:

—“Me han hablado de Ud. con mucho encomio, y celebro conocerle. Oí decir que era Ud. granadino, y por lo poco que ha hablado Ud. hasta ahora, me parece distinguir que viene de América. De Méjico salen buenos toreros; no es raro que se den también por ahí buenos *tocaors*.”—Y presentándole la guitarra con deferencia, agregó:—“Esto es lo que se llama una

perla fina. La hizo Manuel Ramirez. Pruébela Ud. y permítanos apreciar su habilidad.”

Ramaugé se encontraba apurado y nos miraba a todos. Yo me adelanté y le dije a Borull:—“Ud. dispense, Miguel. Mi maestro toca solamente por música, y algunas cuerdas de esta guitarra, añadidas por encima de la cejuela, no le permiten recorrer libremente el diapason. Yo haré un esfuerzo para vencer mi cortedad y tocaré algo de lo que él me ha enseñado.”

“Como Ud. quiera”—contestó Borull friamente.

Me abracé entonces a la guitarra y comencé a preludiar rápidas sucesiones de arpeggios y escalas para desentumecer los dedos. Borull al oírme, se llevó las manos a la cabeza y exclamó:—“José, y como tocará el maestro!”—clavando los ojos muy abiertos en Ramaugé, y desatendiendo enteramente lo que yo hacía. Desde aquel momento, aunque yo me hubiera convertido en el mismísimo Orfeo y realizado en la guitarra milagro de destreza y emoción, de técnica y sentimiento, no se habría maravillado ni conmovido Miguel Borull. Cada pasaje difícil, vencido por mí con agilidad y precisión; cada frase melódica “*dicha*” con la intención de conmover su corazón, no eran sino trampolines de donde saltaba con mas vehemencia su admiración hacia el oculto mérito del fingido Andrés Segovia . . . Cien veces interrumpió lo que yo estaba tocando para arrancar la guitarra de mis manos y ofrecérsela a Ramaugé. Y este, que nunca había sido objeto de tan fervorosas manifestaciones de admiración, ni requerido con tan suplicante insistencia a dar pruebas de su talento, olvidando su propia limitación, estuvo varias veces a punto de dar al traste con todo, tirándose a tocar. El afán con que yo trataba de impedirlo impaciontó grandemente a Borull:

“Joven”—me amonestó—“donde hay patrón, no manda marinerito! Y primero es Dios que todos los Santos. Entiende Ud.?”

Temiendo en fin, que se sintiera ofendido si descubría la broma, dimos por terminado aquel rato de folklórico solaz, y nos levantamos. Pedro Antonio, el Cresol del grupo, remuneró a los artistas populares; los demás, a escote, abonaron las bebidas que habíamos consumido, y todos nos dispusimos a salir. Al pasar junto al mostrador, oímos a don Eduardo Jovero, que tronaba, como siempre, contra el flamenquismo:—“Esto es lo que perderá a España—decía—esa afición a las emociones sangrientas de la plaza de toros. El Arte y la Ciencia estan postrados en nuestro país. Se idolatra al “Guerra” o a “Lagartijo”, y se menosprecia el mérito de un Echegaray o de un Salmerón, de un Cajal o de un Benavente.”—Y señalando a la cabeza del Miura, exclamó airadamente en un arranque de taurofobia:—“No es una vergüenza que hayan colocado ahí esa cabeza de toro en vez de . . . de . . .”

—“Tiene Ud. razón, don Eduardo—interrumpió el tabarnero—hemos debido colocar ahí la cabeza de Benavente o la de Cajal.

A la tarde del día siguiente, tomé el tren correo para Madrid. Una maleta pequeña que contenía mas libros y papeles de música que ropa; un saco de mano viejo y arrugado, donde guardaba el paquete de la merienda y el de los bartulos de aseo personal, en alegre vecindad; y el estuche de mi guitarra, constituían todo mi equipaje: en realidad mis únicas propiedades sobre la tierra. En cambio, que riqueza de esperanzas e ilusiones en el alma, que de ensueños absurdos y de anhelos indecibles, y como mi corazón juvenil encendía y tornasolaba la imaginación! El mozo que cargaba mi equipaje me gritó:—“Aquí!”—y subí al compartimento. Coloqué cuidadosamente la caja del instrumento en el lugar mas seguro, tomé asiento, y pasé revista a mis compañeros de viaje. El primero que cayó bajo mi discreta inspección visual fué un hombre bajo y pesado, de frente estrecha y plegada, cejas llenas de maleza como un brenal y sin división sobre los ojos fieros de jabalí; nariz gorda y carnosa con enormes boquetes por donde el aire, al pasar, se ennegrecía naturalmente . . . rictus insolente y

despreciativo en los labios amorcillados y orejas tan voluminosas, peludas y rojas que ofendían la vista como repugnantes sabandijas.

Levanté la mirada de tan desagradable criatura y la envié a descansar sobre el bello rostro de una joven a quien acompañaban una señora de cierta—certísima—edad, a pesar de su cándido esfuerzo en ocultarla, y un caballero de aspecto delicado y fino prematuramente envejecido por algún largo padecimiento físico. La mirada acuosa de este no se adhería a los contornos exteriores de las cosas ni parecía tampoco retirada a la contemplación del mundo interior del pensamiento; mirada, en fin, como de quien se hallara sumergido en insanas tinieblas mentales. La joven luchaba contra la rebelde tendencia de su airoso y pequeño cuerpo a acentuar demasiado sus curvas, trocándolas de suaves, en plenas; pero tenía la cara fina y bonita, esclarecida por grandes ojos azules de mirar lejano y poético, bajo la frente serena. Su expresión era inteligente y bondadosa. Prometiéndome no tardar mucho en retraer mi mirada sobre ella, me puse a examinar a los dos últimos viajeros del compartimento: un sacerdote, al parecer tan satisfecho de hallarse todavía ausente del cielo como contento de su peso vivo en la tierra, bobalicón y bien nutrido; y un zagal a quien el Padre daba a cada instante órdenes severas en voz baja para reprimir las travesuras propias de sus pocos años.

El tren hizo crujir sus coyunturas y comenzó a moverse desespaciosamente. Fuera de España, los viajeros son casi incommunicables; pueden permanecer días enteros uno el lado del otro sin dirigirse la palabra. Ese aislamiento es imposible en España. Aquellos compartimentos cerrados de los trenes de entonces se convertían en mentideros, y al llegar a su destino los que habían viajado juntos se separaban abrazándose como viejos amigos o se apartaban irritados por el calor de la controversia, dispuestos a romperse la crisma en la primera ocasión.

—“Es un niño muerto lo que lleva Ud. en esa caja?”—me preguntó el viajero mal encarado, señalando al estuche de la guitarra que, en efecto, aludía ligeramente a la forma de un féretro.

—“Ave María!” dijo el sacerdote.

—“Que atrocidad!”—profirió la señora.

Tranquilícense—respondí yo sonriendo—es una guitarra, solo que prefiero guardarla en un estuche que disimule exteriormente su forma.”

“Que contrasentido—exclamó la señorita, dejando ver sus dientes blanquitos—encerrar un instrumento tan alegre en una caja tan fúnebre!”

—“No es tan alegre mi guitarra como suelen serlo sus hermanas, o al menos su alegría es mas íntima y recatada . . . Yo no la obligo a acompañar a bailarines ni *cantaores*, ni todo flamenco ni jotas, sino música, por decirlo así, abstracta”—

¡Vaya, Ud. es de los que tocan por lo fino!—sintetizó el hombre de las cejas espesas, acentuando el rictus despreciativo de sus labios.—Un barbero amigo mío toca también en la guitarra polkas y valsés refistoleros, y es lo que yo le digo: tu te has acostumbrado a tentarle la cara a los hombres y te vas volviendo afeminado. Sin cante y sin baile, sin vino y sin mujeres, ¿para que sirve la guitarra?

—Está Ud. equivocado—terció el sacerdote—yo he oído tocar a don Julián Arcas y parecía como si descendiera sobre nosotros música celestial. Se quedaba uno boquiabierto, sobre todo cuando imitaba el regaño de un viejo en los bordones y las súplicas de una jovencita en la prima. Pasmaba oírlo.”

—El pueblo ha prohijado a la guitarra—dije yo dirigiéndome a

la señorita mas que a los demás viajeros—por tres razones legítimas. 1) Ningún instrumento de cuerda ofrece al canto armonías completas que le sirvan de fundamento, que lo acompañen y adornen, y a las cuales tengan facil acceso los dedos torpes del hombre del campo o del trabajador. 2) Pesa poco y pueden trasladarla sin esfuerzo de un sitio a otro. El soldado español que “sintió bajo sus plantas la redondez de la tierra”, la llevó consigo y la aclimató en los lugares mas apartados y diversos de la tierra. 3) Su sonido es naturalmente melancólico, quiero decir, no resulta de timbres elaborados artificialmente por la industria, como los que reúne, obedientes a cada registro, el órgano; y esa melancolía de la guitarra, tan propia de ella como de U. el color de sus bellos ojos resuena profundamente en el alma del hombre. Pero eso no justifica que se restrinja su función al mero acompañamiento del canto; solo una supina ignorancia—dije dirigiéndome por primera vez al jabalí—puede alimentar tan mezquina idea. Tampoco—añadí mirando al inefable sacerdote—confinarla en la clase inferior de música que practicaba el ingenuo don Julián, igualmente alicorto para alcanzar la honrada simple y expresiva del arte popular o para elevarse a las leyes siderales que rigen la belleza de la música.

—¡Atiza!—interrumpió el barbarrote—ya presumía yo que el joven era poeta.

—“Pero tenga Ud. cuidado, porque soy de los que muerden—concluí yo algo amoscado.

La joven intervino afablemente: “Habrá su poquito de exageración en las alabanzas que prodiga Ud. a la guitarra, pero no por eso inspira menos simpatía el ardor de su entusiasmo. Perdone Ud. mi curiosidad: va Ud. a Madrid?”

—“Si, señorita— contesté sonriendo—voy con la ilusión de vencer a los entendidos en música de que mi concepto de la guitarra no es excesivo. Daré mi primer concierto en el Ateneo, y me alegraría de que estuviera Ud. presente para apoyar mi pensamiento en sus bellos ojos y recibir de ellos el ánimo que he de necesitar.”

—“Iremos con gusto si nos es posible.”

—“Puede saber su nombre y dirección?”—pregunté. Ella me entregó su tarjeta. Leí María Querol, y en seguida tuve el presentimiento de que aquel nombre habría de pronunciarlo yo muchas veces en mi vida.

El lector puede tener una idea de la ingente labor que había echado yo sobre mis hombros de adolescente. Veinticinco millones de españoles compartían las opiniones enunciadas mas arriba acerca de la guitarra, y yo iba a asumir la misión de rectificarlas. Ciertamente Tárrega, a lo largo de su vida entera, había desplegado la vehemente actividad de un apostol en pro del amado instrumento; pero el alcance de su noble trabajo no igualó a la intensidad del mismo. Sus actuaciones se desarrollaron en círculos privados con mas frecuencia que públicos, mas ante aficionados específicos a la guitarra, de escasa cultura musical, que ante filarmónicos expertos o músicos profesionales, y no produjo, por lo tanto, cambios importantes en el sentir general de la gente, acerca de la dignidad de nuestro desgraciado instrumento.

—“Salud. don Quijote de la Guitarra—me decía un amigo.—“Ya te devolverá el mundo la cordura!

—“Si, cuando esté al borde de la tumba, como el buen manicheo.”—contestaba yo.

(se continuará)

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Falla in "arabia"

I was able to make closer acquaintance with the guitar in a house just outside the Alhambra. The player, whose father's house it was, Don Angel Barrios, is a composer of distinction and one of the best guitarists in Spain. On hot summer nights Falla and he would sit on the *patio*, where by means of a towel the fountain had been muffled, but not altogether silenced, and the guitar would be ingeniously transposed into a sharp key by the *cejuela* (or *capotasto*), screwed across the end of the finger-board. As autumn came on, we took refuge in a small room hung with hams and sausages and lined with little kegs of *manzanilla*; and when Falla was confined to his bedroom with a cold, Barrios would come every evening with his guitar. I learnt then that the guitar, as he played it, was not merely a part of the "national legend," or "one of the signs of national barbarity," as some Spaniards declare, but a thoroughly serious and admirable instrument. Falla has always treated the guitar seriously; and when the editor of the *Revue musicale* invited him to send something "*pour le tombeau de Claude Debussy*," he wrote his *Homenaje* for the guitar, and it was first tried over in his room at one of the meetings I have described.

Falla believes intensely in the future of the guitar... But at this point some reader may interrupt with a certain show of contempt: "Future? I should have thought it an instrument of the past: one *with* a past, at all events!" It is true that, with us, the idea of "playing on the Spanish guitar" has somehow acquired a curiously disreputable significance, while the instrument itself is—or was until the arrival of Andrés Segovia—regarded as a piece of romantic stage furniture. "No," says Falla. "Not at all! Romantic times were precisely those in which the guitar was at its worst; and then, of course, it spread all over Europe. It was made to play the sort of music that other instruments played, but it was not really suitable for nineteenth-century music, and so it dropped out. It is coming back again, because it is peculiarly adapted for modern music."

He went on to explain why. The six strings of the guitar are tuned in fourths, with a third in the middle: E, A, D, G, B, E.

That instruments tuned in fifths are not particularly apt for modern music might be suspected from the fact that the technique of the violin has practically stood still since the days of Paganini. By means of daring *scordature* Paganini was able to do what very few modern violinists would care to attempt now, for the violin is a "high-tension" instrument as it is, and the general tendency of modern orchestras is towards a further rise of pitch for the sake of brilliance. Moreover, in spite of the studies by Sor, and the beautifully executed transcriptions with which Segovia has made us familiar, music of the later eighteenth and nineteenth centuries does not seem so apt for the guitar as music written since the time of Debussy. This is due partly to Debussy's harmonic scheme and to his widening of the range of harmonic and rhythmic expression (which came to him from the study of Spanish and Oriental music), and partly also to the clearness of the texture of his music, which was necessary to bring out all its subtleties of rhythm and colour. It is partly due also to the fact that modern composers have grown tired of the smoothness and fullness of massed strings supported by a rich round tone in the brass and are aiming at something clearer, in which bowed instruments have a comparatively small part.

Paganini also wrote for the guitar; but it is interesting to observe his elementary treatment of that instrument (a strange contrast to his treatment of the violin) as shown in the quartets for guitar and strings, written for drawing-room use and "*dedicati alle amatrici*."

The guitar in Spain is not a drawing-room instrument; indeed, the circumstances under which it is often used are as remote from a drawing-room as anything in Europe, and in the hands of quite an ordinary player it can be made to do astonishing things. The effects of harmony produced unconsciously by guitarists in Andalucía are among the marvels of untutored art. There are two methods of playing. *Rasguear*, "thrumming," consists of repeated chords in which all the five or six notes are seldom changed at once, and the notes which are held on—to steady the hand—produce an "internal pedal-point" such as we find in the sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti. *Puntear*, on the other hand, is the playing of different notes in succession. It is probable (Falla says) that the Spanish instrumentalists of the six-

teenth century were among the first to play an accompaniment of repeated chords to a vocal or instrumental melody. Further, from the earliest times a distinction has been made in Spain between the *guitarra latina* (playing chords) and the *guitarra morisca* (playing melodies); while to this day the popular *gembri* and other plucked instruments in Morocco play, not chords, but melodies, while in Andalucía the guitar prefers, not melodies, but chords. Barbarous chords, it used to be said. Falla soon convinced me that they were a marvellous revelation of harmonic possibilities hitherto unsuspected.

The different kinds of song and dance heard in the south of Spain have their own special preludes, with effects of rhythm and harmony (particularly cross-accent and false relation) peculiar to each; but a good player, while keeping within the limits proper to the song or dance he is accompanying, will employ considerable variation, and a master like Barrios can vary his preludes indefinitely. Though I heard him every day for weeks on end, I never grew tired of his playing; and Falla, though he can hear that kind of playing all the year round, can always find something in it to interest him. Even to Falla the guitar is still full of unsuspected possibilities; while to a mere traveller the prelude to a *jandango* is always an electrifying experience.

The prelude lasts until the singer considers that the emotion of the audience (and the performer) has been sufficiently worked up; then the voice comes in with a long "Ay!" or "Leli, leli," followed by the characteristic wavering melody, punctuated at certain places by chords on the guitar and followed, at the end of each verse, by a recapitulation of the prelude.

The most striking feature of southern Spanish song of this kind is the characteristic cadence: la, sol, fa, mi. The melodies of the *jandango* and its derivatives, *malagueñas*, *rondeñas*, *granadinas*, etc., as well as the older *soleares*, *polos*, *seguidillas* and the rest—the chief exception (as far as I could determine) being the oldest of all, the *sigüiriya gitana*, "gipsy *seguidilla*"—seem all to move in a harmonic atmosphere depending upon this "Phrygian" cadence, ending on what is apparently the dominant, which the guitar emphasizes in a way that leaves no doubt as to the effect intended. The *soleá* from Falla's opera *La Vida Breve* (*Life is Short*) is a good example, a movement entirely in the popular style.

Plenty of other instances may be found in Falla's music; in the ballet *El Amor Brujo*, for instance, in the first song; in the *polo* in the collection of *Seven Spanish Songs*, and in various dances in *The Three-Cornered Hat*. It is a cadence which has a long history, since it occurs in the earliest guitar versions of the Spanish (and Portuguese) *folías*, on which Corelli afterwards wrote his celebrated variations; in the accompaniment to *Las Vacas*, upon which lute-players and organists performed countless variations in the sixteenth century; and it was evidently a special favourite with Morales, who introduces it not infrequently into his church-music. It occurs on several occasions also in the harpischord music of Domenico Scarlatti. One instance may be quoted; and it is of especial interest, because Scarlatti has followed the characteristic la, sol, fa, mi, of

southern Spain with three bars of pure guitar-music, showing the "internal pedal-point" (doubled in this case) which is so striking in much of Falla's music, and, as we have seen, probably arose in popular music to suit the convenience of the guitar-player, by steadying his hand while changing other notes in the chord or arpeggio.

Passages from a gavotte of Scarlatti also show the internal pedal-point, clearly suggested by the guitar, and other instances may be found, some of which are illustrated in *Music and Letters* for April 1922 and the *Musical Quarterly*, 1927. The beginning of the Scherzo of Debussy's quartet is also a piece of music which Falla pronounced to be "very Andaluz in spirit"; and the reason, when one comes to look at it, may be that although the key-signature is G major, the theme apparently centres about the dominant of C minor. There is no definite phrase upon which one can put one's finger and say: "That is Andaluz," but the Andaluz feeling is certainly there.

These, then, are some of the southern Spanish qualities which either are exhibited in Falla's music or help to explain it. They refer to the letter rather than to the spirit; but the letter of the music is, perhaps, all that we can ever hope to understand about it; the spirit must be *felt*. It is (Falla declares) a mistake to think that music must be understood before it can be enjoyed. Music is not made to be understood, but to be felt. "*La música*," he said, "*no se hace para que se comprenda, sino para que se sienta*." This perhaps is not the whole truth: and many might prefer the author of *Terpander* when he states that "We do not enjoy music as an art until we have learned to appreciate it rationally; but at the same time it cannot give us a real æsthetic emotion unless it confronts us forcibly with a further irrational element."

Reprinted from

Manuel de Falla and Spanish Music by J. B. Trend,
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Manuel Maria de Falla y Matheu, 1876-1946, whose music "has all the raciness of a guitar in the hands of an Andaluz," was, like Albéniz and Granados, always conscious of the guitar and the vast debt owed to the guitar by modern Spanish music. Unlike Albéniz, who was not particularly successful in his compositions for orchestra, Falla was a complete master of orchestration, but in all of them it is possible to find the influence of the guitar. His use of flamenco themes is probably the cause of the weird and mystical harmonies he used so well; his music is "cante hondo" in the truest form.

In his ballet "El Amor Brujo" this is perhaps most apparent. This work was composed by Falla in 1915 at the request of the famous dancer, Pastora Imperio. In spite of the fact that "El Amor Brujo" is so outstandingly "cante hondo," Falla has not made use of any actual folksong or melody; his genius was such that he could absorb the essence of all "cante hondo" and embrace its meaning in his own idiom.

J. B. Trend's excerpts from "Falla and Spanish Music" will no doubt be of interest to all lovers of the guitar and of Spanish music. Trend, who was a friend of Falla, is a well-known English musicologist, noted for his research and writings on the music of Spain and Portugal.

P C

a Letter

Editors of the Guitar Review:

Salutations and deep thanks to you for Number 4 of the Guitar Review. I shall treasure this issue wherein you so properly and intelligently honor that noble and lovable instrument, the Guitar, and its prophet and poet-interpreter André Segovia. ...When my present labors on a book to be published this autumn are finished I hope to find and reshape a commentary and rhapsody written in 1937 on the playing of Segovia.

Sincerely yours

CARL SANDBURG

new light on Paganini

By ALFRED W. ALVER

IV

(Continued from No. 5)

OUT of the parallelism thus outlined arises the hypothesis that Paganini's conversance with the guitar redounded to the development of his violin technique and in a corresponding measure to the unfoldment of his violin composition. But—it might be asked—after all, may not the similarity of the two left-hand techniques be really detached from the master's artistic endeavours, extraneous to his musical activity? May not, in other words, her humorous ladyship, otherwise Chance, that rules all, be smiling indulgently at a view bound up with his happening to light on a guitar?

There seems to be no reason for regarding his connection with the guitar merely as a fortuitous linkage of circumstances. Chance had thrown a mandolin in his path at a tenderer age (his father was a mandolin player) but nothing more was heard of it. Running to the extreme for dialectic's sake, we might nevertheless grant that Paganini's interest in the plucked instrument was but slight and casual, and that it did not catch his fancy. Yet this would have no bearing on the evidence already examined in favour of his having often played the instrument. Two alternative hypotheses await consideration. The first is that the development of his left hand was in a manner influenced by handling the wide neck of the guitar, likely as not since his formative years, and for aught we know, from using the left thumb to finger awkward chords, in non-academic fashion. (1) According to the explicit music critic of the *Wiener Zeitschrift* (April 10, 1828), writing in apparent ignorance of Paganini's guitar playing—

...“It would appear that the left hand of the great master has been highly developed under some fortuitous influence to perform these prodigies. We are led to the assumption that he must heretofore have played a good deal on another instrument, which perhaps through the slurring of tones required a manifestation of strength from the fingers of the left hand. Has the mandolin or the lute helped him mount the steps of perfection's ladder?” (2)

No less ambiguously speaks another eye-witness:

“It is generally believed that Paganini has fingers of inhuman length... His hands are proportionate to his stature, and rather small than otherwise...; the fingers are well formed, but thin. His left hand possesses a pliability almost unique, and with the thumb he occasionally makes a perfect arch. It is clear that this species of dislocation, which is effected without effort, is the result of long habit.” (3)

Again, Karl Guhr, noted contemporary violinist and pedagogue, in his famous work already referred to, speaks of Paganini's hand as “anything but large,” though he “gained such power of expansion... that he is enabled to take a distance of three octaves.” (4) In short, then, on the hypothesis of an *acquired* development of his left hand, his playing of the guitar, wherein he indulged a penchant for wide spans and difficult chord formations (his posthumous guitar compositions indicate this), must be reckoned as a salient moulding factor.

The alternative hypothesis would stress the connateness of such a hand. If, accordingly, it be an admitted truth that our violinist's hand was as much a part of his native equipment as his musical sensibility and exquisite ear, his devotion to the guitar would seem a concomitant for which nature shaped him. The following passage, translated from Conestabile, happily embodies this second view:

“His hand was large, it is true, his fingers rather long, though not excessively so... So that Paganini... while holding a note on the second string in the first position, advanced prodigiously with the fourth finger on the first string into upper positions, lending in all naturalness to the first phalange of his left-hand fingers such an even impulse of elasticity as to enable them to glide with ease, swiftness and precision, and without in the

least disturbing his hand... The observations of Harrys... roughly coincides with those of Bennati [whose paper, “Physiological Notice of Paganini,” was originally read before the Academy of Science of Paris]... Paganini was able to flex his thumb so far backwards that its nail touched the upper part of the hand [forearm?].” (5)

In addition, Conestabile opines that Paganini must have “succeeded marvellously with the guitar, because of the conformation of his fingers.” (6)

But even so, a left hand congenitally fit for the guitar would tend eagerly, it may be fairly inferred, to chord formations and fingerings allowing it full play; the constant requirement of what is essential to brilliant performance would find reflection in the master's violin technique, and ultimately in composition designed to vent it. The dualism of acquired development *vs.* congenitality as applied to Paganini's left hand would seem to veil the truth which probably halts as usual between polar extremes, but it does not materially affect our conclusion.

So much for the solely physical aspect of Paganini's guitar playing. Over and above it now looms the query as to whether he responded to the intimations abiding in the technique of his adjuvant instrument.

As common knowledge has it, in the welding process completely identifying him with his violin mere virtuosity vanished into the semblance of bursts of lyricism or, at the lowest estimate, untrammelled rhetoric. But a *brio* which so pervaded the devices for creating dazzling and impressive effects that “spontaneity of feeling seemed melting into sound” must have been conducive to felicity in appropriating some artifices of other masters. It must also have inspirited their modification or ripening to such an extent as to warrant their inclusion with the rest as his very own, without incurring the risk of arrogation. So that on the grounds of transmutation in the crucible of creativeness this artistic property vests in him.

Alike subject to the kindling touch of the master's hand are the features involving points of tangency with the technique of the guitar. Along such potential lines of reciprocal influence one vehicle of musical expression might borrow animation from the other or assume its complexion. Before pursuing this in all its implication, a precission is in order. We must disregard the possibility of the dominance of the violin over the guitar (as against the guitar over the violin) in the evolution of Paganini's art, for this is a question bereft of any importance by the industry of the devotees of the plucked instrument, who had already laid or were avowedly laying at the time the foundations of modern guitar playing. (7) Both technically and artistically the guitar was nearing the zenith of perfection before the rapid ascent of violin mechanics at Paganini's hands. Even if this were not the case, and the influence wielded by the guitar did not outweigh by far that of the violin as regards our virtuoso, the problem of estimating the relative share of either instrument in the interplay of influences would exceed the scope of a discussion devoted exclusively to the impulsion exerted on his violin by the guitar—the most significant aspect of the master's relation to the two instruments.

The effect of this reverberation could not have been slight. For here, in the vehicle of intimate response through finger contact with strings, which is the guitar, in this instrument of delicate nuances called forth by the subtlest variation in the artist's summons, (8) there opened before the violinist a treasure of suggestions of motley richness. Not to be alive to their value, technical and aesthetic, would bespeak a lack of musical sensibility on his part. It would argue a nature most unreceptive and one whose stores of imagination did not subsist on garnered impressions that might engender coruscant variegation in the sounds evoked from his Guarneri's. Not to be quickened by the promptings of the six-string instrument is, indeed, little reconcilable with all our established notions of this artist, who toiled whole-heartedly at the task of diversifying the tonal resources of bowed strings and adventured towards the confines of originality in the acquisition of a many-faceted style; in whom musical substance became for the most part a synonym for the devices he was bent on striking out for his primary instrument. Even more inconceivable is it that an exception to

the rule of the sway of one medium of art expression over another should be found in the very instrumentalist whose thirst for effects ranged to the limits of the potentialities of the violin and at times came perilously close to violating the canons of good taste in straining these limits.

From all this, as from the abundance of technical features new or all but new to Paganini's violin and old to the guitar, it stands to reason that at least a few of the novel results of his virtuosity must have been ministered to by the latter instrument. Only one such example need be marked out to moot a question of uncommon musical import: an analysis of some of the influences under which the foremost voice of the orchestra has fallen, rather than a quiddity regarding this against that instrument. To object that it matters little that the guitar was for Paganini a spring of innovations and consummations—that he would have achieved as much and as well without it in his absorbing devotion to a single end—is not only to hazard the unknowable. It entails as well a slighting of the origin of the currents that merge in the broad stream of the technique of the bowed string.

Contrariwise, indorsement in the main of the foregoing need not imply that more than a glimpse has so far been afforded by our post of observation at the worthy part of the guitar as handmaid to the queen of instruments. The efforts needed to secure a clearer view of this relationship will be amply repaid by the results within reach. A thorough-paced historical collation of Paganini's violin compositions with those of predecessors and contemporaries will bring to the fore important stages in the growth of the cardinal division of tonal resources. In the investigation we may be led to clues to the further resolution of "the species of enigma that has perplexed every violinist"—Paganini's technique. Likewise may we be helped to sound the aesthetic of transference to one instrument or filtering through its medium of means and features belonging to another and of their adaptation to new artistic ends with the fine feeling for the individuality of vehicles which renders the term "borrowing" improper. In the direction of such an inquiry, at the least, lies the promise of partially satisfying our ever-recurring wonder at the fecundity of the musician who virtually transformed the violin into a new instrument while obscuring other claims to musical glory.

But if our thesis has failed of development and the vexing of Paganini's unshriven ghost must be protracted indefinitely, we have not remained without corroboration, I concludingly

submit, of the view that his was the gift of mastering a plucked instrument as well. Proficiencies need not be equated. Supplement this with the fact of the close kinship of the fiddle and the guitar—both sifted out of cruder stuff—which only of late research has succeeded in tracing with increasing clearness (9) and we envisage in him a twin faculty of setting strings singing by means of bow or finger that lends the title of "monarch of the string and bow" a deeper ring. For such an avatar pales even Liszt's forecast that "the wonderful coincidence of a gigantic talent with all the circumstances appropriate to his apotheosis will appear in the history of art as a solitary instance."

It is Paganini's conjunction of aptitudes that has bested as the basis of the present inquiry. Incomplete as it is, it has driven home to the mind of the writer that the instrument outwardly dissimilar to the supremely evolved violin must yet have been at his hands a prime mover in certain phases of this most impassioned of orchestral elements to the potency and largeness of utterance it now commands.

THE END

(1) Cf. Professor Schottky's reference to Paganini's peculiar mode of fingering guitar chords, (6), above.

(2) Translated from Schottky, *op. cit.*, p. 268 (footnote).

(3) De Laphalègue, *op. cit.*, pp. 52-53.

(4) *Op. cit.*, p. 43.

(5) *Op. cit.*, pp. 220ff.

(6) *Op. cit.*, p. 43.

(7) The most commanding figure in the annals of guitar classicism is that of Ferdinand Sor. Styled "the first guitarist of his age," he lived during Paganini's epoch (1778-1839) to proclaim the true art of the plucked instrument throughout Europe and formulate it in his *Grand Method*. From his bequest of full-bodied writings in more ambitious forms springs his second epithet of "the Beethoven of the Guitar." Next to him towers his contemporary, Mauro Giuliani (born 1780?), who strove to transform the guitar into an orchestral instrument. See Buek, *op. cit.*, Zuth, *op. cit.*, and Reimann's *Musiklexikon*.

(8) The performance of such exponents of the guitar as Andrés Segovia justifies, I think, this description. His gramophone records afford permanent proof thereof.

(9) See, for example, in English, Kathleen Schlesinger's *The Precursors of the Violin Family* (London, n. d.; this corresponds to Vol. II of her *The Instruments of the Modern Orchestra*, London, 1900), according to its index, as well as her articles on instruments of the guitar family and others in the 11th edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

The "Sonata in A" of Jerry Usher

by EMILIO PUJOL

T

oday's generation is irresistibly attracted by the idea of setting ever new records and creating works of huge proportions; ensembles, masses, blocks, skyscrapers, powerful explosives, rockets which threaten to desecrate the immaculate face of the moon—all these are reducing day by day the size of our planet and the immensity of space. In the domain of music, orchestras so big they overflow their pits and stages bring us symphonies conceived in athletic dimensions, ambitious with arrogant power and overwhelming dynamism. Even the once intimate and serene backwater of the guitar has been invaded by the expansive spirit of the epoch, which seeks by means of the most grandiose forms of composition to enthrone the instrument in the symphonic realm.

Among recent works for the guitar, one of the most outstanding is the *Sonata in A* by Terry Usher, published by the Clifford Essex Music Co. Ltd. of London.

From Frescobaldi and Bach to our own times the poetical and declamatory development of the sonata has been intensifying and reaching out toward a new instrumental dimension. To

the melodic, rhythmic and tonal discourse which characterized the concept of the sonata form in the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, the organic nature of the instrument, with its own expressive qualities, has brought its rich contribution of sound.

The guitarist-composers of the end of the Eighteenth and the first third of the Nineteenth Centuries were already turning their genius toward the art of chamber and symphonic music. Sor, in addition to his extensively developed *Fantasias* and his *Themes and Variations*, composed a *Grand Solo* and three *Sonatas*. Giuliani went even further, composing, besides a number of *Sonatas*, *Concertos* for the "terz-guitar" (guitar in G) and small orchestra. Boccherini and Paganini united the guitar with string trio and quartet. A composition attributed to Schubert uses the guitar in conjunction with other stringed instruments and flute. All this was the dazzling fruitful synthesis of a period of favorable psychic coincidences which fell into ruin when the artistic trends of the era took a new direction. In our own day the composers Joaquín Turina, Manuel Ponce, F. Moreno Torroba, Alfonso Broqua, Juan Manén, Nin-Culmell, López Chavarrí, Joaquín Rodrigo and Castelnuovo-Tedesco have brought about a splendid revival of that period, enriching the repertoire of the guitar with vigorous new compositions.

There can be no doubt that such works have done much to restore the forgotten prestige, heir to the glorious legacy of the vihuela. Nevertheless it must be recognized that its special qualities, the intimacy and exquisiteness which are so much more expressive and subtle in the guitar than in other instruments of wider acceptance, place it at a disadvantage in rela-

tion to the bigger and more powerful instruments, as well as to the larger forms of composition, and create their own acoustical problem in concert halls of any size.

The guitar, with its unique adaptability, as readily identifies itself with the sentiment of the people as with the soul of the artist. It can as well submerge itself in the motley tumult of the lowly social orbit, giving itself to the expression of those chaotic passions which rebel against all academic dogmatism, and take its place in the sacred temple of true art, there to vibrate with the deepest reverence under the fingers of the artist who is the slave of order and of the serenity of his own spirit. But in either case, the guitar rejects grandiloquence and indiscriminate medleys of sound. In the musically illiterate hands of the people, it lends rude service to the tonality and rhythm of the music, without troubling about the sound quality, the harmony, or the correct juxtaposition of the voices; it joins with the song or dance as best it may, and in so doing gives wings to a burst of emotional lyricism which sometimes reaches the most inaccessible heights. In the hands of the artist every string offers a gamut of the most varied timbres, every fret the expressive reflection of the subtlest intentions of the fingers.

The guitar is, above all, synthesis. Its principal characteristic is its ability to reduce to the most exquisite proportions the essential qualities of other instruments; it is an orchestra speaking in a confidential tone. To treat the orchestra as a small and fragile instrument is to create the guitar; to amplify the guitar would, in turn, be to reproduce the orchestra. To reduce any whole is to condense, and to condense is to increase the actual content of the whole. The prestige of the guitar has always been upheld by those who judge an art for its qualitative attributes.

"Art does not admit opinions which allow themselves to be guided by considerations of size," says Kastner in his *Federico Mompou*. "It is the quality that matters. A perfect miniature is worth more than an enormous smeared painting. The art of the miniaturist, the poet, the goldsmith—these are not lesser arts." The Archpriest of Hita says in his *Book of True Love*:

"Chica es la calandria y chico el ruiseñor,
pero más dulce canta que otra ave mayor."

("Small is the bunting and small the nightingale, but sweeter do they sing than many a greater bird.") Certain minuets and studies of Sor are superior in quality to many movements from sonatas by other composers, just as some pages of Tárrega are qualitatively superior to other much longer compositions.

Quality is the essential element in any work of art. Time corrodes only the imperfections. If the larger works of Sor, Giuliani, Paganini and other composers have lost interest in our day, it is not because of the concepts of imperishable beauty which they contain, but rather because of those characteristics which the conventions of the time imposed upon them, obliging their creators to resort to procedures of a negative artistic value.

The sonata is one of the most difficult forms of instrumental composition. When he undertakes to write a sonata the composer is faced with serious hazards, for he must expound, develop and resolve appropriate motives through melodic, rhythmic and tonal derivations which require, within the limits of the established norms, a full mastery of musical and instrumental technique. These problems, difficult enough on any instrument, are multiplied on the guitar because of the limitations of its range, the disposition of the notes, and the intricate subtleties of its technique.

The principal problem in composition arises from the need to suit the idea to the organic nature of the sound material in which it is to take shape. In that vital synchronization technique plays a leading role. When the idea allows itself to be led by the properties which the instrument itself offers to the movement of the fingers over the strings and the fingerboard, composition is reduced to a simple process of controlled arrangement of the idea. The contrary process, on the other hand, is much more demanding: the idea must prevail over the resistance of the strings, fingers and frets; not all of the tones or groups of tones offer the same possibilities, and since furthermore every note can be sounded in a variety of ways, one must know how to choose the best. That is why the composer's musical equipment should be of the highest order, his talent keen, his general education in the arts thorough, and his instru-

mental technique as complete as possible. A man's art is the synthesis of an infinite number of imponderables which germinate in his subconscious being; and so it is that the artist must be mindful of his own spirit, that it may be host to all those qualities which will enrich his art.

Musical forms of a broad structural concept should find an apt medium in the combination of two guitars, where the voices would gain in scope and expression, and the effects of sonority and of instrumental procedures would be doubled, while the accentuation of contrasting rhythms and shadings could be carried out with greater independence. Valderrabano, besides composing works of five and six voices for two vihuelas, adapted for this ensemble works by Josquin, Morales, Willaert and others, of a complex polyphonic texture. An English critic once remarked, on hearing two guitars: "Two pianos sound like a piano and a half; two guitars sound like many guitars." The combination of one guitar tuned higher than the normal pitch and another tuned lower would offer interesting possibilities.

In combining the guitar with instruments of a different organic family, special care must be exercised to make sure that the intensity and volume of sound proper to each instrument or group of instruments is balanced with the others in the whole. The *Harpsichord Concerto* of our unforgettable Manuel de Falla shows to what extent the great master kept this concept in mind. In certain passages from the Third Movement of Joaquín Rodrigo's *Aranjuez Concerto* for guitar and orchestra, so rich and inspired in content, the volume of sound produced by the background instruments tends to obscure the sound of the solo instrument. Strength in expression is more spiritual than material. Certain dissonances were first acceptable because of the way in which the notes were distributed among the different voices, and these dissonances asserted their claim and extended their dominion by cloaking themselves in the varied timbres of the instruments making up the ensemble. Instrumentation must obey in color and volume of sound the superposition of planes and perspective of a bas-relief, never allowing the principal subject to be overshadowed by the background or secondary detail.

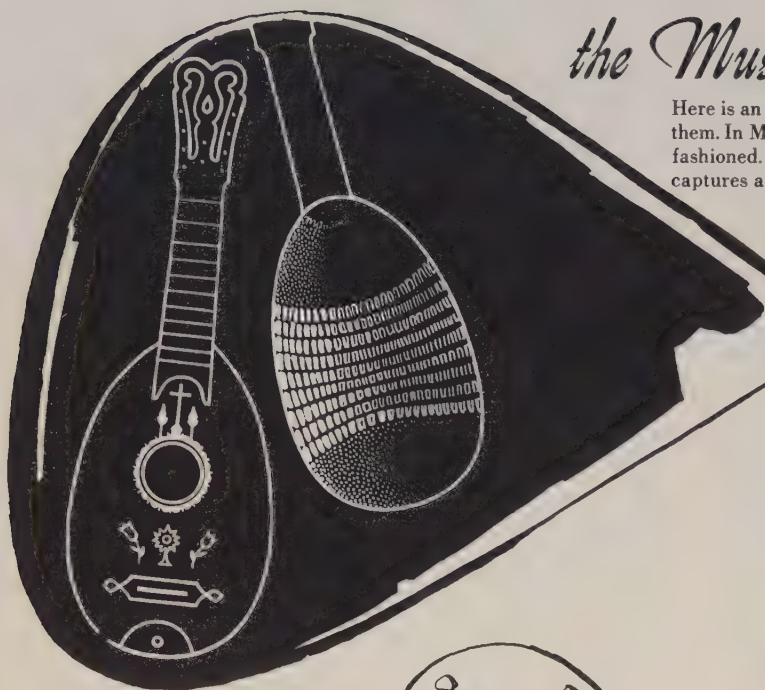
In short, all forms of musical composition are adaptable to the guitar as long as they are technically suited to the proportional values of its volume and sound power, as well as to its particular timbre, scope and expressive qualities. Only a solid musicianship guided by high artistry and a broad knowledge of technique can produce those great achievements which time does not destroy and which unwaveringly uphold the prestige both of the guitar and of the composer.

The Sonata by Terry Usher consists of three movements conceived and carried out with admirable musicianship and artistic spirit. Each movement has its own appeal within the framework of a sober and natural style of writing which makes no concessions to virtuosity or to "effects" of doubtful taste. The First Movement, marked *Maestoso*, begins with a theme of youthful breadth tinged with dramatic foreboding, which then entwines itself with a theme of expressive lyricism in a passage abounding in constantly interesting contrasts of form and emotion. In its construction and development, this is the movement which best fits the character and style of the work. The Second Movement is a Minuet of a delightful pre-Mozartian freshness, beginning in the key of C Major and winding through its steps and curtsies in various keys until it finds its way into the relative minor, which leads it back to the basic key of the Sonata. The most suitable key for this movement would have been key of A major, in which the deeper voices would have had more space in which to develop. The Third Movement, *Passacaglia*, of a rhythmic-monodic theme to which are gradually added harmonies, counterpoint and glossed imitations in the style of the old "diferencias," moves through a fugue passage to end with chords on a syncopated bass which give strength and breadth to the close of the Sonata.

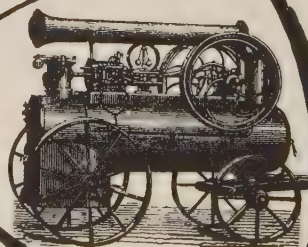
Apart from the fact that the phrasing is left to the free interpretation of the artist, and that the printing suffers from a few omissions, there is every reason to be grateful to the composer for his valuable contribution to the literature of the guitar, and to hope that the intelligent public will soon have occasion to hear and admire it as it deserves.

the Museum

Here is an example of the ingenious use a people can make of things around them. In Mexico, adobe earth is in abundance. Thus are the peasants' houses fashioned. One native instrument maker needs a back for his guitar. He captures a friendly armadillo.



An Italian carpenter, prosaically occupied with the construction of chairs by day, dreams of creating the perfect guitar by night. This is proof that Man is a slave of habit, and a victim of his own environment.



The same genius that went into the inventing of the steam engine seems to have filtered through the mind of the American who brought forth this example of guitar *curiosa*. Nothing is known about it beyond the fact that it does not play itself, and that it will never take the place of the dentist's chair.

Gregory d' Alessio

Giusti

The Chronicle

NEW YORK

Society of the Classic Guitar
Gregory d'Alessio, Secretary
314 East 41st Street
New York 17, New York

The Society has at last discovered a theater admirably suited to its purposes for the presentation of informal and semi-formal recitals. The name of this commodious, intimate, and yet professionally run theater is La Meri, situated centrally in New York. The Society activities listed herein, were all held at La Meri Theater. Since the Fall and Winter seasons, the Society has endeavored to present monthly concerts featuring the guitar itself or the guitar in association with other instruments, including the human voice. The December concert was devoted to the guitar alone, Franz Casseus, of Port-au-Prince, Haiti, being the soloist. He played: *Sonate, Op. 22* by Sor; *Andante* by Mozart; *Petite Suite* by de Visée; *Capricho Arabe* by Tárrega; *El Testamento de Amelia* arranged by Llobet, and *Two Traditional Haitian Dances*, arranged by himself.

Casseus' performance was well received by an enthusiastic audience. Remarkable was the fact that he performed on a guitar of his own make, an instrument beautiful in appearance and tone.

In January, the Society presented a variety program featuring the voice, violin, flute, and of course, the guitar. The varied nature of this program, both musically and instrumentally, attracted a capacity audience. The program follows: *Trio*, by Gragnani, and *Sonata*, Anonymous, played by guitarists V. Bobri, Mirko Markovich, and Antonio Salatti; *Entr'acte* by Ibert, Salatti, guitar, and Jack Bell, flute; *Two Minuets* by Bouleroi, Salatti, guitar, and Sascha Lichten, violin; Eithne Golden, regional singer, sang a group of Latin-American, Spanish, and Portuguese folk songs, with her own accompaniment, alternating between the Spanish and Portuguese guitars; *Duet* by Mazas, and *Gagliarda* by Durante, played by V. Bobri and Frederic Mulders, guitarists; *Tango* by Makaroff, played by Mulders, Bobri and Salatti, followed by *Gypsy Dance*, a traditional Russian folk dance, played by the same three; *Two Haitian Dances*, played by Franz Casseus, solo guitarist; Lonya Kalbous, baritone-guitarist in four songs—Bobri's *Tabor* and *Valor Gitano*, *Caro Mio Ben*, and *Dark Night*, Salatti and Mulders, guitarists, assisting; Sarita Heredia's group of typical and traditional Flamenco numbers which included a *Soleares*, *Tarantas*, *Seguiriya Gitano*, and *Tango Flamenco*, wound up the evening.

On February 23, 1948, Julie André, mezzo-soprano guitarist and Mirko Markovich, solo guitarist, appeared in a recital under the auspices of the Society of the Classic Guitar. Miss André, whose "Songs from South of the Border" are well known in folk-song circles, glided thru her program with ease and grace, singing pieces traditionally representative of Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Argentina, Paraguay, Brazil, Yucatan, Jamaica, and Cuba. Mirko Markovich's guitar wizardry is famous in New York night clubs, and his Victor records enjoy a wide sale. This night, he featured some compositions by American composers, notably one by Richard S. Pick entitled *Improvisation*, and Carl Kress's *Afterthoughts*. Other pieces on his program included numbers by Vicente Gomez, Francisco Tárrega, Fortea, Liszt, and V. Bobri.

More news of guitaristic activities in New York was made by Edith Allaire (member SCG), Carlos Montoya, Vela Montoya (no relation), Olga Coelho (member SCG), Rey de la Torre, Andrés Segovia (Honorary President SCG), Antonio Salatti (member SCG), and Richard Dyer-Bennett. Miss Allaire did a group of traditional American ballads, songs, love ditties, and hymn tunes, in her usual refreshing authentic style. The concert took place in Times Hall on December 12th, 1947. On February 24th, Carlos Montoya gave an intimate recital of flamenco guitar playing at La Meri Theater before a packed house. This internationally known master of the flamenco idiom, whose performances hereabouts have been all too rare, amazed the *aficionados* present with typical examples of his skill. When La Argentina, and later La Argentinita were names to conjure with in the Spanish dancing world, no little credit for their success was due to the inspired flamenco guitar accompaniment of Montoya. Vela Montoya is an American of Spanish extraction whose dancing and castanet playing are famous from coast to coast. At La Meri Theater, on December 16th, 1947, Miss Montoya gave her first New York concert of the year, and in her usual expert, authentic style, charmed a capacity audience with her interpretations of the Spanish dance. Assisting artists, were Frederic Mulders, V. Bobri, Gregory d'Alessio, guitarists, and Narciso Figueroa, pianist. Olga Coelho, Brazilian soprano-guitarist, played and sang a number of classic arias and old melodies at Town Hall, on February 20th, her first 1948 New York appearance. Her program featured two first performances—Andrés Segovia's *Canción de cuna*, and Camargo Guarnieri's *Eu vou m'emora*, both dedicated to Madame Coelho, by the respective composers. The ever popular Brazilian *embolada*,

The Frog, by Heikel Tavares, Xango from Villa-Lobos' folk song collection, and *Meu Limao, Meu Limoeiro*, a Brazilian traditional *coco*, as expected, evoked a tremendous response. The rest of the program included *Fray Anton*, a Spanish song from the Pedrell collection, *Se tu m'ami* by Pergolesi, *Bist du bei mir* by Bach, *C'est mon ami*, an 18th century French song, *La Nana* by de Falla, *Agachate el Sombrero*, a Colombian *bambuco*, *La Mulita* by Francisco Amor, *De blanca Tierra*, an Inca song from the d'Harcourt collection, *A Chôro*, *O rei mandou me chama*, and *Casinha Pequena*, Brazilian folk songs, *Macumba* by Jayme Ovalle, and *Toda p'ra voce* by Lorenzo Fernandez. On April 9th, 1948, Olga Coelho gave another concert of her superb songs and exquisite guitar accompaniments. This time she appeared under the auspices of The Society of the Classic Guitar at The Barbizon-Plaza Salon de Musique before a capacity audience, which consisted mostly of Society members and their friends. Olga Coelho's services thus rendered so generously to the Society go a long way toward maintaining the prestige of that organization, not to mention the financial benefit derived. Rey de la Torre's second and very welcome concert in two months took place at Town Hall on January 28th, 1948. In his usual brilliant manner, de la Torre played: *Six Pieces* by de Visée, *Allemande*, *Bourree*, and *Courant* by Bach, *Fantasia* by John Dowland, *Grande Sonate* by Sor, *Ecos del Paisaje* and *Vidala* by Broqua, *Three Mexican Songs* by Ponce, *Cádiz* by Albéniz, and *Recuerdos de la Alhambra* by Tárrega. Andrés Segovia gave two concerts at Town Hall since last The GUITAR REVIEW went to press. On January 4th, Segovia offered the following program:

Two Short Pieces by D. Luis Milan, *Passacaglia* by Louis Couperin, *Lento e Allegretto* by F. Sor, *Sonata, omaggio a Boccherini* (dedicated to Segovia) by Castelnuovo-Tedesco, *Siciliana*, *Fuga*, *Courante*, *Gavotte et Musette*, *Sarabande*, *Bourree*, *Menuet* and *Gavotte en rondeau* by J. S. Bach, *Sonatina* (dedicated to Segovia) by M. Ponce, *Leyenda*, *Torre Bermeja*, and *Sevilla* by I. Albéniz.

Again, on March 7th, Segovia played: G. Frescobaldi (*Aria con variazioni*), D. Scarlatti (*Two Sonatas*), S. L. Weiss (*Four pieces for the lute*), J. S. Bach (*Chacona*). There followed seven compositions all dedicated to Segovia, written by A. Tansman (*Mazurka*), Albert Roussel (*Segovia*), G. Crespo (*Nortena*), M. Castelnuovo-Tedesco (*Turantella*), C. Pedrell (*Impromptu*), Turina (*Sevillana*) and Turina (*Fandanguillo*). Segovia wound up his program with: Granados (*Danza*), Albéniz (*Granada and Mallorca*). Not until six encores had been given was Segovia permitted to pack away his guitar. The usual Segovia artistry and beauty of interpretation were present in both the events listed here, as was unanimously attested by the New York music critics. At a concert in Carnegie Hall on January 18th, Carlo de Fillipis presented "an historical concert, featuring the evolution of the mandolin and guitar from the lute era to our times". The Bloomfield Mandolin Orchestra played and Antonio Salatti appeared as the representative of the classic guitar. Salatti played several numbers which demonstrated the versatility of the guitar, performing creditably. Maturing with each concert, and displaying form close to tops in the field of minstrelsy, Richard Dyer-Bennett again scored in a Town Hall concert on January 31st, 1948. Dyer-Bennett, unlike most American folk singers, is not slovenly in his attitude toward the importance of the guitar as an integral part of the whole sum of his performances. Taste, care, and sometimes brilliance, figure in all of the guitar accompaniments to his voice which is so naturally suited to the type of thing he does. As usual, Dyer-Bennett sang songs drawn from the folk traditions of many lands, and culled from the archives of ancient and historical minstrel lore.

Two other musical events of interest to devotees of the classic guitar took place in New York in recent months. The harpsichord and the lute had their days in Town Hall and Times Hall, respectively. The world-renowned Wanda Landowska was to have given three harpsichord recitals on the 11th, 18th, and 25th of February, but due to an accident, was only able to deliver her first scheduled one. The recital was devoted to the first book of *The Well-Tempered Clavier* by J. S. Bach. So great is the artistry of Landowska that she appears under the auspices of Town Hall itself, since sell-out houses are a sure thing. Her first and only appearance to the date of this writing was praised by the critics to a man.

Equally well received was Suzanne Bloch, who presented music of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries on March 2nd, 1948. Miss Bloch's gracious and understanding performance on the lute, grandfather of the classic guitar, is a musical treat and all too rarely experienced in the general run of concerts. The virginals and recorder, instruments of equal antiquity, were also played by Miss Bloch. Assisting artists on the program of this Times Hall concert were: Joyce Flissler (violin), Eugene Morgan (baritone), Paul Smith (recorder), Nina Courant (viola da gamba), Hannah Moore Everett (virginals), Joseph Precker (lute), and the Psalter Singers.

Among the numbers on the program were: *Two Lute Fantasias and Two Ricercare, Early Psalter Music for Voices and Lute, Variations for Violin and Lute* by Pietro Locatelli, *Three Great Ayres for Baritone, Viols and Lute*, by John Dowland, *Concerto for Descant Recorder* by Robert Woodcock, *Renaissance Chansons with Lute*, and *The Carman's Whistle for Virginals* by Byrd.

The Musical Digest, one of the leading magazines in the United States devoted to music, will run an article on the guitar in an early issue. The editors of *The GUITAR REVIEW* have been called upon to help in the preparation of the article, and to check on its authenticity.

Vicente Gomez, the internationally known guitarist, has opened a cafe-restaurant in New York, known as La Zambra. With Gomez playing there nightly, and other well known guitarists and guitar enthusiasts dropping in from time to time, La Zambra promises to be a Mecca for guitar lovers everywhere. Another attraction of the restaurant is a series of murals designed and executed by artists, all of whom are members of the Society of the Classic Guitar in New York. Under the direction of Vladimir Bobri, president of the Society and an internationally known artist, the murals were designed with the guitar as the main theme and inspirational subject matter. Other artist-members of the Society who contributed their talents to the project were Gregory d'Alessio, secretary of the Society and one of America's leading cartoonists, George Giusti, and Antonio Petrucelli, nationally known designers, whose work can be seen in *Fortune* and *Life* magazines, Hilda Terry, creator of the cartoon feature *Teena*, and valuable assistance rendered by Saul Marantz, Claire Langner, and Karl Noell, commercial designers. La Zambra is now the official meeting place of the Society of the Classic Guitar, and the scene of its many concerts and recitals.

SANTA FE

Oliver La Farge, President of the Guitar Club of Santa Fe, which was founded in March 1947, writes of the enthusiastic response accorded Andrés Segovia on the occasion of his first appearance in that city on February 23. The concert was given for the benefit of a group of nuns called the Medical Mission Sisters, an organization administering to the poor of Santa Fe and outlying districts. Mr. Segovia played before a packed auditorium and won the plaudits of both press and public with his virtuosity and enchanting interpretations of the musical numbers on his program.

HOLLYWOOD

The American Guitar Society
Vahdah Olcott Bickford, Secretary-Treasurer
2031 Holly Hill Terrace, Hollywood 28, Cal.

Vahdah Olcott Bickford played lute solos at The University of Southern California for the department of ancient instruments in the Bovard Auditorium of that college. Her auditors comprised a class of 400 students, and many others who assembled to hear Mrs. Bickford's concert-lecture. This took place in early January. On February 2nd, the American Guitar Society players gave a program with a string quintet (string quartet with guitar) for the Glendale branch of the State Music Teachers Association. The audience of professional musicians received the concert enthusiastically. The quintet numbers were: *Pastorale* by Boccherini, the Joseph Schnabel Quintet, *To A Wild Rose* arranged by Zarh M. Bickford, Debussy's *En Bateau* and *Claire De Lune*, and *Danza Mexicana*, by Zarh M. Bickford. *Duo Brillante* for guitar and piano followed. This piece by Gatayes, a French composer of a hundred years ago, is the only copy extant of the original edition, its steel-engraved title and water-marked paper still in a remarkable state of preservation. *Canto Amoroso* (violin and guitar) by Samartini rounded out the unique program.

A recent visitor to California was Peter Colonna, member of the Society of the Classic Guitar. The natural object of one of his many calls was the home of the Bickfords, which is the guitar center of the West Coast. Colonna attended and played at the February concert of French music performed by the American Society. The program included a great variety of instruments besides the guitar, namely the mandolin, flute, mandola, mando-cello, lute, and piano. Emily Richards sang songs by Bergerette, Poldowsky and Debussy with piano and guitar accompaniment by Dora Nizamis and Vahdah Bickford, respectively. Ben Irwin played guitar solos by Thome and Napoleon Coste. Other guitar soloists were Peter Colonna playing *Scarf Dance* by Chaminade; Mrs. Bickford playing *Chants des Oiseaux* by Zurluh, *Divertissement-Partant pour la Syrie* by Giuliani and *Etude Brillant* by Tárrega; Mary Knoche playing Napoleon Coste's *Marche*. A guitar ensemble delivered compositions by V. O. Bickford (*Amaryllis-Air Louis XIII*), Alfred Cottin (*Ballade de Fou*), and Napoleon Coste (*Barcarolle*). In a guitar-piano duet, Mr. and Mrs. Bickford rendered *Duo Brillant* by Gatayes. Trevor T. White and Mrs. Bickford played a guitar duet by Napoleon Coste entitled *Valse from Opus 51*. John Nizamis

played two mandolin solos (Dora Nizamis at the piano) entitled *Minuet* by Gounod and *Tambourin* by Rameau-Kreisler. Also performing on the mandolin was Zarh M. Bickford (accompanied on the guitar by Mrs. Bickford) playing *Romance* by Marais, and *Meditation from Thais*, by J. Massenet. The lute and flute were represented in solos by Mrs. Bickford (lute) and Joe Gumaer (flute). Mrs. Bickford played *Charmante Gabrielle* by Ducauroy and Mr. Gumaer played *Aragonaise* by Massenet. *Berceuse* by Benjamin Godard was played as a mando-cello mandola duet by Reba Gumaer and Lela Bradford. The plectrum orchestra played Bizet (*Carmen March*), Gabriel-Odell (*La Cinquantaine*), Thomas-Odell (*Entracte from Mignon*), Gounod-Tocaben (*Sing, Smile, Slumber*), Camille Cannas fils (*Thai, Thai, Thai*), Debussy-Bickford (*Claire de Lune, En Bateau*). The players in these ensemble numbers were: Zarh Bickford, John Nizamis and M. G. Van Auken, mandolin, Lela Bradford, mandola, Reba Gumaer, mando-cello, and Vahdah Olcott Bickford, guitar.

On March 24th, 1948, the internationally known guitarist-teacher Frederic Mulders played before members of the American Guitar Society at their headquarters in Hollywood. Mulders' program included *Two Pavans* by Milan, *Suite* by de Visée, *Prelude-Sarabande* by Weiss, *Minuet* by Sor, *Mazurka* by Tárrega, *Serenata* by Malats, *Leyenda* by Albéniz, *Homenaje* by de Falla and two songs drawn from Spanish folk-lore—a *Paso Doble*, and a *Farruca*.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

On February 15th of this year, the Columbia School of Music in this city gave a student recital which included the guitar playing of Grace Schwab. Miss Schwab's program included compositions by de Visée (*Gigue*), Weiss (*Allemande*), Pedrell (*Pagina Romantica*), Sor (*Etude*), and Bach (*Prelude in D Minor*).

In a program of music given recently by the Board of Governors of the Minnesota State Society, which included an address by Presidential candidate Harold E. Stassen, Dorothy Perronoud, pupil of the Washington guitarist-teacher Sophocles Papas, played a number of concert guitar selections.

PORTUGAL, Lisbon

Emilio Pujol, the eminent Spanish composer-guitarist, in a letter to *The GUITAR REVIEW* announces two concerts by his pupils of The National Conservatory of Lisbon, where he occupies the seat of professor of the guitar. These concerts marked the termination of studies for the pupils. They took place on February 26th and March 15th. Pujol returned recently to Barcelona with his wife. During the trip a stop-off was made at Madrid where he and Mrs. Pujol gave a concert.

CEYLON

There is considerable guitaristic activity in this city, according to our correspondent E. I. Delay. He writes that through the medium of *The GUITAR REVIEW*, which is widely read in Ceylon, guitar enthusiasts in that remote land are kept abreast of the news and are encouraged to form a society to further the cause of the classic guitar.

AUSTRIA, Vienna

News has come to us of Ernst Zelezny, Viennese guitarist. *The Wiener Musik-Blatter* and *The Vienna Observer* report a concert which marked the opening of the music season in that city, with an important place given the guitar playing of Mr. Zelezny. Among the pieces played by Mr. Zelezny, the compositions of the young Viennese composer, Alfred Uhl, were included.

Professor Karl Scheit of the *Staatsakademie für Musik*, of Vienna, writes: "Gladly will I contribute an article to *The GUITAR REVIEW*. The make-up and appearance of the magazine are excellent, and I can appreciate the labor involved. As I have written to Mr. Bobri, President of the S. C. G., it has not been possible for me to work at all lately because my health has not been up to scratch. Conditions here are still such, that one has to be economical with one's energy—all the more if one has the bad luck to be caught by illness. Soon, the Winter will be over and work will no longer be obstructed by chilly rooms. You say you want to publish an article treating on the "problem of finger positions in playing scales". I will gladly prepare a treatise on this subject. However it will be necessary for examples of written music to appear with it. I hope this will not present difficulties. We have gotten into the habit of always thinking of difficulties, because over here, the publication of material suffers from lack of electricity at one time, paper the next, etc."

EL SALVADOR, San Salvador

Elena Oriani, of El Salvador, now visiting here in New York, paid a call to the headquarters of The Society of the Classic Guitar. Miss Oriani brought news, hitherto unknown to us, of the existence of the *Asociación Guitarrística Salvadoreña* of which she is president. The *Asociación* was formed in October, 1947, and it found support

not only among guitarists, but also among non-players who love the instrument. In December of the same year, the first concert was given, with a program as follows: Mozart (*Variations on a Theme*), Schubert (*Deseo*), Haydn (*Andante*), Albéniz (*Leyenda, Sevilla*), Beethoven (*Moonlight Sonata*), Mangore (*Danza Paraguaya*), Malats (*Serenata*), and Nazaret (*Brazilian Choro*). Many of the members of the Salvadorean association were pupils of the late Agustín Barrios Mangore, the Paraguayan guitarist-composer, who, for the last six years of his life made his home in San Salvador. There he founded the National School of Music, where he developed his own method based on that of Parras del Moral. Miss Oriani, in behalf of her guitar association, promises full coöperation and aid to the Society of the Classic Guitar and other societies thruout the world whose aims are "the development of the unique qualities of the guitar which make it so adaptable to the interpretation of the best music".

GREAT BRITAIN

Anna Tourshou, a member of the Society of the Classic Guitar, is at present visiting various countries in Europe and in March was privileged to attend a concert presented by the Philharmonic Society of Guitarists in London. Fourteen-year-old Julian Bream, London's outstanding guitarist, and a pupil of Dr. Boris A. Perott, President of the P. S. G., played compositions of Sor and Ponce. Other performers on the program were the Messrs. Freeman, Appleby, Turner, and Balukhi, the last named singing several Spanish songs accompanied on the guitar by Martinez.

The appearance last Winter of Segovia in England has moved British guitar lovers to renewed expressions of enthusiasm and acclaim. The latest P. S. G. bulletin devotes a considerable portion of its valuable space to a sharp and cogent analysis of Segovia's interpretations of the numbers on his program which were played before members of the Manchester Guitar Circle at the Midland Hotel, Bradford. This analysis, written by Terry Usher, guitarist-composer, lists each composition, followed by the writer's impressions.

The Cheltenham Art Gallery exhibited in December about 100 photographs of guitarists of 16 different countries, and an estimated 1500 persons viewed these interesting pictures. The exhibition demonstrated that the Classic Spanish Guitar is played by artistic modern people of intelligence and culture and that guitars of the Torres and Hauser models are played by the greatest guitarists in the world. The show ran for three weeks.

Morton O. Lawrence, Welsh representative of the P. S. G., gave a lecture-recital in Bridgend, Wales last Winter. Mr. Lawrence interestingly traced the history of the guitar from 3762 B.C. through ancient Greece and Spain, and mentioned the works of Sor, Corbetta and Milan, and other famous musicians who were also guitarists—Weber, Boccherini, Berlioz, Paganini, Schubert, etc. Mr. Lawrence played solos by Milan, Sor, Diabelli, Paganini and others.

E. Postles of Sale won the Spanish Guitar Solo competition at a Federation Rally at Central Hall, London. He played a Minuet by Terry Usher. Interesting to note was the fact that some of the competitors defeated their cause by the use of wire strings on their guitars.

An address on the sonata form of musical composition was the feature of a meeting of the Cheltenham Guitar Circle in February. Mrs. J. Saunders-Davies, the speaker, traced the sonata from its origin and dealt with its development and treatment by famous composers. Sonatas by Diabelli, Sor, Molino and others were played by Mrs. Saunders-Davies, Kay Appleby, D. M. Daniels, and Wilfrid Appleby. L. T. Bridell presided.

The February B.M.G., a magazine devoted to the fretted instruments, and published in London, features an article on the Spanish Guitar by Wilfrid Appleby, Secretary of the Cheltenham Guitar Circle. In this piece, Mr. Appleby gives his impressions of the playing of Segovia in the latter's recitals during the Winter season. In an interview with Segovia, Mr. Appleby learned that the guitarist is contemplating publishing a Method, that it is mapped out in his mind, and that only time is needed for its actual completion.

Terry Usher played the guitar part of Mahler's *Symphony No. 7* in a BBC broadcast last January. This symphony is one of the few to include the guitar. Mr. Usher played with the Northern Orchestra, Karl Rankl conducting.

In a letter to the BMG Magazine, Jack Duarte, president of the Manchester Guitar Circle describes a meeting with Segovia after a concert by the guitarist in Bradford. Members of the Circle, Mr. Duarte wrote, found Segovia "friendly, helpful and charming... more than that, he displayed an ease of manner and gentlemanliness which are all too seldom found in this country today."

FRANCE, Paris

Ida Presti, France's leading guitarist, gave a concert at the Salle Gaveau with Michel Chauveton, violinist, in February. With M. Chauveton, Miss Presti played Paganini's *Grand Sonata for Guitar*

and Violin. As solo numbers, Miss Presti played the compositions of Pujol (*Sevilla, Guajira*), Granados (*Ecos de la Paranda, Danza No. 5*), Albéniz (*Rumores de la Caleta, Prelude des Chants d'Espagne*) and Bach (*Prelude et Allemande, Chaconne*).

SPAIN

The GUITAR REVIEW is in receipt of, and in debt to Louis Sanchez Granada, guitarist of San Sebastian, for information concerning his activities in connection with the guitar in the Asociación de Cultura de San Sebastian, and the many concerts he has been giving throughout Spain. Granada's repertoire is an extensive one, according to the programs received, and comments on his artistry by music critics of Spain, Paris and London are impressive.

HOLLAND

Segovia's tour of this country was received with the usual enthusiasm and support by music lovers. A program presented in Amsterdam well exemplifies the type of music he played. It follows: Purcell (*Three Short Pieces*), Handel (*Aria con Variazioni*), Scarlatti (*Two Sonatas*), Haydn (*Andante, Allegretto*), Castelnuovo-Tedesco (*Omaggio a Boccherini*), Villa-Lobos (*Two Etudes*), Turina (*Fantasia*), Granados (*Tonadilla, Danza*), Albéniz (*Torre Bermeja, Leyenda, Sevilla*).

Ries de Hilster of Hilversum reports the following guitar activities in Holland: January 28th—Ries de Hilster played *Éstilo Creole* by Llobet and *Danza Mora* by Tárrega over Radio Hilversum. January 7th—Olga Coelho, 2 *American songs* over Radio Hilversum. January 10th—Koos Tiggers—*Prelude* by Bach, *Lágrima* by Tárrega, and *Minuet Op. 11 No. 6* by Sor. January 18th—Segovia Recital. March 1st—Koos Tiggers, *Songs from Chili* over Radio Hilversum. To be published shortly—*Suite 1945* for guitar solo and *Punteado Suite for two guitars* by John Martin.

ITALY

In an atmosphere of cordiality and fraternity, the *Unione Chitarristica Internazionale* convened in Alessandria last September, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: To unite in a single family all the guitarists of the world, and to coördinate all the different schools and methods of the guitar. The convention was marked by a cycle of concerts, the first of which included guitarists Pezzoli (Bologna), Cicarini (Reggio Emilia), Forneris (Alessandria), Calcina (Genova), Romano (Reggio Emilia), and Salvi (Bologna). Professor Salvi introduced a note of novelty in the varied program with the execution of Gounod's *Ave Maria* and one of his own compositions, on his harmonic-mandolin, which he plays like a guitar, i.e., playing melody and accompaniment at the same time. In another cycle of concerts, guitarists Gheris (San Remo), Centanaro (Genova), Rag. Orsolina (Genova), Barbieri (Milano), and Pini (Genova) participated. The highlight of the music offered was the playing of Prof. Benvenuto Terzi. In the first part of his program, he traced the different periods of guitar music thru the years, starting with Milan, de Visée and Sanz, representing the period of the lute and vihuela, and continuing with the classic period of Aguado and Sor, the romantic period of Tárrega and Fortea, and ending with the contemporary period presented by da la Maza, Calleja, and Pujol. Prof. Terzi devoted the second part of his program to music transcribed for the guitar, such as Llobet's *Danza No. 5* by Granados, Tárrega's *Notturmo* by Chopin, Segovia's *Minuetto* by Haydn, and Terzi's *Serenata* by Albéniz. Under the category of original compositions, Prof. Terzi concluded with *Serenata Español* by Malats, his own *Pastorale*, and *Appassionata*, and *La Campanella* by Paganini.

Other guitarists active in concerts thruout Italy are Federico Orsolino, and Carlo Palladino. In November Orsolino gave a program of music including the works of Galilei, Bach, Corelli, Clementi, Beethoven, Albéniz, Murtula, Terzi, Torroba, Tárrega, Sor, and several of his own compositions. This took place in the Hall of the Society *Amici Della Chitarra*. Palladino has been broadcasting over Italian Network stations, and typical programs include numbers by Carcassi (*Minuetto in Sol*), Aguado (*Studio No. 8*), Sor (*Andante Op. 31*), Giuliani (*Preludio Op. 83, No. 2*), Carulli (*Notturmo*), Tárrega (*Adelita*), and other pieces by Haydn, Mozzani, and Orsolino.

BELGIUM, Antwerp

In a letter to The GUITAR REVIEW Frans De Groot of this city writes that he played the lute in several recitals given by the Music Department of Radio Brussels, Paul Collaer, Director. Mr. Collaer, who owns a great collection of music of the Middle Ages plans to create a lute trio, composed of 1st, 2nd, and bass lute. In April, *Orfeo* by Monteverde was broadcast from Brussels. Most of the instruments employed in the interpretation of this music were of the epoch of its composition—old string quartet, old brass instruments, and three lutes. Mr. De Groot played first lute. On March 27th over Radio Brussels Mr. De Groot played guitar with violin, alto lute with violin, and guitar with violin and alto lute. The program included pieces by Praetorius, Marais, Giuliani, Hüntén, Küffner and Paganini.

The Guitar and the Gaucho

By SEGUNDO CONTRERAS

Translated by Paul Carlton

THE origin of the word '*gaucho*' has been treated upon by eminent historians and philologists, making further dissertation unable to amplify what these authorities have already told us.

According to data which we have, the appellations given to those who worked the soil in the Argentinian colonization period were varied and without definite meaning. They were called 'laborers', 'vagabonds', 'peasants', 'porters' and several other things. All these classifications were derogatory, for due to their wanderings and their quarrelsome nature, they were feared, and looked upon as being without God, rulers or law. Whenever one of them committed a crime, he merely moved to another location, his only worldly possession being his own person.

According to Aguirre, "... besides those owning large cattle ranches, there are many who own nothing; these are known as '*gauchos*', and they own only their own skins..." The owners of the ranches were potentates, happy owners of vast lands and many cattle; the *gauchos* had nothing. They were often spoken of as 'the useless ones' and as 'the lost ones'.

The first to supply data on the customs of the colonials was Concolorcorvo. This famous chronicler left us many details of their culture.

Spanish poetry, music and dancing was inherent and traditional, and was mixed in with new forms created by the free and independent life of the *gaucho*. These forms became the typical '*gauchesco*', the folk-lore of the *gaucho*.

The towns, inhabited by native sons of pure Spanish blood and of Spanish-Indian parentage, lived constantly in fear of the desert Indians, and constant alertness was needed to ward off attacks and to prevent the depredations caused by marauders. The true *gaucho* was evolved in this period, for by his manner of living he had become a fearless and resourceful man able to meet any contingency. He became the '*gaucho*'—'*que era de a caballo, honrado y valiente*'—'a horseman, honest and courageous'.

The incipient society which was forming, lived simply and with few diversions other than meetings at the ranches and in the stores. On feast days, or when there were family occasions to be celebrated, we find the guitar playing an important role, for in these gay rustic gatherings the guitar was the instrument used for their toccatas—free style compositions—and as the accompaniment of the singers.

Music, poetry and the dance had been brought in by the Conquistadores. The Indians had a form of music of their own and musical sensibility, wherefore this invasion of art was welcomed. The Indian music was based on the pentatonic scale, and their characteristics of sound and form were expressed on rudimentary instruments of their own invention. The Spaniards introduced new instruments, but one was preferred above all others—the guitar.

The musical and other art forms introduced by the Conquistadores now came under the influence and environment of new land, weather and race. At first, anything sung or danced had been entirely Spanish, but gradually, under the influence of time and the new environment, the inventiveness and musical nature of the Colonists influenced their inherited arts, and new forms arose which were entirely their own. The guitar was now the main contributor to the formation of *gaucho* poetry, music and dancing.

The guitar was first brought to the Americas in two forms. In the first, or 'aristocratic', six strings were used; in the other, the 'popular', four strings only were used, making it suitable only for accompaniments. When, in the XVIIIth Century, the guitar was standardized and a definite tuning established, the guitar took the place of the '*vihuela*', and its hold upon the affections of people has never diminished.

The tuning of the guitar was taught by the Spaniards, but the varied types of songs native to the Creoles found this tuning at times inconvenient. With their Creole ingenuity they created new tunings, called 'equals', and of the many employed we may mention 'piano-tuning', 'open-tuning', 'by three', 'by half three' or 'of the devil', 'false tuning', 'half false', and 'C-C', ('do-do').

In its new environment the guitar was the means of new music, poetry and dancing finding expression. Parented by the Spanish but detached from it, the new music was simple, but adequate for the singer of the new poems and for the dancer of the new and wondrous developments of the indigenous dance forms.

The *gaucho* was an instinctive musician, poet and dancer. He submitted to no classical rulings; his art was entirely developed by his environment. The so-called '*payadoresca*' poetry was a form of improvisation which called for sharp wits when the poet was faced with a guitarist who was also sharp-witted and able. While his thoughts formed the words for his poem, the guitarist set the musical scene; the guitar was in a sense the inspiration and spiritual guide of the improviser. Without it he was incapable of composing the simplest quatrain, of outlining a melody, and was even less able of forming a passable dance step.

We may say that the guitar, in our artistic progress during the period of colonization, was the plow preparing the virgin soil for the empire which was to follow.

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Adolfo U. Luna

by SEGUNDO CONTRERAS

Translated by Paul Carlton

ADOLFO LUNA, whose '*Bailecito*' from '*Tres Estudios sobre motivos argentinas*' appears in the Music Supplement of this issue, was born on March 13th, 1889, in the state of Rioja, Argentina Republic. While he was still very young he demonstrated a great love for music. At the age of five, while the other children cared only for the games they could play, he spent hours studying and developing his ear for the guitar—the instrument which he had loved from birth and which was to develop into a most faithful companion throughout his life. Music—and the guitar—were his obsessions—the very '*leitmotif*' of his existence.

In 1911, hoping to find more opportunities of developing his musical ability, he moved to Buenos Aires, in which the famous teacher of the Tárrega method, Domingo Prat, lived at that time. It was to this master that Luna went, and under him he made rapid progress. So well did he master the technic of the guitar that he gave several very successful recitals, in which he played both native music and the classical. His greatest triumphs were with the Indian-Creole numbers he played. His knowledge and understanding of these was very great; it is to this music he has given the most time and effort.

To the guitar, the instrument for which he has always had the greatest predilection, he has contributed a considerable repertoire. The list of his works is very large, but special mention should be made of his sonatinas based on themes '*pampeana, norteña* and '*indio-ciolla*'.

Adolfo Luna, whose compositions are all noteworthy for their musical quality and beauty, is recognized today as one of the most eminent composers who have recognized and respected the music of the Argentine.

*various positions of argentine guitarists
after Carlos Vega*



manuel m. ponce

It is our painful duty to inform our readers of the death of Manuel M. Ponce on April 24th, 1948 in Mexico City. Acclaimed as Mexico's greatest composer, honorary member of the Society of the Classic Guitar, contributor to these pages and an esteemed friend of the guitar and the guitarist, his passing leaves an irreplaceable void in our midst. As a tribute to his memory, it is only fitting that the next or seventh issue of *The GUITAR REVIEW* be devoted to an evaluation of Manuel M. Ponce, his life and work. This special Ponce issue will contain articles by the world's most noted musicians, writers and musicologists, all of whom knew him well. Andrés Segovia, who has played Ponce compositions the world over will write an article about "the gentle Ponce" his deeply devoted friend of many years.

THE EDITORS

Notes on the music supplement

by EMILIO PUJOL

Translated by Eithne Golden

I. *El álamo y el doncel* (The Poplar Tree and the Young Man). (Bagatelle.) Emilio Pujol.

A song in the style of a "Dialogue" or "Invention" in two voices, with a gay and playful melody which the all-knowing poplar tree takes up and restlessly elaborates, while its leaves watch their trembling reflection in the silvery crystal of the brook.

II. "Segunda variacion de las folias de Espana" (Second Variation on the Folia of Spain). Francisco de Fossa.

Taken from the *Escuela de Guitarra* by Dionisio Aguado (Second Edition) published in Paris circa 1822. Lesson 127, p. 82, preceded by these words of Aguado's: "Sometimes one achieves a pleasing effect by plucking an open string whose sound forms part of a chord made at a considerable distance from the bone, even though this sound could also be made on another string by pressing it in the appropriate fret. Some guitarists have called these open-string sounds *campanelas* (bell tones)." The effect produced is really that of an arpeggio played *legato* since the note on the open string vibrates continuously in combination with successive notes of one chord whose sonority thus acquires a luminous brilliance. When the bell-tones are executed with the required precision and regularity they are a delight to the ear and to the spirit.

The *Variation* by de Fossa is a small masterpiece as an example of

a special instrumental effect, and why Aguado omitted this useful and attractive composition from the last edition of his famous Method, I do not know.

III. The *Rondino* by Manuel M. Ponce which appears in this issue of the *GUITAR REVIEW* was written especially for the Music Supplement, and is one of the last, if not the last, compositions by Manuel Ponce.

IV. *Himno a tres voces* (Hymn for Three Voices). Dionisio Aguado.

Although this brief composition appears in the second edition of the *Escuela de Guitarra* simply as a lesson for practicing the barré (p. 51), the melodic and harmonic concept is expressive of such deep sorrow and nobility that it deserves a place among the finest and most perfect pages of the classic guitar repertoire.





RONDINO

digitada por
Jesus Silva
Revisada y aprobada
por A. Segovia

Manuel M. Ponce

vivo

vivo

f

C.I - - -

C.I - - -

C.I

C.I

poco rall.

a tempo

C.III

a tempo

poco rall.

mf

cres.

MC IV

cres.

Musical score for a piano piece, featuring eight staves of music. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like *f* and *cresc.*. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. Articulation marks like 'x' and 'y' are present. The piece is divided into sections labeled MC I, MC II, C.I, C.IV, C.II, C.III, and C.V.

M.C. II M.C. IV

f

C. II C. IV C. I

rit. p lento

C. I C. II

vivo f

rit.

lento piu lento

C. I

arm. p ff

Emilio Pujol

[illegible]

This page contains eight staves of musical notation, likely for a piano solo. The notation includes various technical markings such as fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5), slurs, and accents. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *f* (forte), and *pp* (pianissimo). Articulations like *a tempo*, *poco rit.* (poco ritardando), and *rit. molto* (ritardando molto) are used to indicate changes in tempo. Specific sections are labeled with letters and Roman numerals: C.I, C.II, C.III, C.V, and C.VI. The music is written in a single melodic line on a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a final cadence marked by a double bar line and a fermata.

B AILECITO

Adolfo V Luna

From 'Tres Estudios

(Sobre motivos de danzas argentinas)

allegro

The musical score is written for guitar in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked *mf* and *p*. The second staff continues the melody and bass line, marked *mf*. The third staff features a more complex melody with triplets and sixteenth notes, marked *mf*. The fourth staff continues the melody and bass line, marked *poco rit.*. The fifth staff features a more complex melody with triplets and sixteenth notes, marked *f a tempo*. The sixth staff continues the melody and bass line, marked *p*. The seventh staff features a more complex melody with triplets and sixteenth notes, marked *mf*. The eighth staff continues the melody and bass line, marked *p*. The score includes various musical notations such as fingerings (1-5), dynamics (*mf*, *p*, *f*), tempo markings (*allegro*, *poco rit.*, *a tempo*), and articulation marks (accents, slurs). The piece is titled 'B AILECITO' and is from the collection 'Tres Estudios' by Adolfo V Luna, based on Argentine dance motifs.

mf

cresc.

C.VII

C.VIII

arm. 12

HIMNO A Tres Voces

Dionisio Aguado

adagio

C.I

C.I

C.I

C.I

C.I

Segundo variacion de
LAS FOLIAS DE ESPAÑA

F. de Fossa

allegretto

The musical score is written for guitar on a single staff in 2/4 time, marked *allegretto*. It consists of 10 measures of music. The notation includes various guitar-specific symbols: natural harmonics (indicated by 'i' and 'm' above notes), fingerings (numbers 1-4), and dynamics (p for piano). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note passages and sustained notes with natural harmonics. The piece concludes with a final measure featuring a natural harmonic and a piano dynamic.

END
OF
VOLUME
ONE

